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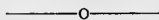
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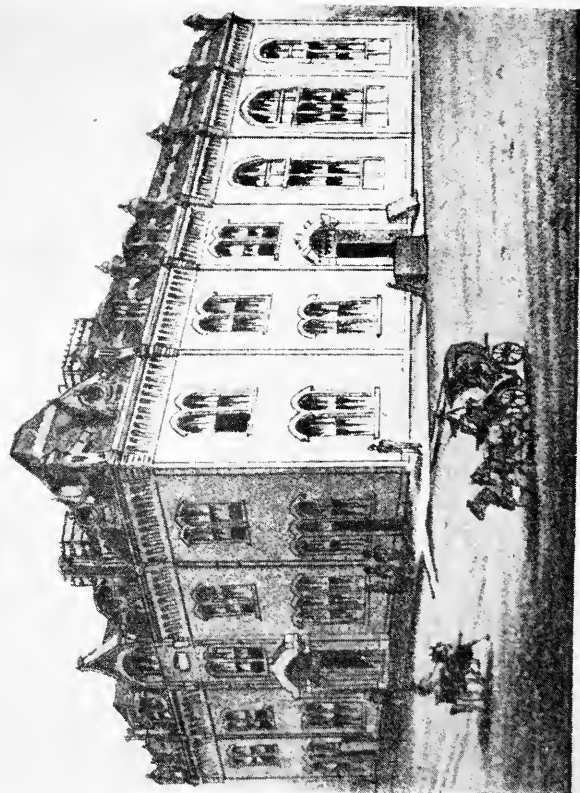
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OPERA HOUSE.

OPERA HOUSE, CHEYENNE, 1882

The Early Theatres, Cheyenne, Wyoming

1867-1882

By

CAMPTON BELL*

In the late sixties the variety theatre idea was well established,¹ and as it appealed to those with more or less eclectic tastes, it is natural that a robust young town such as Cheyenne was at that period should give encouragement to this form of entertainment. These halls were all built and operated on the same general plan. Under one roof was found the saloon, the gambling house, and the theatre. More often than not they all occupied the same room. The bar was along one side, the gambling tables along the other, and at the rear was an elevated stage. Above the bar was a gallery, divided into compartments by railings, where drinks were served by young girls who entertained the customers in one way or another.²

That the patrons of such amusement resorts should enjoy the usual variety bill of singing, dancing, and acrobatic acts is natural but that they should sit through **Othello**, **Ingomar**, **Richelieu**, and **Richard III** is paradoxical in the light of early history. The early audiences were largely

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This article by Dr. Bell is a part of his thesis for the Master of Arts Degree and was written in 1935.

1. M. B. Leavitt, *Fifty Years in Theatrical Management*, p. 148.

2. *Cheyenne State Leader*, November 24, 1932.

composed of men. This was true for several reasons. First, the average woman was not accustomed to frequenting halls where liquor was sold and gambling took place. Again, there was always an air of uncertainty about the early theatres. In addition to the restless, conglomerate, and uncouth group that made up the audiences, there were the "drunks," the demi-mondes and those unmistakably known as bad men. Thirdly, the female population was in the minority during the formative years of the town, and not until the railroad was linked from coast to coast did the proportion of women begin to approach that of the other sex.

In addition to the variety halls there were the theatres devoted more or less exclusively to the legitimate drama, but their history was checkered and volatile, with the managers too often pandering to the lowest tastes. Nevertheless, they reflect that vivid era and as such have their place in the record of the frontier life.

Just when the first theatrical performance in Cheyenne took place is not known. The first edition of the first newspaper, **The Cheyenne Leader**, published Thursday, September 19, 1867, carried this remark,³ "The Julesburg Theatrical Troupe arrived in town Tuesday evening. A general desire to witness theatrical performances renders their arrival very welcome just now." Evidently there had been little or no theatrical fare previous to that time. The railroad line had not yet reached the town; the stage coach was the accepted means of transportation; the trip from Julesburg to Cheyenne took the better part of two days; and Denver could be reached in one day only by undue exertion. All of these factors contributed to the sparseness of theatrical fare.

On September 28, a Mr. King and a Mr. Metcalf from the theatre at Julesburg were "making preparations to offer Cheyennities first class entertainments in the histrionic art."⁴ Five days later it was announced that "The new King's Theatre will be commenced on Monday and pushed to speedy completion."⁵ The building located on the corner of Seventeenth and Eddy Streets was built by E. F. Halleck of Denver for Mr. King.⁶ It was described as being "eighty feet long by twenty-six feet wide with parquet and dress circle, private boxes and all modern improvements."⁷

3. *Cheyenne Leader*, Vol. 1, No. 1.

4. *Cheyenne Leader*, September 28, 1867.

5. *Ibid.*, October 3, 1867.

6. *Ibid.*, October 5, 1867.

7. *Ibid.*

That the building was thrown together in less than a week is shown by a reader in the newspaper of October 12 which stated: "Theatre tonight—Manager King will present something amusing and entertaining. Don't fail to go."⁸

The Varities Theatre of Messrs Talbot and White was mentioned on October 19, but there is no available information as to its location.⁹ It is probable that King failed to make his enterprise pay, and that it was taken over by Talbot and White.¹⁰ On December 3, James Stark, an actor, was beginning a two-day appearance at Melodeon Hall.¹¹ This was a theatre located on Seventeenth Street near O'Neil with H. C. Metcalf, proprietor, Mr. A. J. Britton, manager, and Brad Dow, stage manager.¹² It was described as "The finest variety hall of the west and the place to enjoy yourself. New stars will appear next week."¹³

That the theatrical scene had been none too wholesome is evidenced by this paragraph appearing on December 7:

Under the new management, the Melodeon Theatre appears to be doing a fair business. Ladies may now attend this place of amusement with impunity. The manager is determined to preserve strict order and will allow no disreputable characters admission to the hall.¹⁴

In a listing of the place of business on December 23, this notation appears: "Seventeenth Street north side, from O'Neil to Eddy two squares. One story frame theatre. Particulars unknown."¹⁵ Whether the other variety halls were listed as saloons or left out intentionally, it is not known, but they were in existence during this time.

Beevais Hall had been erected during the first months at the corner of Seventeenth and Thomes Street. It was the typical variety theatre existing as such until 1897, when it was moved to a lot on Sixteenth Street. It then became known as the Planter's House, and served as a hotel.¹⁶ It was later moved to the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets where it was converted into a theatre by James McDaniels, the central figure in Cheyenne's theatrical history during the first twelve years of its existence.

8. *Ibid.*, October 12, 1867.

9. *Ibid.*, October 19, 1867.

10. *Ibid.*

11. *Ibid.*, December 3, 1867.

12. *Ibid.*, December 21, 1867.

13. *Ibid.*

14. *Ibid.*, December 7, 1867.

15. *Ibid.*, December 23, 1867.

16. *Ibid.*, May 4, 1882.

Other theatre managers appeared and disappeared as if by magic, but McDaniels was always in the public eye in one way or another. He was what might be termed a "born showman". Since he realized the value of publicity, he was constantly mentioned in the newspapers. McDaniels arrived in Cheyenne from Julesburg sometime in October, 1867, and by the last day of that month he had established a museum on Eddy Street between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets where he exhibited stereoscopic views. In his advertisement that day appearing in local news column of the **Cheyenne Leader**, he spent ten dollars and twenty-five cents (41 lines at twenty-five cents per line) to describe not only his exhibit but his well-stocked bar. Admission to the Museum was free to those who patronized the bar. He alluded to himself as "Professor" McDaniels.¹⁷ Soon afterward he styled himself "The Barnum of the West". While the Melodeon theatre and the variety halls were satisfied with a two or three-line advertisement, the loquacious McDaniels wrote dozens of flowery or humorous lines in which were often the sole original note of an otherwise dull newspaper. The inevitable Tom and Jerries, composed of whiskey, "hen fruit, saccharine substance and lacteal fluid," as the ebullient proprietor put it,¹⁸ were constantly referred to in his advertisements. After an eclipse had occurred, this paragraph appeared in the local press:

Astronomical eclipses are of infrequent occurrence, but there is an eclipse taking place on Eddy St., daily and nightly. It is Professor McDaniel's Museum, which eclipses every other place of amusement in town. It is the only legitimate place of amusement in Cheyenne. The more money you invest with the Professor the greater equivalent you receive. He don't believe in the principle of the more 'brads' you lay down the less you take up: not he. Call upon him, imbibe one of those Thomas and Jerrys etc.— etc., and if not satisfied we pronounce you incorrigible. "Ye Gods!" what nectar the Professor concocts in those little china mugs. Better than the dew on a damsel's lips. Speaking of damsels just step into the Museum and you'll see em, large as life, besides 1,001 other sciences, embracing every known subject. It is an awe-inspiring view.¹⁹

Ten days later he rhapsodized in verse and prose for 55 lines, and unless his contract called for a lower rate than the average advertiser, it cost him around fourteen dollars.

Come all ye jolly admirers of Bacchus,
And we'll inform you where's the ne plus
Ultra of merry bacchanalian princes,
Who makes such drinks as create winces,

17. *Ibid.*, October 31, 1867.

18. **Cheyenne Leader**, November 12, 1867.

19. *Ibid.*, November 9, 1867.

'Tis on the street that's yclept Eddy,
 Where Mac is always, ever ready,
 To give bright hues to pale proboscis,
 And many gains, but nary losses;
 Regale you with the best Havanas,
 Just fresh from Cuba's broad savannas—
 And mix up such a Thomas and Jerry,
 As would an anchorite make merry.

The dogmistical and surreptitiously concentrated stultification of extraneous baboons may be a heterogeneous hypothesis, all of which, we politely assert, has nothing to do with Mac's cigars, T. & J's elevated ornithological tails made of gin, "or any other man."

Oh, if you are hard up,
 And in want of a dram,
 Just tell Mac all about it—
 He'll treat you like a man,
 But if you're flush of 'skids'
 Why you may bet your pile,
 That for a two-bit note
 You can get the richest 'smile'—

Nothing like a smile, christian friends, smiles are like streaks of sunshine through an ingeanny fog, like reflections from a mirror before which standeth an antiquated damsel, *alias* (damsell) when she is trying on a new cap. — You can see pictures of young damsels at Mac's where

Bacchus, too, attends upon the scene,
 But brings no blushing Grecian wine,
 For T & J reigns king, supreme,
 Instead of juices of the vine—
 Monongahela, Old Bourbon, and then
 Old Wye, are standing on the shelf
 Who wouldn't for such things as these
 Invest a little pelf.

Western men are called progressive, and Shyanners are no exception. They progress daily and nightly to Prof. McDaniel's Eddy street, because they there obtain the best drinkables and smokables in town. A night or two since, Mac made 215 Tom and Jerrys in 45 minutes. Beat that who can.

In conclusion we will remark that some person, occupying the lowest possible notch in the scale of being, amused himself, lately in stealing the lenses in Mr. McDaniel's Museum, for the detection of whom, Mac will pay a reward of \$25; and if the light-fingered nuisance is caught, he'll have the chance to draw charcoal sketches of his nose on the inner walls of the calaboose for some time to come. We'll call around to-night, Mac, if the crowd ain't so heavy we can't press in.

Get the wood box ready. Oh, ye Gods ! ! ! ! 120

Advertisements in this tone appeared almost daily, and from them we gain an insight into the temper of their author. He has been described by those who saw him as a

slender man of medium height, bald-headed, with a mustache and Van Dyke beard, highly strung and strong willed. That he was a great admirer of Barnum there is little doubt. His use of the well-known showman's name in connection with his own, his typical Barnumesque style of advertising, and the type of Museum he built up, all point to his attitude toward his New York confrere.

By New Year's Day, 1868, McDaniel's Hall was well established and adding improvements. **The Cheyenne Leader**, in printing a series of business and financial statistics on "the Magic City, Cheyenne", carried this paragraph concerning his hall:

Eddy Street, east side, going north to Seventeenth, two squares from Fifteenth street one frame building twenty feet by sixty six feet not yet entirely completed. Addition on the south side twelve feet by forty feet. Addition on north side eighteen feet by forty feet. This building is occupied as an art museum. Professor J. McDaniels owner and proprietor. It has cost, thus far \$10,000. It is finely furnished inside with two elegant bars, and is the most popular place of amusement in the city.²¹

If McDaniels furnished the editor with the details for the above article, it might be suspected that the figure of \$10,000 is a little high. Although the buildings were crude board structures, the price of lumber was high; and this, together with the bars and Museum furnishings, might possibly show that investment. McDaniels was constantly adding to and improving this and succeeding establishments. For this reason there is no way of determining the exact valuation of his property.

His was the only amusement house listed in the above mentioned business statistics. The Melodeon was closed at the time for repairs²² and the variety halls might have been listed under "saloons". The Melodeon had changed managers again and was undergoing a thorough renovation. When it opened on January 14, it was renamed the **Cheyenne Theatre** and was known as such until February 10, when the Selden Irwin troupe took it over for three months. Then it was either referred to as the Theatre or Irwin's Theatre. Following a St. Patrick's celebration there, the house was closed again for repairs. When it reopened ten days later, the seats had been furnished with cushions, the walls plastered, the stage rebuilt, new scenery and curtains supplied, and material improvements made in the arrangements for lighting the building.²³ The owner

21. *Ibid.*, January 3, 1868.

22. *Ibid.*

23. *Ibid.*, March 27, 1868.

of the theatre at that time is not known; but on August 3 of that year "I. W. French gave the use of the theatre hall free of charge to the school for an exhibition."²⁴

During the first eight months of the year, McDaniels enlarged his stock of museum pieces, adding stuffed animals, a few live ones, and "Miss Charlotte Temple the great English Giantess."²⁵ On September 25, he took his collection to Denver where he exhibited it at the territorial fair, returning to Cheyenne in the early part of November. He made these annual autumn trips to Colorado regularly during the early seventies.

In addition to the Melodeon, occupied for the most part by the Irwins in legitimate productions and McDaniels' Museum, other places of amusement mentioned in the press from time to time during 1868 were the "New Concert Hall opposite the Montana Exchange, open every night where songs and negro performances are the go;"²⁶ the "Model Concert Hall, late Stanwix Hall, where every species of innocent amusement can be found, in the way of dances, negro eccentricities and comic songs, and the beauty of it is 'pretty waiting girls' and plenty of lager beer and cigars;"²⁷ and the Theatre Comique on Sixteenth Street which opened on April 20 with this herald:

The Theatre Comique opens for the first time this evening. This is an entirely new building and has been fitted up in a very neat and comfortable manner. It is to be devoted to the varieties style of performance, and owing to the cheapness of admission, no doubt will be patronized by the admirers of that class of amusement. The curtain, screens and stage appointments are not very extensive, but make a very pretty appearance. The building is nicely ceiled and the walls papered in a first class style.²⁸

In the autumn, the Oasis Concert Hall opened for business on October 3;²⁹ and the Union Concert Hall, on Eddy Street between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, gave its opening entertainment the 22nd of that month. By November 4, the proprietors of the Oasis had removed "to the late Gold Rooms" which they reopened under the name of the Oasis. Fifteen days later it was referred to as Newmark's Concert Hall. It is not certain when the Gold Room was opened as such, but the location has been definitely established at 310 West Sixteenth Street. All the early

24. *Ibid.*, August 3, 1868.

25. *Ibid.*, August 4, 1868.

26. *Ibid.*, February 28, 1868.

27. *Ibid.*

28. *Ibid.*, April 20, 1868.

29. *Ibid.*, October 5, 1868.

settlers still living recall that glamorous name and its even more glamorous history, albeit much of it is legendary. Newspaper reporters have dealt with it from time to time in a vein more romantic than factual. When the old building was torn down in 1932 to make room for a more modern structure, an enterprising reporter painted a varicolored picture of its past. His information was undoubtedly gleaned from oral sources, since the various histories of Wyoming and the newspapers of the period give little information regarding it. The reporter describes it as being "knocked together almost over night from lumber which had been transported a part of the way from 'the east' at Omaha by bull teams."³⁰

. . . It was Jim Allen's place and its misnomeric title, "The Gold Room" was significant in the ears of the trail riders, the bull-whackers and mule-skinner, the soldiery, the "gilded ladies," the gamblers, the adventurers of all the wild and untamed West. It was a place where everything went, and the more of it the merrier, and was proportionately popular with the turbulent population. More than a half century after its glamour departed surviving pioneers are reticent concerning intimate details of its history—there are things which it is unwise to discuss save in carefully considered company . . .³¹

From 1867 to 1878, the period of Jim Allen's tenantry the Gold Room was at its best, or worst, that depending on how one is disposed to regard it. . . . What a career it had, what a procession of historic figures passed through its doors. Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, and George Francis Train are sample names from its roster of patrons and visitors . . . The glitter of Black Hills gold lured Allen away in '78 and thereafter the popularity and reputation of the place declined. In 1880, a meat market moved in and thereafter the building's history was colorless.³²

By January 18, 1869, McDaniels had returned from the east with additional museum stock, including the

. . . world renowned Circassian girl who is but 19 years of age, and a beauty of the rarest description. He has also brought specimens of animals of all parts of the world. American and Egyptian porcupines, the wonderful white parrots, anacondas and monkeys and apes, of the smallest, largest and funniest kinds. The Museum is now filled with every description of curiosities, even to a life-like statue of the Feejee Mermaid. No other town in the west can boast of an exhibition equal to the McDaniel's Museum.³³

Seven days later a Mr. Bohn arrived in town from the east to assist in the management of the Museum. Whether

30. *Cheyenne State Leader*, November 24, 1932.

31. *Cheyenne Leader*, January 18, 1869. Allen sold out his interest in May, 1876.

32. *Cheyenne State Tribune*, November 24, 1932.

33. *Cheyenne Leader*, January 18, 1869.

he remained with McDaniels is not known. But this year proved to be an active one in matters theatrical, and if Mr. Bohn lent his assistance he was kept busy. During the week of March 10, a "lecture room and proscenium"³⁴ was added to the museum. Legitimate productions were interspersed with variety shows, as they were at the Theatre Comique on Sixteenth Street. These two establishments, together with the Old Theatre building on 17th Street (Irwins), were the principal amusement places of that year. The Theatre was operated during January and February; and from the middle of March until late in May, both the Theatre Comique and McDaniels Theatre offered a full season of variety and legitimate bills. The Theatre Comique closed late in May, but McDaniels' hall continued on until late in the summer; and during the fall and early winter that theatre was the sole one mentioned in extant records. J. R. Summer, who had owned a little variety theatre in the early part of 1869, became connected with Duke in the ownership of the Theatre Comique on March 22. By April 5 he had bought out Duke's share and operated it singly until late in May, when the institution passed from the theatrical scene, never to be operated again under the name of the Theatre Comique.³⁵

The year, 1870, started out badly for McDaniels. A fire on January 11 wiped out two city blocks and resulted in a loss of a quarter million dollars.³⁶ McDaniels' Theatre seems to have escaped miraculously, although the fire broke out on the southeast corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets, only a few doors south of the amusement hall. Every building from Sixteenth to Fifteenth and from Ferguson to Hill Streets was burned to the ground. McDaniels estimated his loss at \$1,000. The Gold Room, formerly the Theatre Comique, on Sixteenth Street was badly scorched, but after slight repairs continued to operate as a variety house.³⁷ It was the McDaniels' Theatre which held the center of attention during that year. The Gold Room is mentioned once and the Planter's House once, the latter in connection with a stereoscopic exhibition.³⁸

McDaniels' Theatre continued to supply the theatrical needs of the town until the middle of the summer of 1872. In the early winter of 1871 the building underwent an ex-

34. *Ibid.*, March 10, 1869.

35. *Ibid.*, March 22, 1869; April 5, 1869.

36. *Ibid.*, January 11, 1870.

37. *Ibid.*, January 14, 1870.

38. *Ibid.*, October 21, 1870.

tensive renovation. The central portion of the property was converted into a spacious saloon.

This room, with its high ceiling, its fine painting, superb bar and general finish, is probably the finest institution of the kind in this territory. Adjoining this is the business office of the proprietor, Mr. McDaniels, and the bar itself is presided over by the ever affable and courteous George Howarth. Next the saloon on the north, is a large and convenient entrance way to the auditory of the theatre; back of this are the dressing rooms, and parlors for the use of the theatre. On the south of the saloon is the museum, a large and neatly fitted room for the purpose of exhibition of the myriad of wonders which Mac keeps on hand for the benefit of the public and those who are admirers of that which is beautiful in art and natural history. Here are found many new paintings which under large and powerful stereoscopic lenses, appear with startling and beautiful effect. . . . Besides these, there are a variety of wild animals, forming altogether a collection which would be a credit to many a larger city than ours.³⁹

In August, 1872, J. W. Allen announced a variety bill at the Gold Room.⁴⁰ Other advertisements followed in the late fall and winter, and from time to time during 1873 and 1874 his variety announcements referring to his hall as either the Gold Room or the Bella Union, appeared in the local press. Since the average variety hall did not advertise in the local newspapers, it is difficult to trace their history.

In the summer of 1872 a corporation was formed and Recreation Hall (at first designated the Cheyenne Opera House and referred to as the Opera House from time to time) was built on the northeast corner of Eighteenth and Eddy Streets. For three years it proved to be McDaniels' severest competitor. Evidently sponsored and erected by a group opposed to the free and easy atmosphere of McDaniels', with its saloon, museum and menagerie in connection, Recreation Hall was used for legitimate offerings, church benefits, lectures, concerts, and home talent productions. It was completed by August 27, although its initial production took place twelve days before. It was described as:

An ornament to the town, capable of seating 400 patrons . . . The scenery painted by Mons. La Harte, is just splendid and of sufficient variety for any troupe which may come this way. The floor, thirty feet by sixty feet, is the best in the country, double, and made of best Norway pine, adapted to skating purposes as well as dancing. The building is now ready for public use. The directors propose to open it every Friday evening for social parties, the proceeds to apply to the liquidation of the debt upon the hall.⁴¹

39. *Ibid.*, Dec. 19, 1871.

40. *Ibid.*

41. *Ibid.*, August 27, 1872.

In 1875, McDaniels is spoken of as the proprietor of the Cheyenne Opera House.⁴² Since Recreation Hall was sometimes known as the Opera House, one might conclude that he had taken over Recreation Hall. The facts at hand, however, point to a practical disuse of the building from March 19, 1875, to August 29, 1879. Up to the former date, the name, Recreation Hall, had been used frequently.⁴³ For the next two and a half years it appears only intermittently as a roller skating rink, dance hall, and scene of an occasional legitimate production. When it comes into prominence again, it is still known as Recreation Hall.

On July 3, 1875, McDaniels' Theatre again was the scene of a fire. This time the loss was heavy, estimated by the proprietor at \$35,000. This included the buildings, stock of liquor, the fixtures, and scenery. By July 20 he had leased McDonald's lot on the corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets, and contemplated the erection of a temporary building until a new brick block on Eddy Street was completed. In May he had spoken of the latter venture and had evidently started actual construction by the middle of July.⁴⁴ Instead of building a temporary structure, McDaniels moved the old Planter's House to the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Eddy Streets and converted it into a theatre.⁴⁵ On November 15, it was opened to the public with the usual McDaniels fanfare of "rising Phoenix-like from the ashes."⁴⁶ On April 1, 1876, he suffered another loss of \$2,000 when the roof of this theatre, weighted down with snow from a heavy storm, caved in at 2:30 a.m.⁴⁷

When the Gold Room, or Bella Union, the variety hall and saloon under the ownership of J. Allen, closed on May 18, 1876, McDaniels purchased it and proceeded at once to renovate the building. On June 13, it was opened to the public as the "New Dramatic Theatre", but in a short time it was referred to as "McDaniels' New Theatre on Sixteenth Street" and finally "McDaniels' Theatre." Twenty-two days later a fire broke out in the southwest corner of the building back of the stage, in one of the upper dressing rooms. It was believed to have been started by a kerosene lamp touching the side wall. The only person to sustain injuries was the proprietor, who was taking a lamp from one of the dressing rooms when someone threw a paid of

42. *Ibid.*, March 20, 1875.

43. *Ibid.*, August 13, 1879.

44. *Ibid.*, July 20, 1875.

45. *Ibid.*, October 2, 1875.

46. *Ibid.*, November 11, 1875.

47. *Ibid.*, April 1, 1876.

cold water over him and the lamp, causing an explosion which singed his beard and hair, damaged his clothing, and severely burned his hands. The loss of scenery and properties was estimated from three to five hundred dollars. Two actresses lost their wardrobes.⁴⁸

McDaniels was now the proprietor of two establishments. The building on the corner of Sixteenth and Eddy was used for variety entertainment, while the old Gold Room structure at 310 Sixteenth Street was more strictly a legitimate theatre.⁴⁹ The nature of each is explained by this news article of August 30, 1876:

McDaniels' New Variety Theatre. We doubt if any theatre in the country presents a more pleasing entertainment than can be witnessed nightly at McDaniels' New Variety Theatre. This establishment is just what it claims to be, a variety theatre in every sense of the word. Dramatic, minstrel, acrobatic, and vocal selections constitute the programme nightly. The company now performing is a very strong one. McDaniels' New Dramatic Theatre is now open for dramatic, operatic, minstrel or other entertainments. This is one of the neatest and most complete and commodious theatres in the west. First class entertainments will be played either on a certainty or on shares. Cheyenne is without doubt the best show town of its size in the Union, and the immense immigration to the Black Hills gold mines will make it a gold mine to a wide and wake manager like McDaniels.⁵⁰

He was also operating a theatre in Deadwood, Dakota Territory, the center of the gold rush activities of the period.⁵¹

A Bella Union Theatre on 16th Street was opened up on September 16, 1876, with John Chase as proprietor.⁵² It continued through the winter and probably the fall of 1877. On October 21, 1877, John Chase offered the lease, fixtures, bar and appurtenances of the Bella Union Theatre for sale, but fourteen days later he was advertising for variety performers for the same theatre.⁵³

McDaniels operated his variety house continuously during the fall and winter of 1876-77, and the Dramatic Theatre was used when there was need for it. A new stage in the latter was dedicated on November 13, but the heating facilities must have been neglected, for ten days later a paragraph in the local press criticized the "heating (or rather cooling) apparatus of the New Dramatic Theatre.

48. *Ibid.*, July 5, 1876.

49. *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, May 7, 1881.

50. *Cheyenne Leader*, August 30, 1876.

51. *Ibid.*, August 31, 1876. It later burned.

52. *Ibid.*, September 16, 1876.

53. *Ibid.*, October 21, 1877; November 4, 1877.

Everybody in the lower part of the house went home with cold feet and shivering bodies last night."⁵⁴ In February, 1877, Mrs. McDaniels was operating the theatre as a roller skating rink, probably in the afternoons and on those nights when the house would otherwise be closed.⁵⁵

On June 19, it was announced that McDaniels would "begin laying the foundation for a new brick building this morning."⁵⁶ This building, a two story brick structure, situated on Eddy Street between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, was completed by April 10, 1878. It was called the McDaniels' Block and still stands. On the ground floor were three store rooms, each provided with a basement. A hall door toward the north end of the building led to the second story, which contained four large office rooms, three smaller ones, and a large hall with a slightly elevated platform in one end. This hall was used for dances, church festivals, and amateur entertainments.⁵⁷

While this building was in the process of construction, McDaniels did not neglect his other enterprises. In July, 1877, he completely renovated the Dramatic Theatre. The structure was described as being one hundred and thirty-two feet deep, forty-eight feet wide, and containing a dozen elegantly fitted private boxes and four commodious parlors. These, together with a dress circle and parquet, provided seating facilities for eight hundred persons.⁵⁸

Whether his variety theatre was closed for a time during the winter of 1877-78 is not known, but on March 3, 1878, a press notice announced a reopening of the McDaniels' Variety Theatre "with a new corps of artists."⁵⁹ Later that month he was in Deadwood negotiating for the purchase of the Bella Union there. He was snowbound in Deadwood for three weeks, but arrived in Cheyenne to find his brick block practically completed.⁶⁰ By July 23, 1878, he had disposed of his variety theatre and was centering his attention on his new block and the Dramatic Theatre.

Late in 1877, Jervis Joslin and M. A. Arnold were listed as the proprietors of Recreation Hall.⁶¹ They undoubtedly purchased it from the stockholders, who saw an opportunity to obtain part of their original investment. Since the

54. *Ibid.*, November 23, 1876.

55. *Ibid.*, February 7, 1877.

56. *Ibid.*, June 19, 1877.

57. *Cheyenne Sun*, April 14, 1878.

58. *Cheyenne Leader*, August 4, 1877.

59. *Ibid.*, March 3, 1878.

60. *Ibid.*, March 26, 1878.

61. *Ibid.*, October 28, 1877.

hall had been dark for the past two years, it is likely that Joslin and Arnold obtained it at a figure somewhat lower than its real valuation. At any rate, they refitted it and advertised that it was ready to rent for all kinds of shows, lectures, concerts, dancing parties, and church festivals. It boasted a stage measuring twenty by thirty feet, and seating accommodations for four hundred persons. They operated Recreation Hall for almost two years, but in August, 1879, Charles Turk took it over, adding new scenery and stage fittings. It functioned for a year, passing from theatrical annals when it was purchased for use as a stable.⁶²

Sometime between December 25, 1878, and January 10, 1879,⁶³ McDaniels sold the variety theatre to Halleck brothers of Denver, who leased it to John Chase, manager of the Bella Union two years before.⁶⁴ On March 18, 1879, McDaniels' Dramatic Theatre was reopened with Rhodes and Masi as lessees. McDaniels had sold it on or before January 11 of that year to Fred Addoms. Three days later he shipped his scenery and properties to Leadville, Colorado, and made arrangements for the erection of a theatre there. He reported that he had 40,000 pounds of scenery at the terminal of the South Park Railroad to be hauled by teams into the new mining camp.⁶⁵ There is no available information on the disposition of the Eddy block. On August 15, 1881, at the master commissioner's sale a piano "formerly owned by Mr. James McDaniels was sold to Mrs. Jenkins for \$60."⁶⁶ That significant detail intimates that his financial condition at the time he left was somewhat uncertain. It is likely that he had mortgaged the building and that it was lost by foreclosure.⁶⁷ Undaunted by reverses, he undoubtedly saw an opportunity to make money in Leadville, then a boom town in central Colorado.⁶⁸ At least the press reported him to be "making a big hit" in that town in April,

62. *Ibid.*, August 13, 1879.

63. *Cheyenne Sun*, April 14, 1878, contains a good description of the building.

64. *Cheyenne Leader*, August 4, 1877.

65. *Cheyenne Sun*, January 11, 1879; January 24, 1879.

66. *Cheyenne Leader*, August 16, 1881.

67. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun* obtained the building in 1885 and occupied it for ten years. Since that time it has been used for offices, small shops of one sort and another and at the present time (1935) the lower part has been converted into a dormitory for indigents while the hall on the second floor is being employed as a recreation room for them.

68. *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, April 1, 1879, refers to Leadville as a city of 15,000 population with 2,742 buildings, 73 of which were saloons, twenty open gambling houses, and three, theatres.

1880, when he was "enlarging" and "improving" his theatre there.⁶⁹

After several years in Leadville, he moved into Denver in 1888 where he became associated with Nat Halligan at the Olympic Theatre. The next year, in July, he was back in Cheyenne with a combination museum and menagerie playing a one-day stand. The **Democratic Leader** of that day had this to say of him:

McDaniels was here when wine flowed like water. He has returned to find water flowing like wine and a great city where he left a miscellaneous collection of rudely constructed frame buildings.

Everyone knows that Jim McDaniels was proprietor of the leading Cheyenne variety theatre when proprietorship of that place meant much. Primarily it meant that the owner coined money. For several years during the Black Hills excitement Jim's net income was no less than \$500 a day. He spent it like the royal good fellow he is. It was necessary that the manager be a brave courageous man, for fights were frequent and he was by common consent the peace-maker and frequently of necessity the "bouncer." Mac, who is a little man, is as spunky as they make them, and was equal to all emergencies though he was occasionally caressed with a chair or slapped with the butt of a six shooter and several times shot at.

Jim was an improvisator, too, likewise an impressario. He could arrange an elaborate programme of merit off-hand, was pretty clever at the creation of talent.

The career of Jim McDaniels has been a busy one full of adventures and ups and downs. He has been worth his hundreds of thousands, then gliding on his uppers for a season, but always full of business, cheerful and light hearted. In balmy days a prince, in adversity generosity limited only by his means, he made friends in a calling not the most exalted, for in 1876 a Western variety hall was not swarming with paragons of virtue or overcrowded with beings whose morality was notable. Mac banished thugs from his place as rapidly as they were found out and did his best to protect patrons.

McDaniels has been pretty roughly handled in several melees. Here and in Leadville, where he also made big money he was thrown from gallery to pit and in both landings sustained injuries which brought him within knocking distance of death's door.

Yesterday the pioneer manager seemed the same old Jim McDaniels of fifteen years ago. He moves about with characteristic nervousness, his eyes twinkle as of yore, and his cheeks are as fat as ever with the same ring in the peculiar voice and the habitual hearty greeting to callers and gladsome smile and athletic handshake to old acquaintances. The man's memory is really wonderful for he recollected all the old timers.⁷⁰

69. *Cheyenne Leader*, April 19, 1880.

70. *Democratic Leader*, July 17, 1889.

While the foregoing article may not be based entirely on fact, it throws light on the character of the most picturesque showman Cheyenne has known.⁷¹

McDaniels' Variety Theatre, under the management of John Chase, was unsuccessful, although Chase changed stage managers from time to time.⁷² It operated intermit-

71. In 1890 he was managing a vaudeville house in Seattle, Washington. After a year there, he joined the ranks of the Salvation Army, carrying the banner occasionally and playing the brass drum. In December, 1893, he wrote to the *Cheyenne Leader* from Salt Lake that he intended to open a theatre there shortly. After his letter was printed in the *Cheyenne Leader* of December 9, an old pioneer volunteered this first hand information to a reporter of that paper:

Little Mac was a great character. He is a born showman and never is so happy as during the presentation of a good play in his theatre. Not even counting his plethoric roll after a successful week afforded him a particle of the satisfaction that the sound of an audience applauding some favorite footlight star gave him. He came to Cheyenne in—let me see—I think the year '68 (it was 1867) and was in business here nearly a decade (eleven years). He ran the biggest variety theatre in the city. He usually had good shows and always had when they were obtainable. In those days the population of Cheyenne was largely floating and not of a character to be trifled with. The variety theatres were the scenes of frequent fights between the outcasts of the East. Over these men McDaniels had the most wonderful influence. He hadn't the slightest particle of fear in his composition and would jump in between fellows twice his size who were beside themselves with rage. On one occasion I saw him stop a free fight between over 100 men and he did it in less than two minutes. There were dozens of guns drawn in the crowd and but for little Mac's skill as a mediator there would have been plenty of blood shed. His first place in town was on Eddy Street between 16th and 17th streets. Originally he ran a museum which he afterwards transformed into a variety theatre. He made money plentifully in those flush days and spent it liberally, even recklessly. His hobby was to have the finest theatre in the West and to this end he almost continually had a crowd of carpenters at work rebuilding, remodelling, or enlarging his premises. His money was always in circulation and but for one misfortune after another he would have been an extremely wealthy man in spite of his reckless expenditures.

On January 14, 1899, the *Cheyenne Leader* reprinted a feature story from the *El Paso Graphic*, in which McDaniels was pictured as living in that Texas town almost destitute awaiting the "turn of the wheel of fortune." A showman to the end, he had told the reporter that he was a pupil of the great Barnum, who first entrusted him with \$10,000 worth of his curiosities; that his variety hall was the only building large enough for a court room during those first years in Cheyenne; and similar fabrications. It is generally believed that he died penniless in a park there about 1907. A more complete story of his life would necessitate an examination of the newspaper files and local histories of Leadville, Denver, Seattle, Salt Lake City, and Deadwood.

72. *Cheyenne Leader*, July 20, 1879; March 25, 1880.

tently until May, 1881, when it became the sole legitimate playhouse in consequence of the purchase of the Dramatic Theatre for a meat market.

The Dramatic Theatre at 310 Sixteenth Street, formerly the old Gold Room which McDaniels had purchased from Allen in 1876, was managed by D. C. Rhodes and W. M. Masi for several months in 1879. By December 25th of that year, Masi alone was listed as the enterprising manager who had the "entire front of the building converted into doors made to swing outside, so that in case of a panic from any cause, the audience could get out to the street safely in two minutes."⁷³ By 1881, Rhodes was the manager, and on May 5 the final theatrical performance in the building was held.⁷⁴ L. Bresnahan purchased the building and converted it into a meat market.⁷⁵ He had intended to tear it down, but the old building remained standing until 1932, when D. W. Garlett erected a brick structure in place of the sixty-five year-old wooden shell.

The passing of the Dramatic Theatre left Chase's Theatre (still referred to from time to time as McDaniels' Theatre) the one legitimate playhouse in the town. On April 16 of that year (1882), the Opera House company was formed and plans were formulated to commence construction immediately. Chase's Theatre supplied the need for a stage until Library Hall, a second-story room in the Opera House, was opened to the public in March, 1882. Douglas C. Rhodes, a former manager of the defunct Dramatic Theatre, managed Chase's Theatre during that interval of nearly a year. That people still thought of Chase's Theatre as a variety hall can be seen from this notice in the local press just before it was opened:

All the traveling companies which are to come hereafter will play in Chase's theatre, which is infinitely superior for dramatic purposes, until the new Opera House is completed. On these occasions the building will be opened in front and the saloon closed off from the theatre, and none of the characteristics of the variety show will be visible. Thus the place will be as safe for ladies to visit as the old one was and much more comfortable and satisfactory.⁷⁶

Mr. Chase's lease expired during the week of November 17, 1881, and his manager, D. C. Rhodes, obtained it.⁷⁷ Thirteen days later Chase and his brother Edward of Denver became proprietors of the Inter Ocean Hotel, the largest

73. *Ibid.*, January 1, 1880.

74. *Ibid.*, April 17, 1881; May 5, 1881.

75. *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, May 7, 1881.

76. *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, May 7, 1881.

77. *Cheyenne Leader*, November 17, 1881; November 22, 1881.

hotel in town and the stopping place of the major theatrical companies.⁷⁸ During the latter part of November, Rhodes and Arnold fitted Chase's Theatre, as it was still called, into a skating rink, and when there were no legitimate offerings, roller skating was permitted. When Library Hall was ready for occupancy in March, 1882, the doors of Chase's Theatre were closed permanently as far as the drama was concerned. It was untenanted from then until a fire in May, 1882, burned it to the ground.⁷⁹

The burning of that historic structure, built in 1867 as Beevais Hall, later known as Planter's House, then as McDaniel's Variety Theatre and finally as Chase's Theatre, brings an end to the first chapter of Cheyenne's theatrical history. On the twenty-fifth day of the same month in which the fire occurred, the magnificent Opera House on 17th and Ferguson Streets was opened to the public, and for the next twenty years that institution overshadowed every other theatrical enterprise in the town. The first fifteen years from 1867-1882 were active ones in what was still a frontier village. Six different houses had offered legitimate productions during that period, and seventeen variety halls were mentioned. It is likely that the figure for variety establishments is too low, since few of them advertised in the local press at that time. While the twenty-year period, in which the Opera House dominated the theatrical scene, was not so active and colorful as the preceding period, it is marked by a dignity and stability unknown in the first fifteen years.

CHEYENNE THEATRES AND VARIETY HALLS

A partially complete list of the theatres and variety halls which existed in Cheyenne, Wyoming, between October 12, 1867, and December 7, 1902.

Building	Type*	Manager	First Mentioned	Location
King's Theatre	L	King	Oct. 12, 1867	19th & Eddy
Varieties Theatre	V	Talbot & King	Oct. 19, 1867	
Melodeon	C	A. J. Britton	Dec. 3, 1867	17th near O'Neil
McDaniels' Museum	C	James McDaniels	Oct. 31, 1867	Eddy between 16th & 17th
Beevais Hall	V		Sometime in 1867	17th & Thomes
Cheyenne Theatre	L		Jan. 8, 1868	17th near O'Neil
Irwin's Theatre	L	Selden Irwin	Feb. 10, 1868	17th near O'Neil
New Concert Hall	V		Feb. 28, 1868	Across from Montana Exchange

78. *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, August 24, 1886.

79. *Cheyenne Leader*, May 4, 1882.

* L indicates a legitimate theatre; V a variety hall; C a combination of the two.

Building	Type*	Manager	First Mentioned	Location
Model Concert Hall	V		Feb. 28, 1868	
Theatre Comique	C	Duke and Co.	Apr. 20, 1868	310 W. 16th St.
Oasis Concert	V	Reynolds & Gregory		
Saloon	V	Woodworth & Sajoc	Oct. 3, 1868	Eddy between 15th & 16th
Union Concert Hall	V	James Allen Gregory & Newmark	Oct. 22, 1868 Nov. 4, 1868	310 W. 16th St.
The Gold Room	V		Nov. 4, 1868	
The Oasis	V		Nov. 4, 1868	
Newmarks Concert Hall	V	Newmark	Nov. 19, 1868	
The Old Theatre on 17th	L	J. Langrishe	Jan. 7, 1869	17th near O'Neil
Orleans Club Hall	V		Feb. 6, 1869	
Sumner Variety Theatre	V	J. R. Sumner	Mar. 15, 1869	
Theatre Comique	V	Sumner & Duke	Mar. 22, 1869	
McDaniels' Theatre	C	J. McDaniels	Mar. 10, 1869	Eddy between 16th & 17th
Planter's House	V		Oct. 21, 1870	
Recreation Hall	L	Corporation	Aug. 15, 1872	N.E. corner 18th & Eddy
McDaniels Variety Theatre	V	J. McDaniels	Nov. 15, 1875	S.W. corner of 16th & Eddy
The Tivoli Concert Hall	V		Aug. 17, 1874	16th Street
The Bella Union	V		Nov. 27, 1875	310 West 16th
McDaniels' Dramatic Theatre	L	J. McDaniels	June 13, 1876	310 West 16th
The Coliseum	V	J. D. Brennan	Apr. 24, 1878	
Novelty Theatre	V		Aug. 6, 1878	
The Dramatic Theatre	L	Rhodes & Masi	Mar. 18, 1879	310 West 16th
Chase's Theatre	L	John Chase	Jan. 10, 1879	S.W. corner of 16th & Eddy
Library Hall	L	Corporation	Mar. 7, 1882	N.W. corner of 17th & Hill
The Opera House	L	Corporation	May 25, 1882	N.W. corner of 17th & Hill
Keefe Hall	L	M. P. Keefe	1882	1812 Ferguson
Germania Hall	V	Leopold Kabis	Oct. 11, 1884	16th near Ferguson
Turner Hall			June 7, 1891	16th & Thomes

Fifty Years Ago

By

VIRGINIA HALDEMAN JONES*

The train was on its westward way across the monotonous plains of Kansas. Now and then my eyes would stray from the book in my lap to try to fathom their infinity. In tune with the rails, the lines of Robert Louis Stevenson kept running through my mind. Riding, perhaps over this very track, he had sat upon the top of a freight car and described these plains, "level as a billiard board, they run to kiss the far horizon."

But not for long could they hold my attention, for the best seller of the year held me deep in the romance of Mollie Stark Woods and "The Virginian" up in Wyoming, where she went to teach a ranch school. I, too, was on my way to Wyoming and I, too, was to teach a ranch school. Who knew what this great adventure might bring to me in fulfilment of the usual dreams of an eighteen-year-old college freshman?

The book was read eagerly, not only for its interest, but because it must be finished before Colorado was reached, as my eyes would then be needed to feast upon the sight of my first mountains. It was dark when Denver was reached, but at dawn, never shall I forget my amazement to find them miles away, but even then, most impressive. Now attending school there, my brother had spent the previous

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Mrs. Jones has traveled extensively in the U. S., Canada, Cuba and Mexico. She has written a number of free lance feature articles, chiefly historical, and poetry. She also enjoys painting scenes of Wyoming mountains. After the last war she undertook to remodel several houses for veterans to help with the critical housing shortage. She was active in Girl Scout activities and now has interests in the American Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters, the Business and Professional Women, the D. A. R. and the alumnae of Pi Beta Phi.

year in Wyoming, driving for my cousin, Gordon Wright, who carried the mail to Centennial from Laramie City, as it was then designated on the maps. He also freighted with four teams, and I could not hear enough of this mystic state of my destination, with all of its attractions.

As the highest spot on the Union Pacific was between Cheyenne and Laramie, mountain peaks were expected to appear momentarily. Since Laramie was 7200 feet in elevation, it was surprising to glide out on a plain, with little scenery except mesa-like Sheep Mountain to the westward.

I was met at the station by my "double cousins", Mary and Agnes Wright, both teachers in the public schools. They were old settlers, as they had come out in the eighties to the territory. We walked up to their home on Grand Avenue, next door to the Hollidays. Their fragile mother, now past eighty, and their sister, Katherine, who was the homemaker, warmly greeted me. Mary had been County Superintendent of Schools and knew all of Albany County, the districts and the people.

Their friend, Mrs. Mary Bellamy, was then County Superintendent and, after a conference with her, I retired to an upper room for three days to review for the examinations for a County Certificate. This was issued for one year only and then the process was repeated. As I survey the grades made in two days of continuous writing, I can not refrain from wondering if teachers today could pass these thorough tests in eight "common branches" and the "didactics and pedagogy" of that time. They were written in her office, in the home of Mrs. Bellamy, on the farthest outskirts of the town.

As I approached it, I had noted a large building of rugged, tan stone in a great expanse of sagebrush out on the plain. She told me that this was the University of Wyoming. Forty years later, returning from California, a search was made for "Old Main" among the impressive buildings of the beautiful modern campus. Such development portrays the value Wyoming people have always placed upon the "intangibles", for education then and now has been uppermost.

My sister Ada Haldeman had taken a school near Laramie, after teaching on the Sybille for the Dover and Henke families, and also at Bosler. It was her experience in ranch, and later high schools, which fitted her for four terms as County Superintendent of Scottsbluff County in Nebraska and later, for the same length of time, in Goshen County, Wyoming. After too brief a visit with her, Mrs. Bellamy placed me in a rural school to the northwest on the Little

Laramie river. Soon I was riding with the Biddick family across the ridge which shut off the view of the town. To the right could be seen glimpses of the railroad and the water tank at Wyoming station, but that was the only house in all of the fourteen miles before the corral and cluster of buildings were sighted. My first view of a ranch followed the pattern of those to be seen in future. Theirs was superior to many. All of the construction was of logs, set on the banks of the river, which was a goodly stream. It was here too wide for nine-year-old Johnny to throw a stone across it. A plank, firmly fixed into the bank and weighted with rocks, formed a safe vantage point to fill the buckets with the clear water for all the family needs.

That night the little black dog stood under my window and barked himself hoarse at the coyotes across the river, which howled back at him in long, doleful wails. No wonder that from that time, I held a great determination to possess a coyote skin rug!

On Monday, with well-filled lunch pails, we set out for the mile and a half walk to school. No other building was in sight for endless miles, except where rose the gate poles of the home ranch of the late Ora Haley. He had been an important cattle man of this period, but the family had moved to town and only ranch hands carried on, so there were no children there to attend school.

As we drew near, the schoolhouse appeared to be white frame, exactly as the ones in Iowa. I had wanted it to be of logs! I soon discovered that teacher was to serve also as janitor. She must, perforce, carry in the drinking water from the yard pump, the coal from the shed, carry out the ashes from the pot-bellied stove, build the fires, wash the blackboards, and sweep every night before leaving.

In the morning, after hovering about the stove until the chill was gone, the thick coating of chalk dust and ashes must be removed before school could be called. All this was accepted as a matter of course, not only by the school board, but by the teacher as well. There was no young boy here, as in Iowa, to do all of this gladly for a dollar and a half a month! Indeed, why object? There the teacher earned only thirty dollars a month, and here it was to be a whole forty-five, with only fifteen to pay for board and room. There was no need to spend money, so all could be saved for another year at college.

Looking over the register, there appeared the names of three neighbor children, and they had stopped school during the term. No explanation had ever been given for the resignation of the previous teacher, so the girls were ques-

tioned. Their replies were courteous, but guarded. Information was readily given, however, when asked where the neighboring ranch was located. They pointed to a ridge to the southward, beyond which it lay. Noting their reticence, inquiry was delayed until that night at home. One of the elders casually referred to some trouble at school last year, after which the three other children had stopped attending. Realizing that ill-feeling existed between the two families, nothing further was ever mentioned. It was some time before the evidence of this animosity was brought to light!

No children came over the ridge to school, and, as Johnny was recovering from a serious illness, there were only the two Biddick girls to attend. Never could teacher have asked for more attentive or eager pupils, for their minds were like sponges, absorbing everything and asking for more. Edna was taking Latin, and since they were good Catholics, she evidently resolved to understand every word of the mass, because she mastered the grammar with skill. When winter came, she entered the "preparatory", or high school department of the University of Wyoming in Laramie. She majored in Latin and, when she received her degree, taught in the city high school until her untimely death nine years ago. Of the family of six, there remains only Miss Delia, now past eighty, and Ethel, who manages their large ranch of more than 10,000 acres from their home in Laramie.

The sweeping accomplished, the walk home from school was always a pleasant one, with the children keeping watch for their little flock of sheep. When they had moved out to the ranch, someone had given Edna a fine ewe and now there were twenty-two. Coyotes would encircle them and watch the lambs greedily, while they grazed among the sagebrush before the house. Then one of the girls would ride out on her pony, chase the coyotes out on the flats, and bring the flock closer.

Thus, at the long table in the pleasant kitchen, the family enjoyed this most delicate of meats, and with the lamb was served a delicious chili sauce, made from canned tomatoes. Large, fluffy biscuits appeared at every meal with sweet ranch butter and buckberry jam. Miss Delia Neville, Mrs. Biddick's sister, who was one of the family, helped in all things, for there was much cooking to feed the hearty ranch hands who lived in the bunk house but ate with us. The women were immaculate housekeepers and every one of the seven rooms, with their smooth plastered walls, testified to their care.

So passed the months of July and August, broken by fortnightly trips to Laramie for the mail and shopping. In early September, three transients had been brought out from town to help with the haying. On the fifteenth, they had finished and the men were ready to go back, but it began to snow and continued for three days, until there were twenty-six inches on the level. When it cleared Mr. Biddick set out to break the road to town with a bobsled and a four-horse team and as many men. He returned the following day while a chinook was blowing and soon not a vestige of white remained, except on the slopes of "Old Sheep" to the southwest. They said it was most "unusual", but the next spring "the desert would blossom as the rose".

It has always been a source of satisfaction to have seen an unspoiled, original rodeo. Then there were no hawkers, no hotdog stands, no side-shows, no hurdy-gurdy, no Midway, not even an Indian! Sitting on wooden bleachers, we saw the daring and skilled feats of true amateurs on bucking broncos carry off their laurels. One lone cowgirl graced the scene.

Around the track many fine teams and smart vehicles were being driven. Behind a black matched pair, in a model, rubber-tired trap, rode Roberta Vance and a friend visiting her from Newton, Iowa, her former home. Their modish black veils streamed behind as her horses tried their speed. So thrilled was I that for a while I nurtured the wild idea of riding a bronco all the way back to Iowa!

Another outstanding event was the conviction of Tom Horn for murder, as he was then awaiting his death by hanging. Many in Wyoming believed that a great clan of masked riders would swoop down upon his prison and rescue him from such a fate. So an armed guard was stationed and, in some quarters, there seemed to be marked disappointment that no such spectacular raid had been made. He paid his penalty on the appointed day.

Mr. Biddick loaned me a saddle horse and I set out alone to spend my birthday, Hallowe'en, with my sister Ada on the Dutch Flats, twenty-eight miles away. Ten miles out on the sagebrush plains the horse stumbled and over its head I fell in a heap! My bravery took a tumble, too, but when I found all my anatomy in working order, I scrambled up on the horse and proceeded down the road four miles west of Laramie, until the telegraph lines to Wood's Hole were reached. These ran past the Arthur Nottage farm and there I saw my sister for the first time in four months, although we would be close together today at such a short distance. Needless to say I did little walking the next day,

but the return Sunday evening was made without further mishap.

Only a tenderfoot would have attempted such a first ride, but my cousins told me that Eastern newcomers were always doing the unusual in Wyoming, because they believed westerners had no restraints. It seems that not long before, the New England sister of a prominent Wyoming Judge had quite scandalized everyone by going on a trail trip to the mountains alone with a hired guide. This was thrown at me one day when I rode cross-saddle into town in a full-pleated skirt, instead of the accepted divided kind. How could this be done, since I did not possess one?

A never-to-be-forgotten October had just passed. The sun in the deep blue dome showed not one wisp of cloud during the entire month. Never having seen such clear skies in Iowa, constant watch was kept at recesses, noons and to and from school, but not one film of vapor dimmed the turquoise sky.

Sometimes it was a bit lonely, between the trips to town and the many letters which came from relatives and college friends to enliven my "great adventure", as they chose to dub my trip to teach in rural Wyoming. The "Gibson Girl" was the rage of the day and I whiled many an hour, with pen and ink, drawing his "Eternal Question", the head of a beautiful woman, whose long curl made a perfect interrogation point. The boys, with whom I corresponded, wrote that they had had it framed to grace their rooms. On one Saturday, among my letters, was a telegram announcing victory in an important football game. It was from the captain himself!

Usually the womenfolk drove to town alone, but one crisp winter day Mr. Biddick rode with us. All about, before their burrows among the sage, the jackrabbits were sunning themselves. In little longer than the usual time he had shot fifteen, never once missing. He put them into a gunny sack and sold them to a market.

Edna went in to the fall term of the University, leaving only a single pupil. One day the school trustee from Wyoming station had dinner with us and then they held a meeting. To cut expenses, it was decided to hold school at home. So the daily three-mile walk, and all the janitor work was ended, and studies were carried on at the dining room table. Johnny came in occasionally to read when he became lonely. The term ended just before Christmas.

The holidays were spent with my sister, and I arrived in time for her school's holiday program and box supper. The dearth of talent may well be imagined, when I dared to sing

a high school Christmas song as a solo! People were kind and "a good time was enjoyed by all." Ada was entering school at Boulder, so the time was spent in sewing. Then word came from Mrs. Bellamy that a term of school awaited me at the Frank Prager 10 Ranch, four miles from Laramie Peak.

Leaving the train at Rock River, I knocked at the door of Mrs. Roxy McDermott, who "kept hotel" in her home. She was known far and wide for her energy and kindness. She greeted me cordially, for I had written for accommodations and a ride with the mail carrier to Garrett, the nearest postoffice to Prager's. Mrs. McDermott made me feel at home and seated me in her parlor. Excusing herself, she went to the kitchen to get supper. Her voice could be heard, marshalling her forces to action.

"Dave, you go down and get me some apples."

"Lonie, you peel 'em."

"Art, you put 'em on the stove and sugar 'em, when they're done. I'M going to make some applesauce!"

This was far from the usual New Year's Eve, for after a supper of applesauce and other good food, it was bed at eight-thirty to be up early. Cash Lewis, the driver, said we were to leave at six.

Outstanding among more than sixty New Year's Days is the one which dawned at Rock River in 1904! Up at five and after an abundant breakfast I paid Mrs. McDermott for two meals and lodging. It was a dollar and a half! She wrapped warm bricks from the oven and came outside with me. Others followed with two huge quilts which had been warming by the Round Oak stove in the parlor. The "stage" was an open buckboard, and my trunk and telescope were in the back with the mail bags. The quilts were placed on the left side of the seat, I sat thereon, and then they were deftly wrapped and tucked and folded over the bricks at my feet. The lively little buckskins took to their accustomed trail, while the crisp morning air at 20 below whisked past, but the thoughtfulness of the experienced natives for the tenderfoot teacher prevented any discomfort from the cold.

The sky was dark and the few straggling houses were quickly left behind. The whistle of the train sounded across the plains. It was the last one I was to hear for five months. Finally, the twelve miles to Rock Creek were covered. Here there had been a small settlement on the railroad, but in 1900 the Union Pacific had straightened its track, leaving a deserted village. The general store alone remained, with the owner's white home beside it. It was the last frame house to be seen for some time. The Prager

and Garrett families had once lived here, but the school-house had gone to the railroad. They now lived near the Peak, and the school must "go to the mountain." So teachers were found who were willing to leave church, doctor and train far behind for many months. Of course, horses were the only means of transportation, as they brought the mail to Garrett on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, making the return trip on the following days. Thus Mr. Lewis' two teams covered 180 miles each a week. Sunday was for them and their driver truly a day of rest.

Many would quail at the thought of a sixty-mile ride into such isolation, but there were no qualms in the heart of this young teacher in the buckboard. Had not Mollie Stark Woods left the train at this **very spot** decades ago, and had not romance come to her in full measure? In fact, the entire country was even then delighting in her story with "The Virginian". On this **very spot** she had taken off by stage for her school on a distant ranch. To be sure, the light buckboard had supplanted the cumbersome stage-coach, and the clean-cut young driver's face proved he was perfectly sober, and not apt to founder in the creek, while the Virginian miraculously appeared to rescue her. Today, Wister's romance is completing its first half century of immortality. Then its spell, woven about the mystic name of Wyoming, coupled with the joyous, adventurous spirit of youth, made each turn in the trail lure the eye to see, and the imagination to picture, the tales the driver told her.

Many were the legends of the country and stories of the kindly people among whom she was to live, which Mr. Lewis related to keep the new teacher from feeling strange or becoming homesick. The sun had now risen, tempering the cold, and, across the sage beckoned the dusky outlines of Laramie Peak against a sky of ethereal blue. Now it would seem to be over the next rising ground and, when that was reached, it had withdrawn at a distance.

Far away appeared the modern rock ranch house of Senator McGill. Here Mary Wright had taught his children, now grown, so it was with pleasant anticipation that the stop was made for dinner. He was not at home, but the housekeeper served a good roast beef dinner, for which a charge of twenty-five cents was made.

The journey was now half done and the new team kept their little jogging trot with a will. As the sun swung to our left, the country became more rugged, and the Peak nearer and larger. A few trees appeared and we skirted a rocky rim. "Antelope Basin," announced the driver, as he pointed with his unused whip across a great depression.

Apparently he enjoyed my surprise and pleasure at the view. The bronses were carefully checked as the buckboard precariously tilted down a rutted road, and I was warned to "sit high to balance" before the descent to the basin floor was accomplished.

Shadowed by the encircling rim, gloom overspread the rough terrain. The short winter day was drawing to a close, but the driver pointed again toward a dark object. "Garrett's, where you sleep tonight. Pragers have gone to a dance and will come after you tomorrow!" This man had a strong sense of the dramatic.

Nearing the house, the low lines showed logs, grey and mellowed and chinked with white plaster. The roof was covered with earth, and in the fading twilight wisps of stems growing from it waved in the winter wind. Later I heard that the driver was "sweet on" the young lady of the family, but there was nothing in their greeting to betray it.

Forbidding in its barred strength, the heavy board door swung wide. Cash Lewis introduced me and, attractive and cordial, Olive Garrett greeted me with heart-warming western hospitality. In the low-ceiled living room, where a wood stove glowed warmly and two little sisters stood shyly near her, I was seated in a large, golden oak rocker. Its shining leather seemed unusual among the other well-worn furniture. It rocked irregularly on the knots in the floor, which stood up in little peaks. Later I heard that Mrs. Garrett had won it in an election wager from a Laramie judge.

His team put up, Mr. Lewis came in and we went to the kitchen for supper. Even now, after a half century, each New Year's Day recalls the savory aroma of cove oyster stew and a vivid picture comes to mind. The cheerful cookstove in the corner of the long room, the table with benches along both sides and the small, high windows which suggested excellent portholes through which to fire at attacking Indians!

After the usual guest courtesy of wiping the dishes, Olive took me into the postoffice. In this small room, about eight feet square, were arranged criss-cross, unpainted boards to form pigeon holes, and beneath each one was pasted a slip of paper bearing the names of ranchers near and far. This was operated as a fourth-class postoffice, and Mrs. Garrett's only compensation was the stamp cancellation. Since I was to become a liberal purchaser, my favorable position was soon established. Little did I then realize how much the letters, which were to come to this little room, would shape the entire course of my future life!

The next morning the two Prager boys, Fred and Frank, came for me in their spring wagon and my trunk was loaded into the back. As we drove, they told me that a little schoolhouse, built on skids, had in former years been placed at a spring midway between the Garrett and Prager ranches so that each family rode four miles to school. The term began in the spring and ran until late September. As the boys grew and were needed for summer work, a plan was evolved to apportion from the district school taxes a number of months to each family. During the winter, school would be held in the several homes. This year the four Pragers had been allowed three months and the parents were adding two more. The salary was the same as the Biddick school, but board was to be only ten dollars a month. The little schoolhouse had been purchased by Mr. Prager and now stood near their house for storage.

Across rolling foothills and through many gates, the trail led for eight miles; then, nestled in a wide valley between piles of majestic red granite boulders, the 10 Ranch house was seen. The boys said that it was built of logs from the Peak, and that the siding had been put over them later. Entering the kitchen, the warm handclasp of the brown-eyed mother made me feel at home. The father rose from his easy chair by the range and greeted me heartily, then seated himself with his pipe in evident contentment as his children crowded around to meet the new teacher.

And well might he have been proud of his family! Dora, the eldest, was an attractive brunette; Fred, the older son, was black-haired, grave and reserved; Frankie, blond and sunny, had a glint of mischief in his blue eyes; and Sophie was the gentle little mother to four-year-old Julie and Baby Harry, not yet walking—both the pets of the family.

The original two large rooms of the first house had been extended on either side by two smaller ones, long and narrow. On the north they provided the two bedrooms for the children, and on the south, three steps down, the kitchen and a store room. These steps were always used by someone as we sat about the pleasant kitchen with its cheerful range, long table and large cupboard.

Up these steps from the kitchen the large east room was used during the day for the school. We sat about an oval, drop-leaf walnut table, a replica of the one on the Iowa farm of my childhood. The five of us pulled up our chairs and shared it as a common desk, the one reciting moved next to me as the program progressed.

Dora, who was six months older than I, studied algebra and Latin; Fred was finishing eighth grade; Frankie, sev-

enth, and Sophie, sixth. All were conscientious students and advanced readily. Regular hours were kept, and after four o'clock on mail days the boys saddled their horses and set off on their sixteen-mile round trip to Garrett, with the mail sack tied to the saddle. Ever-diligent Sophie put the school books in the case provided by the closed window frame when the boys' room had been added. She lowered the table leaves, swept the floor, dusted the organ and smoothed the bed in the corner, and then for the night it became the parents' bedroom.

After that, I was free to go to my own large room on the west. With walls of painted sealing, after my trunk was unpacked it had rapidly taken on the pennant-bedecked, photograph-haunted look of the habitat of a typical freshman. Though they were so far away, my friends looked down from the walls in a most comforting manner. They professed great interest in my letters, and several found time to read "The Virginian", then the best-seller, the better to visualize my surroundings. It was thrilling to write them that, in answer to her inquiry, Sophie had had a letter from Owen Wister himself that the Virginian was not any one man, but only a "type". Her father said simply, "Of course he was just a 'type'. If he had been a real man, I should have known him!"

Perhaps it can be truly said that Mr. and Mrs. Prager are "The Most Unforgettable Characters I've Met!" With two stalwart sons to carry on, he could now take life easy, as he sat with his pipe in a corner of the kitchen. Always cheerful and kindly, it was a treat to hear him tell of his former adventures. Born in Germany in 1839, the tender age of twelve found him freighting with oxcarts from Omaha to what is now Denver, when there was only a log cabin on Cherry Creek.

He knew Indians intimately and had even lived among them! "The Southwest Indians," he said, "had captured bridles from the Spaniards, which were covered with coins. These were traded until they reached this north country. I used to have many of them, but I gave them to admiring visitors, and now there is left, of all my relics, only my little old knapsack!" He pointed with his pipe to a small leather object over the door. Its clasp was like a brass coin.

Had he foreseen their extinction, he could have made a fortune on buffalo hides, as it was the custom of trappers to shoot one, cut out only the choice sirloin steaks, and leave the carcass for the wolves and coyotes.

Many were the unfriendly encounters he had had with the Indians. One such had kept him for three days without

food behind willows on the bank of a creek. Finally, because they saw no motion there, they had tired and gone away. Never would he say that he had killed an Indian.

After these adventures, he was a well-to-do bachelor of forty-three. He often visited Frederick and Julia Schweichert, whom he had known in Germany. They had come to Cheyenne in 1867, before the railroad, and had opened a variety store. Their niece, Rosa Schneider, had emigrated to Louisville, Kentucky, and was visiting them. Mr. Prager admired the lovely girl of eighteen and a courtship and marriage followed. They went to Louisville on the honeymoon and there the wedding picture was taken. It shows to advantage her modish gown, with a polonaise, and the fabulous gold set of brooch, earrings, watch and long "opera" chain, which was the approved "gift of the groom" in 1882.

Two years later found them on 10 Ranch, the original plot being a 320-acre desert claim, four miles from the Peak and fifty-eight miles from the railroad. With their little daughter, Dora, they lived in the two-room log house set directly over a spring. Down a sloping ledge from the kitchen door, the path led under the floor to the side of a pool. In its crystal depths there seeped from a hidden cleft in the granite rocks water almost too cold. Overflowing its wide basin, a rivulet coursed down the slope to the stable and the valley below.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Prager tell of his early years on the ranch. Puffing on his pipe, he would remove it and make a gesture now and then in reminiscence, "For years I ran cattle. Then I changed to sheep. Oh, I just run a little bunch now—only 3000!"

A flock of that number sounded big to a cornbelt child. The "little bunch" was miles away from the house and the boys would ride out with supplies for the two shepherders who lived in a "sheepwagon"—the probable predecessor of our luxurious trailers. Sometimes letters would come from their families in Mexico and one of them would sit and talk with Mr. Prager, and he would send money to them. We were to hear and see more of this flock in the spring.

It is difficult to portray her character to one who has not known Mrs. Prager. Coupled with the charm of the southern woman was a fine dignity of manner and mind. Devoted to her family, she ministered to their every need, but did not rob them of the necessary independence to shape their own futures. Her round of duties was not simple, for nine sat down to eat their three meals daily. With only



**WEDDING PICTURE OF ROSA SCHNEIDER PRAGER AND
FRANK PRAGER, LOUISVILLE, KY., 1882**

twice-yearly supplies from town it remains a constant wonder how she prepared such tempting meals. They kept no chickens and, although there were ninety head of cattle on the range, there was no milk cow. Canned milk was used and the babies had been reared on it.

The regard of the entire community for her was reflected in the deference of all who came to their home on business or pleasure. Gentle and gracious to a degree, she had no lack of moral courage when an occasion made such a demand.

I recall with amusement the evening at supper when I was challenged by Fred to run a race eating the good light buns with butter and molasses. With laughing curiosity, the family watched us match them for size and then we "et and et and et". I finally called for mercy after the fifth one, but Fred said he could go on indefinitely. With what a sinking heart his mother must have watched her diminishing bread supply! But she laughed with us all in her agreeable manner.

No wonder that a neighbor boy, spending the winter with his father and a partner on Bear Mountain Ranch, enjoyed a visit with this family of happy young people. As I was ever eager to make college credits *in absentia*, he offered to give me Spanish lessons. Having a flair for languages I accepted, little dreaming that he would make them an excuse for full weekend visits in the future.

After each lesson on Friday, when school was over, I recited for an hour. Believing that he remained to see Dora until Sunday night, I soon learned that was not the case. The young people would go out of the kitchen after the supper work was done and leave me alone with him. Six weeks thus passed, during which we saw as much of each other as a normal school year elsewhere. In the midst of a Spanish lesson his attentions were no longer a mystery to me, for he proposed. That was the last of my attempt that winter to learn Spanish!

Although isolated, with ranches eight miles apart, there was a distinct pattern of social customs established. Every few years a dance would be given by each family, to which the entire countryside was invited. Shortly after school opened, with well-filled baskets of food tucked into the spring wagon, we young people rode among the foothills and the red boulders, which were ever such a delight to this child of the prairies. Soon the trail descended into Bear Creek Canyon. At last near to mystic Laramie Peak, at our right it rose majestically, with its forested slopes meeting the rocky, snow-clad summit.

To the left, the beaver had industriously dammed the creek until it had almost covered the canyon floor, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. As we approached, they often fled from chiseling a young aspen and, scurrying to the water, left a trail of ripples behind where they submerged. Their house domes were everywhere among the willows in the stream. We counted a clump of aspens and found next morning that they had, in a single night, cut down five young trees and placed them into strategic points in the dams with the precision of an engineer.

To a tenderfoot, it was thrilling to hear the boys point out the spot where they had shot a bobcat, an antelope or a deer, or tell where someone had found a bear's den or killed a wolf or wildcat. Every word spelled adventure and interest. From a side trail, a young couple came on horseback. They said he had given her the chestnut saddler which she rode. That was an announcement to the community of their engagement and approaching marriage.

The trip had been planned to reach the dance by twilight, since no one rode after dark in that country. Tucked in a deep canyon, adjoining the creek, the house was surrounded by many vehicles, and horses overflowed the stable into an open shed. Several groups were leaving their wagons, loaded with baskets and children. I recalled the swapping of babies in "The Virginian" and wondered if anyone would try that tonight.

Inside, the house was fairly bursting with people seated on planks placed about the walls on kegs. As usual, the men sat together talking, with only the young in mixed groups, while women bustled about the table arranging the first supper, now ready. Many willing hands served this abundant meal, then, as if by magic, the floors were cleared for dancing. Two gray-haired, mustachioed fiddlers hoisted themselves and their chairs atop a sturdy kitchen table, and the sets took their places.

Having seen only one square dance, I would have been a wallflower, had not Fred kindly guided me through the mazes of the first one, with proper directions at each moment. Soon "Swing your partners!" and "Allemand Left!", called in the fiddler's resonant voice, had no terrors for me. Frankie took me through the intricacies of another set. When the strains of a waltz began, a young man recently from the city asked me to dance. It was some time before I realized that we were the only ones on the floor. Confused, I had yet to learn that many did not approve of round dancing and did not therefore indulge.

I asked to sit out and the music stopped, and my partner suggested most innocently, that we leave the overheated house and walk on the porch, but Dora had warned me that going outside was not approved. However, she had failed to acquaint me with the significance of accepting an escort for "midnight supper", the romantic high-light of the evening for youth! When I went with this strange man, I committed a **faux pas**, which was not realized for several months. Unintentionally, I had made a mistake, for at college we had run down for a sundae with anyone with whom we happened to be dancing, so it did not seem improper to do otherwise here. I should have eaten with the ones who brought me!

All night long the dancing continued, with a lag developing about three o'clock, when there was some sitting out and inactivity. With the first morning light, after coffee and breakfast, all departed. To me, although interesting, it was just another dance, but to those who lived there, each one was an event long to be remembered.

Every hour had its significance. Had the secretly-preferred one asked for a dance or filed on the important midnight supper claim? Had the girl smiled on him or seemed happy while dancing with him? And on, and on, **ad infinitum**? Three shared suppers of a couple was almost paramount to an engagement, for here, in these all-night dances budded the romances which flowered and came to fruition.

Dora also told me that it was improper for a couple to stray beyond sight of the house, while strolling in daytime. This to me precluded the scrambling up the piles of red boulders, which presented a challenge on every side. But, since I had been reared on the "What will people say?" principle, I bowed to this dictum and explored with all the children of the family.

One of these excursions remains as distinctly in memory as yesterday. Beyond the stable, perhaps a quarter of a mile to the southeast, we went to an old Indian camp among the rocks. By patiently following the direction of erosion, and scraping aside the silt, we recovered not only the colored beads of the traders but, far more interesting, the type made by the Indians themselves before the trappers came. These were about the size of a lead pencil, flat and round, made of bone with a neat hole bored in the middle. That day a four-inch strand of colored beads, interspersed with four Indian-made bone ones, was unearthed and makes a prized possession.

Although the general quality of the Peak settlers was excellent, a few exceptions were inevitable. A family of Smythes from the feud country of the South had someway recently drifted into this peaceful spot. Not content with its happy monotony, they had enlivened their days by starting a feud with a neighboring old settler over the ownership of a calf. The case had been tried before Mrs. Garrett, who served as Justice of the Peace. Her decision was considered fair by every other family except the Smythes.

In another year their lawlessness reached a climax, and the natives took matters into their own hands by means of an ultimatum to the feudists to leave the country. Allowing no loophole, they were escorted beyond the boundaries and left Wyoming forever. This recalls the methods of her early settlers in dispensing justice, for their same spirit prevails in this isolated place.

Sent out to far Wyoming to safeguard their families at home from disgrace by their intemperance were several English "remittance" men. Comfortably located, with monthly checks from home, they could spend their lives in idleness. The neighbors would tell of one such house where the snows of winter and the rains of summer had dripped through a leaking roof upon a choice Steinway piano. Since there had not been one sober day in two years in which to repair the roof the beautiful instrument was consigned to ruin.

Many men in Wyoming were reticent about their former homes and may have been using fictitious names. Consequently, it was deemed improper ever to ask, "Where are you from?"

In the spring, our usually quiet valley resounded with a noisy bleating, for the flock of sheep was brought in for shearing and dipping. It was a social occasion and the neighbors came to help. Women filled the house and watched the ragged sheep, released from the shearers, being dipped into a vat of creosote solution to ward off ticks, their heads being held up to protect the eyes. Then all were taken far out to the fifteen sections of railroad land, leased for summer pasture.

To a prairie child the vagaries of mountain weather can be a revelation. On a bright spring afternoon clouds suddenly whisked across the Peak and a dense blanket of snow descended. In itself, this was not surprising, but sharp peals of deafening thunder, which struck the surrounding rocks in reverberating claps, added a phenomenon, as no lightning could be seen in the dense whiteness.

Again, on a sunny April day, a dark cloud overspread the sky and a sudden freshet came coursing down the hillside into the spring under the house. Armed with shovels, the two boys worked feverishly in the downpour to dig a channel to divert the water away from the house. In a few days, the rocky basin of the spring was again clear.

It was delightful, after the winter, to walk up the sunny south slopes where the buttercups bloomed tight against the sod as though they could not wait to carpet the earth with bright and harmless gold. With Dora I scrambled to the top of a huge pile of boulders, where she showed me a pool of clear water. In a small basin, a few inches deep and an arm's length wide, were reflected the fleecy clouds overhead. Here the saucy jays, the flitting magpies, the questing hawks and soaring eagles quenched their thirst and preened their feathers and then returned to their nests in the trees and crags nearby.

Only once did the mail sack fail to disgorge something for me that year. In the spring, the letters became unusually significant for the ardor of the football captain was reaching the courtship stage, and many and thick were the letters which shuttled back and forth between the Peak and the University.

School went on, and as time has a way of doing, the session was coming to a close. The promise of a "Peak Party" was held out to me as an inducement to remain for the summer. This was one of the traditional social gatherings. It began, on the first day, by the gathering of a goodly company with tents and all the appurtenances of camping which were set up in comfortable array. The second day, with bountiful lunches all the young people set out to climb the Peak, from which, in August, all the snow has melted. From the topmost crag, they say the view is worth the many hours of tedious climbing. The descent, while quicker, is more difficult, sliding down the precipitous gullies, and there is well-earned and deep sleep that night. The third day, with many partings and "Many happy returns of the day!", each family packs its wagon and carries home long-treasured memories.

Although this sounded most alluring, it was impossible for me to remain. The letters, which had glorified the days for many weeks, had culminated in my engagement to the football captain, who was also a budding lawyer at the university. Not every girl has the evidence of her courtship in black and white, but this precious packet of letters recalls it still. Even as the children in the tale, I had found the "bluebird" right at home.

It was hard to say farewell to these kindly people, who had made my sojourn among them so pleasant, for not one day there did I have a pang of loneliness or "heimweh". We have kept the friendship for a half century and that is a long time.

Mr. Prager took me to the railroad, but in the pleasant June weather, with a green world all about, it did not seem long. We stopped to eat our lunch at the store in Rock Creek. Afterward, when crossing an irrigation ditch there, he said that, when it was dug, there was turned up a molten brass epaulet. This was a grim memento of an Indian massacre here in 1876.

The whistle of the train at Rock River was the symbol of the man-made world in which I was to live for eighteen years before my brother, small daughter and I were to again visit these friends. On a picturesque homestead site, the Rob Garretts had an attractive log home, where he lived with his wife, Luella, and her remarkable mother, Dr. Patrick. Many years ago she had come to Wyoming for her health and is now past ninety. Mr. Prager had gone; Dora, whose husband had also passed away, lived with her son, "Buster", at 10 Ranch, with her mother and Fred, who has never married. Frankie also had homesteaded at the head of beautiful Bear Creek Canyon, and his three children were building a creditable playhouse of aspen logs.

Another visit in 1943, when I drove there all alone, found the mother frail, but active and mentally most alert. Harry had married the young school teacher and they were enlarging their charming log house. Also nearby was Julie's home, where Sophie lived, because she enjoyed the little boy. Harry's wife taught her nephews. All had clung to the beautiful, isolated Peak country.

Many would have found difficult the simple living conditions of the rural teacher in Albany County fifty years ago, but it is always recalled with satisfaction as a time of happy memories and deep spiritual enrichment. For the past several years, Wyoming has again lured me back to teach among her snow-capped Big Horn Mountains.

Incidents in the Life of Norris Griggs

By

MRS. HELEN SARGENT*



NORRIS GRIGGS

When was I born? Oh, yes! 1862. Where? Oh, it was just a little town in New York called Binghamton. I had an older sister named Mary Frances. I had two brothers,

*Helen Clark Sargent (Mrs. L. W.) was born July 16, 1890, at Wakefield, Nebraska. In 1895 her family moved to Wheatland, Wyoming, where her father was an early doctor. She later moved to Laramie where she attended grade school, University Preparatory School, and the University of Wyoming. Her mother, Mary Slavens Clark, established the School of Music at the University of Wyoming.

Mrs. Sargent was married in 1908. She and her husband ran a ranch and later, near Pinedale, they built "Sargents Inn" which they ran for a period of twenty-five years. They are now retired and live "On the Rim" between the Pinedale country and the Jackson Hole.

Mrs. Sargent wrote the reminiscences of Mr. Griggs about 1947.

Charles and Ben. We lived in a white house. Winters and school seemed to take up most of our time. Summers were so short. Finally my sister started to teach school. Her earning money made me very proud. Later she married Charles Rathbun. He was a dashing young man with a yen for the West. He had a brother, Dan, out west, and how I loved to hear Charles tell stories of the West!

One day something happened. I was too young to know all the details, but Charles was in trouble. One morning I awoke to find him gone. To me it was all surrounded in mystery, but also to me the Wild West atmosphere was gone. My sister was very sad, but that fall she went teaching school again, and I struggled on, still missing my Wild West stories and Charles.

In the early spring of 1879, I could resist the urge within me no longer, so I left home and in due time I found myself in Green River City, Wyoming.

At that time Green River City was very small. Its business houses were mostly saloons. There were two or three general stores, and Patty Barrett. On Main Street there was Young and Hines. I reached this place by train, and I shall never forget the trip from Omaha. It was awfully slow. The train was loaded with immigrants that seemed Oregon bound. There were all kinds and descriptions. Beds were made on the floor. It was April when I arrived in Green River City. Spring was just opening up and everything was so new to me.

I went to work for Dan Budd, but of course I had just one idea in mind—to get up north where Charles Rathbun was. Then in 1880, I got that chance I was waiting for. Dutch George, Kearns,¹ and Bob McIlvain were in Green River with their freight outfits, and said I could go up with them.

It didn't seem to me that there were any roads at that time, but the boys seemed to know where they were going just the same. In some places all the horses were hitched to one outfit. This was necessary at all river and creek crossings. I remember that they had a bronc, and when we were going down one hill the pole-strap broke. Of all the cutting up—well—that bronc did it, the likes of which I had never seen before. I helped quiet him, though I was half-scared all the time.

Dutch George was a squaw man, and had a half dozen or more papooses. In fact, there were many squaw men in

1. Dutch George Hearnese, squaw man, and Johny Kearns, half-breed. Stone, *Uinta County, Its Place in History*, p. 218.

those days—Kearns, Buckman, Chappo—I think there is a gulch this side of La Barge named Chappo Gulch—there was Baker, too, and many others on La Barge, all squaw men.

After this long-awaited visit with my brother-in-law, Charles, the first work I did was riding for Nicky Swan, son of Ed Swan on Fontenelle. I was away on the roundup for some time, and upon returning I was saddened to find that my employer, Nicky, was dead and buried.

Dutch George owned a big outfit that was later to be known as the Spur Ranch. Dutch George was killed in the Basin. His horse fell and turned over upon him. The saddle horn hit in the stomach. He is buried somewhere in the Basin. Mr. Reel and a friend bought the ranch, and it was there later, in 1886 or '87, that I first met Al Davison, who was a nephew of Mr. Reel.

I worked for Dan Rathbun during the summer of 1881, and in the fall of that year I went to Big Piney to work for Mr. Dan Budd and McKay on the 67 outfit. When I first went to Piney there were only four cattle outfits there. They were:

1. The Circle brand, owned by Mr. Liefer.
2. The PL, owned by Mr. Swan.
3. The ♦, owned by Charles Rathbun who homesteaded the Mule Shoe, and Dan Meyers.
4. The 67, owned by Budd and McKay, who took up the 67. I worked for them for five years, or until 1886.

A DANCE

I shall never forget the first dance I went to out here. One day I was mending the little pole fence on a small pasture at Mule Shoe, (and, by the way, I believe it was the one and only fence on Piney at that time), when Amos Smith rode up. He had then bought in with Charles Rathbun and Meyers on the Mule Shoe. Amos announced that there was to be a dance at Fred La Rose's place at the bridge on La Barge. He said, "Let's go!"

I hurried back to the 67, spoke to Mr. McKay, who gave his permission, and in no time we were off for that dance. We stayed three days. In fact, the dance lasted three days and three nights.

Old Wes Thurman played the fiddle—that is, if it could be called playing. The only tune I could recognize was "Arkansas Traveler." Wes was the tallest, broadest-shouldered, longest-legged man! In fact, he was so long-legged that he always sat with his legs crossed while he

fiddled, and he tapped the floor with ease with the foot that was crossed over, it reached so easily.

The females were mostly squaws. I can only remember that there were two white women there. One of them later married Jo Alfred, and I can't recall the other. The squaws were of various proportions, and after each dance each gentleman was obliged to treat his fair (?) lady to a tin cup of whiskey. If he didn't she wouldn't dance again. Likewise old Wes had to be treated or he would not play again. I have no idea how much whiskey had been brought up from Green River City just for this occasion, but it came in ten-gallon kegs. Of course there were pauses in the dance while the squaws cooked some food, or while a poker game went on, or just a pause for sleep.

One husky cowhand, named Henry McMullen, like some others, got too much of the tin cup and the Green River keg. He always toted two guns instead of the usual one, and during one of the rest periods when we were all sitting around a little pot-bellied stove in the bunk house—Indians and all—this McMullen got noisy. He kept swaggering around in the small amount of room, daring some one, anyone, to take hold of the bright red handkerchief that he was swinging around with the hand that did not hold the gun. In his most insulting way he was daring someone to shoot with him, but no one wanted to accept the challenge. Suddenly old Tex, a scout and a trapper, rose in all his might. He grabbed McMullen and threw him out the none-too-large window. Then turning back to what was left in the room he quietly said: "Now, I'm going to clean house." With that he grabbed the stove, and out the window it went. It was unbelievable how quickly the balance of that bunk house was evacuated to thus escape going out the window.

Still the dance went on. We bunked down a little, slept a little, the squaws prepared more food, we played more poker, A. W. Smith won \$60.00. The only collection taken was for the whiskey. Then after three days and nights we climbed on our horses and headed back to Piney and civil life. A big time had been had by all.

A RIDE FOR LINIMENT AND LIFE

I just don't recall the year, but it was while I was working for Amos Smith—must have been the spring of 1885 or 1886 that a baby was born to our neighbor and part-time hand—Walt Nickels. Walt lived on his own place and worked for Amos when he was needed or could. The baby was fine, so was Walt, but the mother, Anne, was not doing so well. This gave us all great concern. It seemed she

had developed milk leg, or, as it is called today, phlebitis. All the neighbors responded not only with their help but their remedies. But Anne did not seem to improve. At last some one thought if only we had some of Uncle Johnny's liniment!

Now Uncle Johnny Zimmers peddled medicine, trapped and bought furs, and prospected on the side. He had been a druggist before he came to this country, and just prior to coming here had been a scout in Johnston's Army. He had some horses, and Mr. Smith took care of them for him. Uncle Johnny was a good trapper, but he was perhaps best known for his liniment. I believe it had four ingredients—two of them I cannot remember—but eggs and ammonia were the other two. When he could not get hens eggs, he used sage chicken eggs. It was real white, and most everyone would vouch for its effectiveness when it came to bruises, sprains, rheumatism, or any inflammation.

I was elected to go find Uncle Johnny and get the liniment. All we knew was that he was going up the Indian trail which went through Snider Basin over to the Blackfoot Reservation, and that he had said that if that trail did not look good for trapping he would drop over on to Cottonwood or Horse Creek or Beaver. I had a colt, pretty skittish and black as coal, which sure needed riding, so we were soon on our way.

I went up Piney where the Ralph Mills place now is, and there I ran into Le Viae. I asked about Uncle Johnny, and he told me he had passed him and that he was headed for Cottonwood. This La Viae was an old squaw man. He followed the mess wagons or game. He bought or begged hides—even the entrails. His squaws made gloves from the hides and sold them for fifty cents. (They called the 50-cent piece a little dollar, and the dollar the big dollar). Le Viae wanted me to go with him; said that I could have the pick of his squaws if I would. But I didn't care for any squaws and I had liniment to get.

So I crossed over to Cottonwood. About five that evening I found Uncle Johnny on a little branch of Upper Cottonwood. He fixed me the liniment, but said I had better stay with him that night. He had heard there was a band of Shoshones in that vicinity, sorta on the war path. I decided to stay, and so picketed my horse. We had supper and I noticed that Uncle Johnny fixed his bed in between willows—almost surrounded by willows. We sat by a little camp fire and talked for quite a while, and finally Uncle Johnny said we had better roll in. I noticed, as I crawled in with him, that he put his needle gun in along side of him.

I had my 44 on my saddle, but I didn't think anything about it. We talked a little while, then I went to sleep.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when "Bang!" went Uncle Johnny's gun. I jumped out of bed sure the Indians had us, but there was nothing in sight except Uncle Johnny, holding his still-smoking gun. Now no one ever heard Uncle Johnny swear. The worst he ever said was "Confound." But this time he said, "Confound, that was bad luck, but I guess I've got our meat."

By this time Uncle Johnny was up, and I followed him around the willows, and there, sure enough, was an Indian buck, hit between the eyes. That needle gun shot such a slug that it really had torn the top of his head right off. Uncle Johnny had seen the Indian through the willows, and his shot, as he said, was bad luck, not only for the Indian. 'Twasn't the first one, but he just wasn't proud to kill one, and felt that it didn't do him any good. The Indian had a gun in his hand—it was either him or us.

I said, "What are we going to do with him, bury him?" Uncle Johnny said, "No, we're throwing him in the creek." We did.

Then Uncle Johnny² said he was packing up and getting out of there, and I could go with him or not, just as I liked. He was going north, so I decided I, too, would get out of there, but I went south. My horse was rested some, and in no time we were burning the ground getting out of there. I just let that horse go for all he was worth. I had the bottle of liniment in my pocket, and it was up to us to get it there.

We headed down creek and arrived before daylight at Frank Ball's place. By noon that day I was back at the ranch with the liniment. The mother recovered. Later the Nickels moved over into the Lander country where Anne died. Walt came back to Piney—had a store there—and the baby was Jenny Nickels who married Dan Budd.

TRAILING HORSE THIEVES

One morning that fall I went out to wrangle the horses, and lo, and behold, they were gone—stolen! I hurried back

2. Uncle Johnny died when he was about eighty years old. He had a shell explode while loading a gun, and it blew the ball through his hand. Mr. A. W. Smith was in Chicago with cattle, so Tom Smith took Johnny to Evanston where Dr. Harrison took care of him. He kept getting worse, so finally Tom wired Amos that if he wanted to see Uncle Johnny alive he had better come quick. Amos got there as soon as he could and took him to Salt Lake City. There they decided to operate. Johnny never came out from under the ether. He left all he had in the world, his horses, to Amos Smith.

to tell Mr. McKay, as Mr. Budd was away at the time. Mr. McKay took up their trail, and soon met Louie Le Viae, the Frenchman who always followed the roundups selling gloves to the boys, and in turn buying hides and entrails from them. He cooked the entrails. Louie said that he had met two boys with a bunch of horses very early that morning, and that they had a pack horse and were headed toward Cokeville. As there was every reason to believe these boys would not go where it looked as if they were going, Mr. McKay came back to the ranch. Then he sent Mike Dutwiler and me to Jackson Hole.

We were watching for tracks all the time. It was a gorgeous fall. The trees and willows were orange and yellow midst the somber green and gray of the pines and sage.

We were on North Cottonwood and had just ridden up on a bench when we saw smoke curling up a short way over by the creek. Very cautiously we rode up, and there a strange sight met our eyes. By a little fire a very old and a very sick Indian squaw sat. Not far from her was a horse with an arrow in its heart. I could talk Indian fairly well, so I offered her pemmican and dusty cap (Indian for bread), but she would have none of it. She said the Indians had killed her horse so that when she died she could ride it to the Happy Hunting Ground. She would let us do nothing for her, and as it was plain to see that she was not long for this world, all we could do was take up our quest for the horses and thieves, and leave her to take her journey in her own way. About a week later some of the boys on the roundup found her tepee of blue ticking, and later the Indians came and buried her.

We dropped over to Lead Creek, then across the Beavers, but found no horses. We went down the Old Indian Trail into the Basin, down the Canyon, where the trail was partly in the river.

When we neared the place where Jackson now stands, we saw a large bunch of horses. There were several hundred. We knew these were not the small bunch of ninety-five or one hundred that had been stolen from our outfit. We concluded for sure that there could be nothing but hostile Indians with that bunch of horses. As soon as these facts became clear to us, we decided that that was no place for us, and so with all speed we turned and got out of there.

By the time we reached Piney the horses had been found. The two thieves were the Spratley brothers. Ed, one of them, had worked for the 67. Mr. McKay offered a reward of \$500 for the thieves. Later they were caught and taken to Evanston, the county seat, for trial.

There seemed to be many horse thieves at that time. There was another horse thief in jail at the time the Spratleys were taken there. That night when the keeper brought their suppers to them, this fellow had a handful of pepper which he threw in the keeper's face. While he was blinded all three escaped. As near as I know, none of the three was ever caught. While they were in jail, the Spratley boys had told the sheriff that the only men hunting them that they feared were Bob McIlvain and myself. Really, we were not bad at all.

INDIAN RETRIBUTION

It was in the summer of 1882 or 1883 that we had some trouble with the Indians at the mouth of Beaver.³ At this time many cattle were ranging there until fall, but in the past year they had scattered far from Beaver, and they were anything but fat. The cattlemen figured this was because the Indians gathered on Beaver for the summer. They came from the east and the west, and their tepees covered the landscape as far as one could see, from the mouth of Beaver up. They hunted the antelope, and had many games, mainly horse races. As a result the cattle suffered.

It was decided to see the Indians and see what could be done to remedy the situation. A group of men including McKay, Swan, Liefer, Charles Ackels, a New York boy, Tom Smith, and myself rode to the Indian camp. There we found the chiefs, and McKay and Swan were elected to do the talking.

While they were busy, we looked the outfit over. Certainly there were lots of tepees and many horses. That day they were having races. There was quite a clearing. It was not too wide, but it was nearly a mile and a half long. They seemed to be having a big time that afternoon. Each Indian would bet on his horse without saddle or rider. When they were ready for the race a young boy nine or ten years old was put on each horse. Usually not more than two contestants raced at one time.

By the time the race was ready to start, there would be Indians with long willows stationed along the clearing at various intervals. The race began, and as a horse passed

3. Governor William Hale in 1883 and Governor Francis E. Warren in 1885 in their reports to the Secretary of the Interior both complained of depredations by Indians allowed off reservations for hunting expeditions. *Report of the Governor of Wyoming to the Secretary of the Interior*, 1883, pp. 52-53; *Report*, 1885, p. 57.

each station he was whipped by those interested in seeing him win. I noticed an old Indian who seemed to have a ring-side seat, or at least he thought he had. He was just about half way up the length of the clearing. He just sat there with the racing horses going by on either side of him. There was a great deal of yelling by the Indians as they vigorously took sides in the race. The boys rode their racing horses as if they were glued to them.

As we watched, Charles Ackels made the remark that he would bet that the little buckskin horse he was riding could outrun any of the Indian horses he had seen.

By this time Mr. McKay and Mr. Swan came back to us, and they didn't look very happy as the Indians had said that if they had to move from this place they would get even with us. That was always a bad situation.

Just then another race was finished, and as we watched, one of us told Mr. McKay and Swan how Ackels had boasted that his buckskin could outrun any horse that he had seen there. That just suited McKay and Swan, who immediately told the chiefs, and as such a race was just to the Indians' liking, they gathered around and asked, "Which horse?" as we pointed to the buckskin. They took us up, and the bets were on. We threw in our 44's and chaps against a pile of beaver skins, buckskin gloves, and blankets. They didn't want money, but how they did want chaps and guns! We first threw in one 44, and then they threw in their bet. Then we added another, and they added another, until we had all we could bet in the pile, and with their hides, blankets, and gloves, what a huge pile it was! There was a little secret about this buckskin horse that the Indians didn't know—he was scared to death of Indians.

While the bet was being arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, Ackels ran his horse across the clearing once just to try it out. Then everything was ready. The Indians had their horse and boy all set. The whipper-uppers were all in place, and the starting signal was given. The Indians in their zeal started whipping their horse, and it was off ahead of Ackels' whose buckskin had a man as well as a heavy saddle to carry. When the Indians saw their horse leading how they did whoop and yell, and we thought: "There goes our guns and chaps". However, by the time Buckskin got to the center of the clearing, that old Indian sitting there rose up. Buckskin took one look at him and let loose with an unbelievable spurt of speed. He won by a length, and it was our turn to whoop and yell. The Indians wanted to run the race over, but we didn't. We grabbed our winnings in a hurry, packed up, donned our chaps and guns,

and rode on to Frank Ball's that night. (At this time he had just moved to Cottonwood.)

The race didn't improve the feelings of the Indians, and to be ordered off Beaver was bad. They wanted to get even, and get even they did. They took willows, set them afire, and, riding their horses, they dragged the burning willows back and forth through the deep grass until they had set the whole country afire. It burned to Green River, and in places the fire crossed over the Rim. It burned for a week, and this was Indian vengeance.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF A MULE

One spring day we had a bunch of cattle to push north into the Soap-hole Basin, across Cottonwood, but I'm not sure that Cottonwood had a name at that time.

I looked over my string of horses, wondering which I should choose, since it would be a hard day's work driving cows and calves. I finally decided in favor of my mule. He was one of the best cow mules in the country. He wasn't speedy, but he did excellent work. He seemed to love to make the cattle do what they didn't want to do. He was sure-footed, too. Gee, whiz! He was handier than a horse.

It was a grand morning, nippy but clear. The men with me had fine horses, and as standard equipment we all carried 44's. There were often Indians who didn't like us, or who had some grievance, real or imaginary. These Indians were not pleasant to meet.

We had just reached our destination and turned the bunch loose, when someone remarked, "I believe I saw some riders on that north ridge, and I think they rode like Indians." We all looked, and, sure enough, there on several ridges on the north side of the creek, several riders came into view. We decided they were Indians, but as they were about three miles away, it was hard to tell how many there were. They immediately seemed to spy us. They waved their arms and started toward us at a terrific pace. It didn't take us long to decide to either fight it out or run. Then I said bravely, "We are three, with three 44's. Let's stand and fight 'em." It had just dawned on me that I was riding that dad-rotted mule. "Not us," yelled the other two.

"There are only a few, let's fight! Come on! Let's fight!" I yelled, knowing I never had had a real run out of that mule.

By this time my companions were whipping their horses, and were several lengths ahead of me. "Let's stand and

fight; there are only a few," I kept yelling, but they wouldn't heed me. With my 44 across my lap, I began to urge, to push, to even swear, but all I got was a lazy canter from that mule. The Indians were gaining on us, and the men ahead were gaining on me. What chance did I have with so many Indians and such a slow mule!

It's strange how many things can go through one's mind in a few fleeting seconds. It seemed as if I lived my whole life over again. I thought of the things I'd done, and the things I hadn't done. How I urged that mule! The Indians were much closer now. I could hear their yells much nearer. Then an arrow whizzed by my head. I wondered how I could pray! I'll never forget the utter unconcern of that mule. To me life seemed so wonderful as it flitted by.

The two men were then at least a fourth of a mile ahead of me, and I could gain no more speed from that mule; in fact, at times it seemed as if he were slowing down. Then I heard more "whings", and something came over the mule. I never knew what it was, but his ears straightened up, his body stretched out, then doubled up, then straighten out, then doubled up again, and in no time we were flying. I wondered as I jerked at the saddle if we had been hit and this was the way one flew to heaven. Such speed! The sagebrush just smoothed out, and we flew over it like a jackrabbit. I was gaining on the boys! My prayers—if I had had any—were being answered. Then, gaining more speed if anything, that mule and I passed the boys. Just as I sailed by I yelled, "Come on, boys. There are thousands of those so-and-sos!"

Yes, sir! That time I was the most scared of any time in my life to date.

Oh, yes! We did outrun the Indians. We lost them in the willows north of Piney; and to this day I have no idea why that mule started to run. I'm just mighty thankful that he did.

GRIM DAYS WITH THE INDIANS

The Indians seemed unusually troublesome that year. Generally, if the Indians had the squaws and papooses with them, they would not start any trouble, even though they might not be friendly.

I remember one morning when we were all at breakfast. It was an early, 6:00 o'clock breakfast, too, and no one seemed very talkative. There was to be a busy day ahead, so we were eating a big breakfast of biscuits, potatoes, steak, and coffee. Suddenly a rider came tearing into the

yard. His horse was covered with lather. It was a neighbor. He jumped off and came in, but it was evident that he brought bad news. We all unconsciously arose from our chairs and benches. He dropped exhaustedly on a bench, and we gathered around him. This is what he told us.

In the middle of the night he had been awakened by a rider who came to his and Curley's cabin on the Upper Piney, bringing a tragic story. The rider was a trapper. His clothes were torn nearly off him. He was nearly starved, and his horse was almost dead. This fellow told our neighbor that he and his trapper partner had been trapping on Snake River, just above Gray's River. Fur was plentiful. They had built a crude cabin, planning on a fall and winter of lots of furs and a small amount of comfort. They had horses that had packed their crude equipment and they had been a great help. However, they were hard to catch. Fences were unheard of, so they used rope hobbles.

One morning the horses had strayed farther than usual, and since they had had a few days of rest after the cabin was finished, they were unusually hard to catch. They tore up the side of a hill about a mile from the cabin. The trapper who had left the cabin to catch the horses decided to try just once more. As he climbed the hill, he paused to look back at the cabin. Smoke was curling from the chimney. It was their home! Then, as he looked a second longer, he discerned a large group of riders and horses coming toward their cabin. They were Indians! There were squaws behind the bucks. He could even see the travois poles sticking up from the horses. He stood and watched them, thinking they were just going past. He felt no fear because the bucks, when they had the squaws with them, were generally peaceful, if not friendly. Furthermore, neither he nor his trapper friend had ever had the slightest trouble with any Indians. Being rather tired, he kept on watching, and as he did, he could see Jack, his partner, come out of the cabin. Jack's hat was on the back of his head, a sign of western nonchalance.

Some Indians pushed ahead of the others, but talk was difficult, and as they were trying to convey ideas, other Indians gathered closer. Suddenly he could see one of the bucks wave his arms, and on a high lope, he and his horse tore completely around the cabin. This seemed strange. Then as the racing Indian came back to his comrades, he knocked Jack's hat to the ground. At this the Indians seemed to be readying their horses, and he could hear their weird voices. Jack seemed to try to get back into the cabin.

Then suddenly one buck rode up to him, and grabbed Jack around the neck. Partly dragging and partly pulling, the Indian started toward the rest of the group. Another buck grabbed Jack's legs, and in some way they threw him across the front of a horse. The Indians yipped and yelled; some of them rode in a fantastic circle. No one will ever know what the whole thing was about or why, but the onlooker stood spellbound, hanging to a large rock. He could not believe that the Indians meant harm as the squaws seemed to be taking part. Soon all rode off toward the Snake River. (The cabin was situated on a little bench. The river made a bend and there was a small piece of land near that was a natural meadow.) He could see them go straight to the river, and as they neared it they hurried faster. The rider carrying Jack led the group, but stopped his horse at the bank of the stream. Several bucks then arrived, and, yelling jumped from their horses and grabbed Jack. Then they threw him into the river. The amazed watcher could not believe what he saw. Before he could move, one buck jumped into the river, grabbed Jack as he came up, and dragged him to the bank. He thought, or really tried to think, that this was just a game—an Indian way of having fun. Ten or more of them were still at the cabin. Then with a big yell the Indians at the bank again seized Jack and threw him into the river. One big fellow jumped in, and as Jack came to the surface this buck pushed him in again. By this time the watcher's curiosity had turned to fear. This was no game. He looked for his horses. Could he catch one? Should he go back to the cabin with that milling band of Indians? He had no gun, and even if he had, would he be able to stand alone against so many?

As he looked again at the river scene, he could see them dragging Jack out once more. Then they shook him and held him up. At this the watcher decided to catch a horse and go for help. Help? Where could he find any help! The soldiers at Ft. Washakie and at Ft. Hall were supposed to keep the Indians under control. He had heard of the settlement on Big Piney, the ferry across the Green River, and a trail over the mountains. This seemed the closest way to help.

He couldn't understand why the Indians hadn't seen him or the two horses. With one more glance at the river he was sickened with the sight. They were throwing Jack in again. One buck was standing by to hold him under. He made a dash for the horse, and for some reason the Indians didn't see him. He caught one horse, frantically took off

the rope hobbles, and made a rope halter from them. When he was ready to mount, he looked once more toward the river, and as he did so, poor Jack was again being pulled out. This time he was completely limp, and the Indians were kicking him. With a wild, desperate leap the trapper got on the horse and crept over the ridge. As he did so, one last glance at the cabin told him the cabin was in flames.

Just ahead was Spring Creek leading straight east and in that direction lay Big Piney and Ft. Washakie. He urged the horse on and on; up and up, and was very grateful when he found the dim trail. He traveled until it was too dark to see, then he lay down, exhausted from his ride. He slept a few hours, but as the nights in August are short, he was up at the crack of dawn and on his way again. He followed the trail to the source of a fair-sized stream that was running in the right direction.

At last he came to a bench. The water had cut through and he could see a cabin in the distance. His body ached. He had had no food but some berries that he had hardly had time to pick. After what seemed ages he came to the cabin. There he found two cowboys outfitted to gather beef. They gave him food, he rested a bit and told his story. His one object was to notify the soldiers at Ft. Washakie of this tragic and uncalled-for Indian affair, and have the Indians punished. He also hoped to gather a posse on Big Piney to help catch them as they went back to the fort.

My neighbor told us all this as we stood around horrified. He said that Curley, his partner, had gone with the word to Ft. Washakie, and that he and the trapper were gathering a posse to pursue the Indians. It seemed probable that they would circle north, and perhaps they would go over Union Pass to the fort.

Well, we all looked at each other, and finally Mr. McKay said, "Half of us will go, half of us will stay on the ranch."

I surely wanted to go and was delighted when he pointed to me. In a few minutes we were on our horses, and with our guns at our sides we rode off to meet the rest of the posse at the ferry just above the Mule Shoe. We were to make a circle toward Upper Green River and attempt to get in ahead of the Indians as they went to the fort.

When we got to the ferry there were five or six men waiting for us. There were eight in all. We rode hard and fast, watching each trail for signs, and scanning the horizon constantly. At last we rode up on a high bench and from there could see a group of twelve or fifteen riders, but they weren't moving. We knew that there would be about twenty Indians in the bunch that we were looking for, so

this puzzled us. As we rode nearer we could see that these men were soldiers, so we whipped up our horses. When we got there a grizzly sight met our eyes. There on the ground, scattered about, lay twenty dead Indians and many dead horses. There were also about eight or nine dead papooses—all shot by the soldiers who had beaten us there by twenty minutes. Thus was avenged the unwarranted murder of the white trapper.

We took what we wanted from the dead Indians, and headed home. I took some buckskin, some blankets, and an Indian packsaddle. This had a large, odd horn in front and back. I also took a needle gun. It was a single shot, four-inch shell, breech load, pulled back like a bolt action, had a firing pin. I prized this gun highly, but have no idea of what became of it as the years went on.

MY SISTER COMES WEST

My sister stayed in New York and taught school as Charles could not go back there. She came out to visit one summer. Charles lived in a cabin on the Mule Shoe, located as it was at the mouth of Piney where it empties into the Green River. The cabin and the ranch were at the crossroad. The ferry there was used by trappers, Indians, and for cattle drives.

That summer Ed Lloyd worked for Charles. Ed had a squaw called Peer Johnny. She was really black and was a constant source of fright to my sister. They lived in a tepee, and Peer Johnny was quite an Indian cook.

One day after my sister came, and had sufficiently recovered from her long trip up from Green River City in a buckboard stage that came up only twice weekly, Charles, Ed, and myself had to move a bunch of cattle up to Green River. This left my sister alone at the cabin. We failed to get home that night, and late that afternoon a bunch of Indians rode in. Perhaps they were friends of Peer Johnny, but they were no friends of my sister. As usual they were hungry. They came to the cabin as Peer Johnny was gone. They grunted and wanted food. Terrorized, my sister gave them all the food she had cooked—both meat and bread. Still they demanded more food. Since she had a good fire she made a batch of biscuits. These vanished, and enthusiastically the Indians grunted approval and demanded more. With indescribable fear she made another batch that vanished like the first. On starting the third batch she emptied the flour bin. This was the last. She felt sure that this would satisfy them, but no. The biscuits disappeared with

grunts and strange gesticulations, followed by a demand for more in Indian fashion, fingers poking down their mouths. My sister was so tired and so frightened that her knees were shaking violently. She was praying that the men would hurry back. She went to the door to see if she could see them coming. She crowded past the dirty Indians, and decided that she would not be able to go to the storeroom for that fifty pound sack of flour that she knew was there. When she reached the door she looked out so intently that, like children, the Indians pushed out also to see what she saw. An inspiration came to her to slam the door and bolt it, which she did, only to hear the angry attempts of the Indians to get back in. She leaned weakly against the door trying to collect herself. Then the Indians appeared at the window, gesticulating and yelling. Thank goodness there was only one window! There was a gun on the wall but she knew nothing about loading it or using it. She even felt too weak to reach for it. She just crawled back into a corner and waited. The hours seemed to drag past, and the Indians seemed to grow more angry as they moved from the window to the door, and then back to the window. They waved knives at her and made signs to indicate a cut throat. She could do nothing but shudder, and pray that the men would ride in.

After hours of this torture she heard the changed tones of the bunch as they moved away from the cabin to greet Peer Johnny when she came back from a day's fishing—a necessity to feed her hungry man. For once that old black squaw looked mighty good to my sister. However, the Indians pitched their camp around the tepee and there they spent the night.

In terrible terror my sister spent that night. In the early morning light she found the courage to pack her clothes and possessions. When we got home about ten o'clock that morning the Indians had moved on, and there sat my sister all ready to do the same. She was very determined, so all we could do was to take her back to Green River City. She never got over this terrible experience, and I think it affected her health and was the cause of her death.

She went to Princeton, Kansas, where she taught school for one year, then she went back to her home in New York. The next year after hearing of my sister's experience, my brother, Charlie Griggs, came out. Later in 1884, my brother, Ben, came. He and Charles filed on adjoining locations. Later these were divided. Now the place that Charles took up is the Dan Budd ranch, and Ben's ranch is now the Springman place. Ben died at Fort Bridger.

Charles went to work for Budd. He herded bulls at the head of Piney-Beaver above the Mountain Home ranch. It was in 1887 that Charles and Amos Smith bought out Dan Meyers. My sister sent the money from New York to buy the ranch.

It was also in the year of 1887 that I went to work for Amos Smith. I had worked for Budd for five years.

Later my sister came back and taught school in Green River. Then the next year she taught at La Barge—a school at the S. N. Miller ranch.

Charles Rathbun left Piney and went to Fontenelle where he took up a ranch that is now the Olga Larsen place. He bought some sheep, and after a few years he sold them and the ranch. He made some money but soon lost it. Later my sister got a divorce and some time afterwards married A. W. Smith. (1885) They lived on the ranch for several years. Finally her health failed and she spent several years in Missouri trying to regain it. She passed on and was buried in Evanston.

While I worked for Mr. Smith, there were many herds of weary cattle going through the country. Some belonged to people going west on the Oregon Trail. When one got too weary or too ill to go on, or if an oxen became too sore-footed to go farther, I would buy it for \$3.50 or \$5.00. Thus I acquired a small herd of stock.

One spring a trail herd going through crossed the Green River at the ranch. There was a large bunch of cattle with a boss and three riders—two white men and an Indian. The riders had been having violent quarrels about most everything. The boss had to keep the herd moving, so when they came to the river as usual, they drove a small bunch of the strongest cattle across the stream with the Indian. They acted on the theory that the strong ones would give the balance of the herd the courage to cross also. They sent the Indian with the first group—if he drowned, no matter. Indians were a dime a dozen. The starter bunch made it fine, and then the two white riders drove the balance of the herd into the stream. Just as they were getting their horses into the water, the lead rider yelled back to the other saying, "Don't you come in here. You can't make it."

At that the rider in the rear pulled out his gun and called, "We'll see about that. I'll put a stop to this." With that remark he shot the man in the river. Then he waved his hat and rode off never to be heard from again. The dead man fell from his horse and his body floated down the river.

Amos Smith and I sat on our horses on the river bank and saw the whole gruesome incident. The boss finally

came over to us and explained that he had had nothing but trouble on the whole trip. Now there was no time or chance to find the dead man's body and see that it was buried. But the fellow had \$75 in back pay coming. The boss gave this amount to Mr. Smith, asking him to watch for the body, and take care of the burial. This Mr. Smith did. About a week later he was riding on the mesa where he could see the river. There on a gravel bar Mr. Smith saw magpies circling about. He rode over and there was the lost rider. Mr. Smith dug a grave and buried him. There was no name, no investigation, no marker—just the end of a trail.

* * *

That winter of 1886-87 was a record breaker. We had had fairly open winters, but this one was different. The snow came early and grew very deep. Then a thaw came and the snow seemed to turn to water. Then this froze up solid ice. It was so slick on the river that no stock could stand up on the ice to cross. In one place there were 10,000 antelope in one bunch trying to get to the desert, but they could not cross the river on the ice, and the wolves just slaughtered them. Many people froze to death that winter. One driver on the stage from Green River to Ft. Washakie via Big Sandy froze to death.

All our small supply of potatoes and onions froze, but even so we cooked them. We usually saved them for Sunday, for during the week our diet consisted mainly of beans. Meat was too weak and tough to be edible. Cattle could get no hay. As I said, I had acquired a nice herd of cattle, and now I saw many of them die for lack of feed. Right then and there I determined to have a ranch of my own so that I could have feed for my stock.

The next spring I quit working for Mr. Smith and took up a homestead. It is now the Clifton Fear ranch.

In the spring of 1890 Mr. Smith bought the 67. Budd and McKay dissolved partnership. McKay bought Budd out. Budd built the store, but still kept a small herd of cattle.

In 1895 I married Marcia Merriot, an Ogden girl. We had two boys, Percy and Ray. We lived on our ranch. In 1904 my wife died, and in 1912 I sold the ranch to T. D. O'Neil.

Soon after I sold my ranch I took up some mining land on Beaver—on the Rim. I formed a mining company. There were about nine of us. We had eleven sections. Five

of these were on Placer Creek where I have made my home for the past summers.

In March of 1938 I married Mrs. Lottie Hazzard. Some winters I spend in California, and some in Wyoming, but all the summers since 1879 have been spent in Wyoming.⁴

4. Mr. Griggs missed returning to Wyoming for the summer for the first time in 1952.



**NORMAN BARLOW AND JAMES MICKELSON
AS INDIAN CHIEFTAINS IN GREEN RIVER
RENDEZVOUS PAGEANT**



**MR. AND MRS. JAMES F. MICKELSON AS
TRAPPER AND SQUAW, GREEN RIVER
RENDEZVOUS PAGEANT**

The Sublette County Historical Society

By

MAE E. MICKELSON*

Students of the early history of Wyoming, particularly of the romantic Green River Valley, in what is now the County of Sublette, are cognizant of the fact that fifteen annual rendezvous took place along the waters of the Green River, or "Seeds-ke-dee"¹ (meaning Sage Hen) as the Indians named it. These took place between the years 1825 when the first Rendezvous on the Green was called by Wm. H. Ashley at Henry's Fork on the Green, and the final Rendezvous held by the American Fur Company in the summer of 1840. This last assemblage was held at a point midway between New Fork River and Horse Creek.²

Today, at a set time (the first Sunday in July) a yearly rendezvous takes place at the old gathering ground at Daniel, Wyoming. The valley of Horse Creek and the Green is not covered by the blossoms of a thousand tepees as it was in its heyday over a hundred years ago. The excitement is as intense as it was when the fur trapper Joe Meek, with a group of trappers, and Nez Perce Indians, met the Whitman and Spalding Party on the Sweetwater and returned to the gathering on the Green with the news of the coming of

*Mae Elizabeth Mickelson (Mrs. James F.) was born on December 9, 1903, at Reeds, Missouri, the daughter of Esther Johnson and Alec Benton Stewart. She attended the University of Denver, where she was a member of Sigma Kappa Sorority, after which she began teaching school. On May 10, 1921, she came to Big Piney, Wyoming. On June 24, 1922, she was married to James F. Mickelson, son of an early pioneer family of the Green River Valley.

Mrs. Mickelson has been Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star, 1950-51, Republican District Committee Woman, first president of the Big Piney P.T.A., president of the Triangle Club, Sublette County Artist's Guild and Historical Society. She is the teacher of the adult class in the Community Sunday School.

Mr. and Mrs. Mickelson are the parents of two daughters and one son and the grandparents of seven, all of whom live in Big Piney.

1. Also known as the Sisk-ke-dee to the early trappers. Ferris called it "Soos-ka-dee."

2. Map of Green River and Trappers' Rendezvous—1824-1840—Dr. Carl P. Russell. See *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 17, No. 2, July 1945, p. 88.

the white women. Then "the Indian women combed and braided their long, black hair, tying the plaits with gay colored ribbons, and the Indian braves tied anew their streaming scalp locks, sticking them full of flaunting eagles' plumes, and not despising a bit of ribbon, either. Paint was in demand for both rider and his horse. Gay blankets, red and blue, buckskin fringed shirts, worked with beads and porcupine quills, and handsomely embroidered moccasins were eagerly sought after. Guns were cleaned and burnished and drums and fifes put in tune." This description of feverish activity from Mrs. Victor's **River of the West** has its counterpart in the action at the old rendezvous grounds in Daniel each year, under the auspices of the Sublette County Historical Society.

Three persons are linked indelibly with the formation of this well established society—Mrs. Mary Hulbert Scott, Mrs. Helen Sargent and Mr. P. W. Jenkins.

The Daniel Inn, at its former situation in the town of Daniel, under the proprietorship of Helen and Lynn Sargent, and at its present situation on the highway above the town, under the ownership of Mary Louise Sargent, has been the scene of practically all of the meetings held by the Society. This well known inn, with the charm of another era, has known many evenings of discussion by those gathered around its homey fireplace, when the need for the formation of an Historical Society was felt.

Mrs. Helen Sargent sent out the first cards inviting the residents of Sublette County to a meeting at the Inn in the spring of 1935. The purpose was to form an Historical Society in Sublette County.

The Fort Bonneville, DeSmet and Pinckney Sublette monuments had been erected previously. Interest was high.

To Mrs. Scott, with whom Dr. Hebard had for years discussed erection of a monument to the first white women over the Oregon Trail, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman and Eliza Hart Spalding, the formation of such a Society on the 100th anniversary of their coming in 1936 seemed providential.

Dr. Hebard, whose health was failing, had in 1934 said to Mary Scott, "I have undertaken more historical work than I will be able to finish. You will have to see that Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding have their monuments." To this Mrs. Scott exclaimed, "I cannot do that!" Dr. Hebard replied, "You can do it, and I am depending on you to see that it is done!"

Accordingly, at the organization meeting Mrs. Scott stated, "Next year will be the one hundredth anniversary of Mrs. Whitman's and Mrs. Spalding's visit here. What can

we do to commemorate the event?" Mr. P. W. Jenkins replied, "I appoint you a committee of one to see what you can do!"³

This appointment, something of a challenge as well as a second assignment, fitted in with Mrs. Scott's planned visit to Portland, Oregon, where in the Oregon Historical Society Library are found most of Mrs. Whitman's and Mrs. Spalding's diaries, and also many historical works including the book, "Beyond the Rocky Mountains in 1835" by Rev. Samuel Parker, who visited the Rendezvous in 1835 with Marcus Whitman.

While in Portland Mrs. Scott gathered rendezvous, missionary, and other information regarding an historical pageant. Mr. Jenkins, as historian, added names of other 1836 Rendezvous attendants.

The first recorded meeting was held on June 21, 1936. Mr. P. W. Jenkins, President, was absent. Mrs. Mary H. Scott, Vice President, presided, assisted by Miss Celia M. Sargent, Secretary.

Plans to purchase the Rendezvous Grounds from Mr. Ralph Conwell were discussed and formulated.

The program for the Rendezvous was outlined by Mrs. Scott. It included a picnic at 12 o'clock with the pageant starting at 2 o'clock. All subsequent Rendezvous have included a picnic. (The latter ones have featured barbecued elk meat.) From the first pot-luck beginnings this lunch has settled down into a well organized affair with the Lions Clubs of Pinedale and Big Piney alternating in furnishing and serving the coffee, cream and sugar. At this time the perforated ticket in the back of the rendezvous Program purchases a meal of barbecued meat, baked beans, pickles, bun, coffee and cake for the sum of \$1.00. Children are admitted free. The purchase of the program serves as a ticket for the Pageant and lunch.

The State Historical Landmark Commission paid for the erection of the plaque dedicated to Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding. It was donated by the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs. The Sublette County Historical Society was to pay for a place to set the monument, deeding the land and surveying a park.

At this meeting, it was moved and passed that an open pavilion be erected on the Rendezvous Grounds measuring 50 x 50 feet—under the sponsorship of the Daniel Club.

3. Letter from Mrs. Scott.

Another meeting was called on June 28, 1936, to complete the plans for the 1936 Rendezvous. Mr. P. W. Jenkins, President, presided.

Mrs. Mae Mickelson was appointed to send articles to all nearby papers concerning appropriate items for the picnic lunch. Foods Committee: Mrs. Fred Clodius, Mrs. Mildred Miller, Mrs. Mae Mickelson, Chairman.

Rev. Guild, Congregational minister at Big Piney, contacted the C.C.C. boys at Big Piney to act as Indians. Their bronzed bodies, browned by working shirtless in the sun, were perfect for the Indian characters they were to play. The Program Committee consisted of Mr. P. W. Jenkins, Rev. Guild and the Secretary. Mr. Joe Weppner was present and advised that Mr. West would be sent by the State Historical Landmark Commission to place the plaque on the monument on July 17th.

Pageant Committee: Mrs. Lou Hennick, Mrs. M. H. Scott, Mrs. Curt Feltner, Mrs. Frances Clark, Mrs. Mae Mickelson.

At a meeting of the Historical Society held on July 12th, the final program was approved. Its order was—

1. 12 o'clock picnic dinner
2. Historical Pageant
3. Speaking Program
 - Gov. Leslie A. Miller of Wyoming, Miss Seabright of the University of Wyoming, Mrs. E. K. Morrow, President of the Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs, Venerable W. F. Buckley, Arch Deacon of Episcopal Church of Utah, J. Cecil Alter, western author.
4. Indian Song—County Council of Campfire Girls
5. Father Schillinger
6. Mayor M. A. Strange, Radio Lecturer
7. John C. Thompson, Editor **Wyoming State Tribune**
8. Unveiling and presentation of monument to the State Historical Landmark Commission
9. Reception of Monument by Gov. Miller
10. Presentation by Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs tablet dedicated to, "The heroic women of all time who carry the torch of friendship into a strange land that those who follow may find friends."
11. Mrs. Vernon A. Griffith
12. Benediction—Rev. Hugh K. Fuller—Rawlins, Wyoming

Historical Pageant—Life at the Rendezvous—1832-1836**First Rendezvous Script by Mary H. Scott**

- Scene I. 1832—Four Indians depart for St. Louis.
 Scene II. 1834—Jason Lee, on horseback, leading pack horse, passes through, going west.
 Scene III. 1835—Arrival of American Board of Missionaries, Rev. Parker and Dr. Whitman.
 Scene IV. Whitman, accompanied by two Indian boys, departs for the East.
 Scene V. Parker departs for Fort Walla Walla, with many Indians, Jim Bridger and Trappers.
 Scene VI. Indians ride out horseback and surround Whitman-Spalding party in welcome.
 Scene VII. Whitman-Spalding Party arrive in wagon and on horseback.
 Scene VIII. Indian Matrons greet Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spalding by shaking hands.
 Scene IX. Historical characters introduced to Whitman-Spalding Party.
 Scene X. Service of Thanksgiving.

Everyone cooperated. Individuals and local clubs were generous. The State Historical Planning Board, the Governor and the Highway Department planned for and transported the monument boulder to the Rendezvous Grounds. The Wyoming Federation of Women's Clubs, starting with Dr. Hebard's donation of \$15.00, solicited donations from State Clubs. They received more than enough to pay for the plaque.

The day of this first pageant, July 25, 1936, brought a large concourse of people—an estimated 1500 in number. Programs were sold. The receipts from these and the dance that evening, which had to be held in the Bronx Community Hall because of rain, and the midnight lunch, brought the receipts to \$700.00.

Many C.C.C. boys, with their bronzed bodies gleaming, dashing wildly about on paint smeared ponies or trudging in the sand, made the drama all the more realistic. The Campfire Girls sang an Indian Song—"Wakonda, Hear Us, Hear Us"—very effective and picturesque.

I have many special memory pictures of this first pageant. Mrs. Lauzier arriving on horseback wearing one of the doctor's prize Indian outfits. Mrs. L. H. Hennick's portrayal of an Indian squaw. Mr. Bill Brazill and his wild, evil portrayal of an Indian Medicine Man!

There were intermittent showers during the afternoon and our mother, Mrs. Mildred Mickelson Jensen, darted

into one of the tepees to escape a deluge and soon found herself sharing it with Governor Miller. Mrs. Norman Barlow played the part of tall, blond Mrs. Whitman, while Mrs. Spaulding was enacted by dark, petite Mrs. Pharen Phaler.

The programs were donated by the Pinedale Commercial Club; the Pavilion was finally erected by the Historical Society; Lt. Lyttle was very helpful in sending the C.C.C. boys to clean up the grounds; Mr. Dick Key and Mrs. Sargent had charge of printing and selling dance tickets. The dance was advertised as a costume ball.

An election of officers took place at the meeting of August 8, 1936, naming Mr. P. W. Jenkins, President; Mrs. Mae Mickelson, Vice President and Treasurer; Mrs. M. H. Scott, Secretary. An Executive Committee consisted of Mrs. Vincent Fronk, Mrs. L. W. Sargent, Mrs. L. H. Henrick, Mrs. Mildred Mickelson Jensen, Mr. W. W. Bowers.

All bills were paid; L. W. Sargent was appointed Park Custodian; the name "Green River Rendezvous" suggested; a second dance to be given with Lt. Lyttle, Rev. Guild and Mrs. E. D. Key in charge; Society to purchase a set of pageant pictures for the permanent record.

At an afternoon meeting on Sept. 13, 1936, presided over by Mr. P. W. Jenkins, nine topics were assigned in preparation for spade work for the development of the 1937 Rendezvous—papers to be 10 or 15 minutes in length.

1. Historical Characters Present—Helen Sargent
2. Indian Tribes Present—Mae Mickelson
3. Fur Companies Present—Mildred Miller
4. Customs and practices of Trappers and Traders, Indian Tribes and Fur Companies—Lora Jewett
5. Costumes of All Characters Present in 1837 — Rev. Guild
6. First Battle at the Rendezvous of 1837—Rev. Guild
7. Geography of the Rendezvous of 1837—Mary H. Scott
8. The Crossing of the Trails—Frances Clark
9. The Origin and Purpose of the Rendezvous—P. W. Jenkins

A check for \$200.00 was ordered placed in escrow at the First National Bank of Kemmerer, Wyoming, to be released to Ralph Conwell upon completion of title to land sold the Society.

Mrs. Frances Clark, Miriam Barlow and Mae Mickelson were appointed judges for the 1836 costume ball. These prizes were \$5.00 each, and Mrs. Elizabeth Chapel carried off the honors for the women, while Mr. Homer Payne secured the prize for the best man's costume.

A group of the first pageant pictures were received—"Dedication of the Whitman, Spalding Plaque", "Appleby—Medicine Man", "Whitman and Spalding Service", "Whitman and Spalding Characters", "The Misses Jenkins", "Mrs. Whitman", "Two young Indian Chiefs (Norm Barlow and Jim Mickelson)", "Whitman-Spalding Party Standing—Fontenelle, O'Neil Grandchildren, Indian Boys with Whitman and Others", "Rutledge", "Mrs. Bayer", "Appleby", "Mrs. Sadie Hall", "Homer Payne", "Rev. Whitman and Rev. Parker", "Complete Whitman and Spalding Families in Foreground", "Parade (mostly C.C.C.)", "Fontenelle", "Carson", "Fitzpatrick", "Whitman", "Spalding", "Bridge—er".

The first day cover of sale of stamps⁴ read and referred to Charles Stafford, Secretary of Commerce and Industry for Wyoming.

Mrs. Jennie Huston, L. W. Sargent, J. C. Clark, W. Yarger and D. A. Blackmon each donated money in sums of five or ten dollars for the Rendezvous Park.

Again the Society met on Nov. 8, 1936, with Mr. Jenkins, President, presiding. Two of the assigned topics were reported. Question of purchase of historical books discussed.

On June 26, 1937, the Association voted to postpone the Rendezvous due to lack of time, and to start work on new pageant for July 18, 1938, as soon as possible. The recording fees of the transaction with Ralph Conwell were voted to be paid.

The second (1938) "Pageant of the Rendezvous" was written by P. W. Jenkins, depicting scenes in the life of the "Mountain Lamb", a beautiful Indian maiden of whom much was written in Mrs. Victor's **River of the West**.

Six meetings preceded this pageant.

Mrs. L. H. Hennick acted as President on June 1, 1938, with her daughter, Angeline Feltner, as Secretary. At this time Rev. Guild reported progress of Committee to contact W.P.A. for sewing costumes; motion was passed to fence the rendezvous grounds with posts to be purchased from some left by the Taggart Construction Company—price 20¢ each; Mr. L. W. Sargent named to committee to purchase barbed wire for fence; decided to have two gates in the park; a letter from W. M. Jeffers of the Union Pacific reported impossibility of obtaining Union Pacific Band for Rendezvous; Mrs. Sargent appointed to attempt securing

4. Issue of stamps commemorating the establishment of the Whitman-Spalding mission in the Oregon country.

Rock Springs Coal Co. Band or Kemmerer High School Band for July 16.

The meeting of June 15 was called to order by Helen Sargent.

An election of officers was held and upon resignation as treasurer, I was elected President, Mrs. L. H. Hennick, Vice President, Mrs. L. W. Sargent, Treasurer.

Wire for the Rendezvous grounds was purchased from Francis Tanner of Big Piney at \$3.85 per 80 rod spool; Mrs. Stark's synopsis of "The Romance of the Rendezvous" by Mr. Jenkins was approved and ordered published in county papers; Rendezvous Dance to be held in Community Hall in Big Piney; Rendezvous ribbons to act as tickets for the dance; Dr. Lauzier and Stanley Decker, Dude Ranchers, promised to be on hand with properties and dudes.

Rev. Guild conducted the meeting on June 22, 1938.

Francis Tanner, as chairman of the Dance Committee was given permission to make all arrangements; Mrs. Barlow was given authority to order \$100.00 worth of costumes from the Salt Lake Costume Co.; the Society was to furnish transportation and lunch for the C. C. C. and the Kemmerer Band; the Rendezvous Stamp was to be purchased for \$1.90.

At the meeting of June 29, 1938, the Treasurer, Mrs. Helen Sargent, presided. Ruth Kelly acted as Secretary. All organizations in Sublette County were invited to participate in plans; each group sending two members to serve lunch; lunch committee—Mrs. E. D. Key, Mrs. Blackmon, Mrs. Davis, Ruth Kelly; county papers were to be informed that the Rendezvous money was to be spent for the Rendezvous Park.

Mrs. Hennick, Vice President, presided on July 6, 1938. Several committees reported: Property Committee—Horse Division—Gene Pfisterer, Clay Price, Lester Pape provided 12 horses; Bill Sherman, Jim Payne, Delbert Ball—6; Sam Stark—6-12 horses. Mr. Sargent reported the fence soon to be built; the tables would be ready. Costume Committee: Man from the Salt Lake Costume Co. would have costumes at the Inn for rent July 14, 15 and 16. Publicity Committee reported excellent articles in all papers. Dance Committee had hired the Victorian Orchestra from Kemmerer; also reported Big Piney American Legion had volunteered to serve midnight lunch.

On July 13, 1938, Mrs. Norman Barlow acted as President.

Rev. Guild reported 50 bows and arrows and 4 tom-toms were under construction; the fence was completed; food

must be purchased; the flag pole and ropes were ready, as were the tent poles and 17 tepees and seats for audience; the fires were laid and Bob Miller was to furnish posters for the horses; \$24.63 was paid to Francis Tanner for wire; again, prizes were to be given for the best costumes.

The Mountain Lamb—Second Pageant—July 16, 1938

- Scene I. Camp of Joe Meek, M. Sublette, Shoshoni Man, wife and boy on Bear River.
- Scene II. Chief Gotia and Warriors, Sublette, Meek, Indian Tribe at New Fork and Green.
- Scene III. Rendezvous in Pierre's Hole — Umentucken, Bridger, Meek, Williams, Sublette, Milton Sublette, Gotia, Wyeth, Ball, Fitzpatrick, Vandeburgh, Drips, Trappers and Indians.
- Scene IV. On the Portneuf Trail—Meek saves Umentucken from freezing.
- Scene V. Finale—Green River Rendezvous.

Reverend Guild was the competent director of this pageant. An estimated 534 people attended the dance in the Community Hall in Big Piney which added the sum of \$237.59 to the Society's treasury.

The final meeting of the year 1938 was held on July 27th. Mrs. Hennick conducted the business: the Dance Committee reported that \$65.00 had been paid for the orchestra; that \$149.09 had been deposited in the bank; Mrs. Key also reported a deposit of \$21.50. The judges reported on the prize-winning costumes. Mrs. L. H. Hennick and family received the prize for being the best costumed family on the grounds. Best costume for women at the dance was won by Laura Thompson; best costume for men was given to Bill Brazill. These prizes were ordered paid and notices of appreciation were to be placed in all the papers.

(The lapse of time between 1938 and 1945 when the Society did not meet and no Rendezvous Pageants were performed, can be laid fully at my (the author's) door. The loss of a dearly beloved son in the early summer of 1938 was the cause.)

On October 10, 1945, the Historical Society met with 25 members present. The election of officers became the first order of business. I was again elected President; Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President; Mrs. Lynn Sargent, Treasurer; Mrs. Lora Jewett, Historian; Mr. Jim Harrower, Secretary.

The possibility of securing state aid for an historical museum was discussed. Mrs. Helen Sargent, N. Barlow

and J. Harrower were appointed to contact our governor regarding same.

The Society dues were set at 50¢ per year. A membership committee was appointed: Mrs. Bob Miller, Mrs. N. Barlow, Mr. Ed Cazier, Mr. Kit Carson. On the committee for Historical Markers Mr. Kit Carson and Jim Harrower were appointed.

At another meeting held on Nov. 9, 1945, with 8 members present and at which I presided, a communication from the governor was read. It proved to be unfavorable to an Historical Museum as \$30,000 had previously been spent to beautify the Daniel Lane. A committee was appointed to find the oldest standing buildings in the county.

I again presided on Aug. 30, 1946. We had a discussion concerning markers for the old trails in the county. Ed Cazier and Jim Mickelson were appointed to look into the matter of types of markers. Parts of diaries written on the Old Lander Trail were read. Mrs. Mary H. Scott gave impersonation of her grandmother who crossed the plains in a covered wagon and read a paper on "The Oregon Trail."

April 25, 1947. We had much discussion of a letter from Dr. Driggs concerning a renewal of the Green River Rendezvous, and the motion was passed that it be again enacted. A letter was read from Mr. Joe Weppner concerning the placing of markers; the present officers were to be held over for another year; discussion was held on the removal of Sublette's bones from near the De Smet Monument to Rendezvous Grounds; Mr. Joe Ollivier told of the naming of Victor Lake after his uncle; motion carried to subscribe to the **Annals of Wyoming**.

On May 21, 1947, there was a very small attendance. The date for the Rendezvous was set for Saturday, July 5, 1947. Dr. Driggs and his friends could then attend. Plans were made for the Rendezvous including contacting the Highway Department for traffic control and the Forest Service for tables and chairs. It was voted to have 500 programs and ribbons printed. Characters for the pageant were discussed.

All officers except the Historian were present on June 2, 1947. (Bad rains prevented Mrs. Jewett from attending.)

So that the audience could attend the American Legion Rodeo in Big Piney in the afternoon, it was decided to serve lunch between 11:30 and 12:30 which would be immediately followed by the Pageant. Nine different characters and groups were chosen. I offered to write the script. All committees reported favorably; letters were read from Gov. Hunt, Joe Weppner and Dr. Driggs.

Rendezvous Days July 5, 1947—Third Rendezvous

This program featured a cut of old "Bill Williams" and pack outfit ready for a trip into the Wilderness—drawing by Mrs. Elton Cooley.

Dedicated to the Trappers and Traders of the Early West.

Narrator—Dr. Bert Reinow

Direction and Script—Mrs. Mae Mickelson

"The call went out in various ways throughout the wilderness. Wherever a trail carried the imprint of moccasined feet, the news was spread. By word of mouth, by signs in the white man's way, or by Indian sign, soon everyone knew.

"Gradually the wild throng gathered beside the broad waters of the Green River, where there was plenty of grass, water and space for all.

"We cannot give you a picture of everyone who attended. It is our desire to portray for you a few of the characters, leaders among the mountain men, whom we seek to honor today. They came into this vast country of the west, following the courses of unknown rivers, trapping each side stream as they came, silently noting directions, landmarks, discovering passes, and breaking trail for the millions who were to follow.

"Before the white man came, the Indians held the land and loved it!"

I. Indian Group—Bill Brazill, Sadie Hall and Cast.

II. Trappers and Traders—Jedediah Smith—Ed Cazier; Jim Bridger—Thurston Doyle; Capt. W. L. Sublette—Boyd Charters; Thomas Fitzpatrick—Tobe Huston; Kit Carson—Kit Carson; Capt. Bonneville—Roy Clementson.

III. Missionaries—Whitman Group—Rev. and Mrs. Whitman—Mr. and Mrs. H. Hurich; Rev. and Mrs. Spalding—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Spencer; Miles Goodyear—Jack Carson; Father DeSmet—Carrol Noble; Indian youths.

IV. Indian Guide—Iroquois Chief—Guy Bush.

V. Speakers:

Dr. Howard R. Driggs, N.Y.C.

Joe Weppner, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Perry W. Jenkins, Cora, Wyo.

Mary H. Scott.

Our next recorded meeting was held July 18, 1947. I again presided. The annual dues were raised to \$1.00. Motion made that the P. Sublette remains be moved from the Schwabacher Ranch to Rendezvous Grounds. Discus-

sion held concerning the gift of the Rendezvous Grounds to the State Landmark Commission—Secretary to write.

Committee for next Rendezvous: Ed Cazier, Pearl Spencer, Kit Carson, Thurston Doyle, Boyd Charter.

My slogan, "Sublette, Land of the Rendezvous," was chosen to be placed on markers at county boundaries on highway. (These are today in place—1952) They were made and erected by Mr. Jim Harrower. The lettering is done in yellow on a large plank of California redwood which is stained brown. Mrs. Virginia O'Neil completed this project.

Mrs. Elton Cooley and Jim Harrower to meet with County Commissioners and secure permission to erect showcases in hallway of courthouse for museum purposes; first display to be bear traps found by Barney Bain.

Officers-Directors Meeting held at the home of Mrs. Elton Cooley, Pinedale, March, 1948. We discussed Mr. Schwabacher's offer of \$200 toward moving Sublette remains. Ed Cazier and J. Harrower appointed to attend to same at earliest date. We decided to hold the Green River Rendezvous annually the first Sunday in July. More Sublette County Booklets by author Harry Dunesch to be ordered; the Commissioners were favorable to Historical Cabinets project for Court House—plans were made to complete these.

April 27, 1948—Vice President, Ed Cazier, presided with eleven members present. At this time I resigned presidency. Mrs. Elton Cooley was elected to that office. Much discussion concerning incorporating the Society, with Mrs. Paul Allen and Attorney L. W. Brown explaining. Mr. Brown offered services for costs. Motion made that the Historical Society of Sublette County incorporate as a non-profit organization.

Attorney Lew Brown of Pinedale read the Articles of Incorporation at a meeting on May 17, 1948. Motion was passed that they be accepted and that the organization known as the Sublette County Historical Society be incorporated under the laws of the State of Wyoming, with a Board of nine Directors. Attorney Brown given Honorary Membership.

Board of Directors

Mrs. Elton Cooley, President
Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President
Mrs. A. Richardson, Historian
Mr. James Harrower, Secretary
Mrs. L. W. Sargent, Treasurer

Mrs. Mae Mickelson, Big Piney, Past President
Mrs. Anna Tibbals, Boulder
Mrs. Norman Barlow, Cora
Dr. Lauzier, Cora

June 4, 1948—Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presided.

Mrs. A. Tibbals and Dr. Lauzier signed Articles of Incorporation. The hour for the Rendezvous was set for 11:00 A.M. on July 4th. The Rendezvous script written by Arnold Bolle was read by Dr. Bert Reinow and approved. Frances Clark and Dr. Lauzier were appointed to gather material on the old tie camp at the head of Green River. Mrs. Tibbals was to recall and gather information about the south-east end of the county.

The Rendezvous Cast was selected on June 11, 1948. The characters selected were to be notified by Mr. Wise. Mrs. N. Barlow requested that Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer be asked to direct the Pageant. Mrs. Beth Richardson reported progress on the Museum.

The Green River Rendezvous—1833-1948 Fourth Rendezvous

This year's Souvenir Program was fronted by a sketch of two Indians playing a dangerous Indian wrestling game while on horseback.

Script by Arnold Bolle.

Direction by Ida Mae Pfisterer (who has directed all subsequent pageants.)

**An action Pageant—Reenacting the Race Between Wagon
Trains of the American Fur Company and Rocky Mountain
Fur Company, from St. Louis, Missouri, to the
Green River at Daniel, Wyoming, in an endeavor to
be first on the Rendezvous Grounds to trade
with Trappers and Indians.**

Program:

- I. Hand Game — Indian Game — 8 persons — 2 Indian Squaws.
- II. Shooting Match—4 horsemen.
- III. Indian Pony Race.
- IV. Rider announcing wagons.
- V. Commentation—finish of the race at Ft. Bonneville.
- VI. Tales of Adventure—featuring Jim Bridger.
- VII. Commentation.
- VIII. Arrival of Nez Perce Indians.
- IX. Horse Racing.
- X. Medicine Tent.
- XI. Arrival of Supply Wagons.

Cast: Rocky Mountain Fur Co.: J. Bridger—Thurston Doyle; Malcolm Campbell—James Harrower; Broken Hand Fitzpatrick—Tobe Huston; Jim Baker—Bob Carlson; Wm. Sublette—Boyd Charters; Clerk—Ted Wiederanders.

American Fur Company: Driggs—Jack Mudd; Lucien Fontenelle—Pete McReynolds.

Missionaries: Father DeSmet—Carrol Noble; Marcus Whitman—H. Hurich.

Commentators: Dr. Bert Reinow, Dick Robertson. Medicine Man—Bill Brazill; Mad Indian—Mrs. Gene Pfisterer; Kit Carson—Kit Carson; "Bully" Shun-nar—Joe Ollivier; Captain Bonneville—Roy Clementson; Indian Chief—Guy Bush; Free Trapper—Ed Cazier; Indian Bystander—Bud Nimmicht.

This Rendezvous Pageant lived up to its title of being an action pageant. Those taking part were faithful to the interpretation of boisterous exuberance, both in animation and utterance, required by the script. Ida Mae Pfisterer's experience as an actress became a boon to the Society, as she could direct with the ability of a professional. Her interpretation of a "mad Indian" was unique and gave added distinction to the performance.

July 23, 1948—Jim Harrower, Secretary, conducted the meeting.

A motion carried that the Society pay for all costumes. Those who wished could purchase their own. The treasurer reported the sale of programs did not cover expenses. Mr. Glenn Wise was thanked for the use of his Public Address System.

Nov. 22, 1948—Jim Harrower, Secretary, directed the business.

The dead pine tree from the Snider Basin Spring, with the name—J. B. Le Beau, Aug. 3, '64 carved in its wood, was discussed as a display for the museum in the Pinedale Courthouse. Motion carried to have it placed there. This is the oldest name carved on a tree surviving in the county. The tree was alive until 1944. In 1946 Boyd Charters and Jim Harrower removed portion with the name for preservation.

Mrs. Bloom stated that Pinedale was given its name by the first Past Master of the Masonic lodge. The land for the townsite was donated by Bob Graham and Mr. Patterson.

Mar. 20, 1949. Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presiding.

A motion carried that a buffalo robe, not to exceed \$100 in cost, be purchased and prepared and auctioned for \$1 per chance.

Committee for membership drive—Mrs. Cooley, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. C. Noble, G. Decker, Mrs. Floerke, Mrs. Pfisterer, Dr. Reinow and Mrs. Robt. O'Neil.

Lost squaw costume found and sold to Ida Mae Pfisterer.

Apr. 4, 1949—Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presiding.

Discussion of badge for "Old Timers" to be presented to all who had been in the county 50 years.

Mrs. Pfisterer gave synopsis of her script for Rendezvous. She planned to contact Life Magazine the next week in New York.

Mr. Baker donated old safe for the museum. Elton Cooley reported early sale of 200 tickets. Jim Harrower reported on progress of the buffalo robe. Signs were to be prepared directing way to the Rendezvous Grounds. Also one for the George Grassil building in Daniel—oldest building in county doing business.

Assurance was given that all profanity would be deleted from this year's project.

Mrs. Pfisterer to secure right of way from Highway Department for square dance on the highway.

May 2, 1949—Mrs. Elton Cooley, President, presiding.

Francis Tanner's description of "Old Timer": "Anyone living in and maintaining a residence in what is now Sublette County, fifty or more years, and present at the Rendezvous"—adopted.

Buffalo Robe, membership, tanning of deer skins all came under discussion. Joe Ollivier and F. Tanner volunteered to secure beaver claws and turkey feathers for the trappers.

May 16, 1949. Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President, conducted the meeting.

Report on Buffalo Robe Raffle given by James Harrower; Catlin sketches from the Smithsonian Institute reviewed; it was voted to secure "Old Timers' Register"; date set for rehearsals.

Old Timers Committee: Mrs. Frances Clark, Mrs. Lyman Rosendahl and Francis Tanner. Chairman of Food Committee: Hazel Carlson.

May 23, 1949. Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President, again conducted the meeting. A motion carried that we re-affirm our original request to have the first mountain peak south of

Fremont Peak named after Wm. Henry Jackson, pioneer photographer.

A committee was appointed to locate unmarked, unnamed graves in the county. Costumes designed and made by Mary Louise Sargent were exhibited.

June 13, 1949. Mr. Ed Cazier, Vice President, presiding.

Last general meeting before the Rendezvous. Costumes exhibited by Mrs. H. Sargent. Mr. Cazier handled all orders from the costume agency. Motion passed to allow Mrs. H. Sargent to purchase costumes for the Society. Some rehearsal of parts.

Commemoration Program

July 3, 1949

Green River Rendezvous Program—11:00 A.M.

Sublette County Old Timers Award—12:00 Noon.

Picnic Lunch

All Afternoon

Food, Visit, Gossip

Square Dancing

1833-1949 Souvenir Program—5th Rendezvous

Fronted by sketch of Ft. Bonneville

Annual Commemoration Pageant Produced by
the Sublette County Historical Society, Incorporated.

Script—Ida Mae Pfisterer

Scene I. Fort Nonsense.

Scene II. Religion comes to the Rendezvous—1836.

Scene III. Father De Smet's Mass.

Scene IV. Green River Rendezvous — Arrival of Supply
Trains—Stewart, Campbell and Sublette win
the race.

Hand Game—Indian Game.

Scene V. "A New Year Ahead."

Fontenelle arrives three days later.

Cast: Capt. Benjamin Louis Eulalie De Bonneville—Roy
Clementson

Lucien Fontenelle—Francis Tanner

Mato-tope "Four Bears", Medicine Man—Bill Brazill

Kit Carson—"Little Brother"—Kit Carson

Trappers—Jim Mickelson, Robert O'Neil, Gene Pfisterer,
Elton Cooley, Elmer Nutting, Ed Cazier,
Robert Miller, Kelly Wilson, etc.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce—Ross Meeks

His Squaw—Mildred Miller

Indians—Floyd Spencer, Joe Johnson, Guy Bush,

Elmer Olson, Ted Weideranders, James and Phil Skiver, Boyd Charters, Joe Budd, John Kvenild, Bob Springman, etc.

Squaws — Madeline Nutting, Pearl Spencer, Mae Mickelson, Mary Johnson, Margaret Wise, Sadie Hall and Family, Elizabeth Chapel, Amelie Reynolds, Helen Kvenild, Wilda Springman

Rev. Marcus Whitman—Norman Barlow

Narcissa Whitman—Miriam Barlow

Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding—Harold Hurich

Eliza Spalding—Virginia O'Neil

Father De Smet—"Black Robe"—Carroll Noble

Wm. Sublette—"Cut Face"—Roy Thomson

"Bully" Shunnar—Joe Ollivier

Jim Bridger—"Old Gabe"—Thurston Doyle

Capt. William Drummond Stewart—Syd Reynolds

Robt. Campbell—James Harrower

Andrew Drips—Jack Mudd

Thomas Fitzpatrick—"Broken Hand"—Tobe Huston

Mail Clerk—Lynn Sargent

Antoine Clement—"Wild Child of the Prairies"—

Carl Holt

The Fisherman Narrator—Dr. Bert Reinow

Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer wrote the script and directed the pageant. Her husband, Gene, erected a log slab fort used as a prop for the first time. The Souvenir Program contained a history of the House of Sublette compiled by Mr. P. W. Jenkins. The crowd was large and attentive, seated on logs arranged in a semicircle around the natural stage setting.

July 15, 1949—Ed Cazier, Vice President, presiding.

All bills to be paid in order. Pictures taken at Rendezvous by Mr. Feltner to be displayed for purchase at next meeting.

Report on Programs—600 ordered—220 not sold.

Report on Buffalo Robe—359 tickets sold.

Aug. 12, 1949—Jim Harrower, Secretary, presiding.

Question of French fencing foil found on the Rendezvous Grounds in 1916 by Al Lykins, an employee of Jim Mickelson, was discussed. Motion carried to request State Museum to return the same to Sublette County.

Election of Officers: Eugene Pfisterer, President; Virginia O'Neil, Vice President; Frances Clark, Secy.-Treasurer; Myra Colley, Historian.

Mar. 28, 1950—Eugene Pfisterer, President, conducted the meeting.

Rendezvous Committees appointed: Program Committee, Sound Committee, Publicity Committee, Property Committee, Production Committee, Food Committee, Curtain Committee, Old Timer Committee, Special Dance Committee, Pop Committee.

Mrs. Cooley and Mrs. Pfisterer were to prepare the script. The dialogue to be broadcast over loud speakers by a cast behind the scenes. Question of securing another buffalo robe discussed. The Rendezvous date to be July 2, 1950. Jim Harrower mentioned that the Miller Paintings owned by Mrs. Clyde Porter might be exhibited during Rendezvous. The gratitude of the Society was expressed to Mary Lou Sargent for the use of the Inn for the meetings.

April 11, 1950. Eugene Pfisterer, President, presiding.

The Mills Company of Sheridan was given the Rendezvous printing.

Mr. Monaghan appointed Chairman of Transportation; cost of Buffalo Robe proved prohibitive; Mrs. Pfisterer described script; Dr. Reinow to act as commentator.

April 25, 1950—Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer presiding.

All committees reported; 1,000 programs ordered; fine set of by-laws ready; note of appreciation sent to Mr. Roth of Pinedale for music; "Old Timers" postponed.

May 16, 1950 — Eugene Pfisterer, President, presiding. Home of Robert O'Neil in Big Piney. By-laws read by Ed Cazier—accepted. 1500 people planned for by Food Committee. Flag pole progressing. 6 Indians from Blackfoot, Idaho, available for Indian Dance, cost \$100.00; Dr. Reinow to see about county spraying machine for Rendezvous Grounds to fight flies and mosquitoes. Dates set for rehearsals.

Souvenir Program of the Green River Rendezvous— 6th Rendezvous

1833-1950 "I'll Meet you on the Green"

Sketch on cover—Picture of
trapper in buckskins mount-
ed carrying big rifle.

- | | |
|------------|-------------------------------|
| Scene I. | A Red Man's Rendezvous |
| Scene II. | A Rendezvous with God |
| Scene III. | Cathedral of the Wind River |
| Scene IV. | Rendezvous of the Green River |
| Scene V. | Pageant of the Period |

Cast of Characters

Mato-tope—Medicine Man—Bill Brazill
Chief Joseph of Nez Perce—Ross Meeks
His Squaw—Mildred Miller
His Dolyumpa—Little Thunder—Mildred Miller
Indians: Floyd Spencer, James and Philip Skiver,
James Mickelson, Bob Springman, John Kvenild,
Bobby Miller, Marly Green and others.
Indian Squaws: Madeline Nutting, Mae Mickelson,
Pearl Spencer, Wilda Springman, Helen Tanner,
Tina Noble, Margaret Wise, Sadie Hall, Amelie
Reynolds, Helen Kvenild, Ida Mae Pfisterer, Carol
and Martha Graham, Arden Cooley and others.
Rev. Marcus Whitman—Norman Barlow
Narcissa Whitman—Miriam Barlow
Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding—Harold Hurich
Eliza Spalding—Virginia O'Neil
Tachitonitis—William Sour
Ais—William Kinseder
Indian altar boy—Tommy O'Neil
Father De Smet—Carroll Noble
Lucien Fontenelle—Francis Tanner
Capt. Benj. Louis Eulalie De Bonneville—Roy Clem-
entson
Mail Clerk—Lynn Sargent
Andrew Drips—Jack Mudd
Jim Bridger—Thurston Doyle
Kit Carson—Kit Carson
Thomas Fitzpatrick—Tobe Huston
"Bully" Shunnar—Kelly Wilson
Wm. Sublette—Ted Monaghan
Robt. Campbell—James Harrower
Capt. Wm. Drummond Stewart—Syd Reynolds
Gen. William Ashley—Dr. Bert Reinow
Trappers: G. Pfisterer, R. O'Neil, Elton Cooley, El-
mer Nutting, Ed Cazier, R. Miller, Joe Budd, etc.
Voice of Behind the Grass Curtain
Chief Joseph—James Mickelson
Rev. Marcus Whitman—Ed Cazier
Narcissa Whitman—Ida Mae Pfisterer
Rev. Spalding—Bert Clark
Eliza Spalding—F. Clark
Father De Smet—Thurston Doyle
Lucien Fontenelle—Tom Delgado
Capt. Bonneville—Glenn Wise
Andrew Drips—Roy Sell
Jim Bridger—Gene Pfisterer

Kit Carson—Syd Reynolds
Wm. Sublette—Norm Barlow
Robt. Campbell—R. O'Neil

The script was written by Mrs. Myra Cooley and Mrs. Eugene Pfisterer and ably directed by the latter. The slogan, "I'll meet you on the Green" was coined by Mrs. Cooley and has been used by her since in many delightful sketches about Rendezvous times for various papers.

May 4, 1951—Eugene Pfisterer, President, presiding.

This was the first meeting of the year. The officers elected: President—Virginia O'Neil; Vice President—Ed Cazier; Secy.-Treas.—Tina Noble; Historian—Pearl Spencer.

Mrs. Pfisterer resigned from the Board of Directors and J. Harrower was elected. The Society to sponsor a showing of the Miller paintings in June. Markers had been placed on the Oregon Trail between Daniel and Big Piney. Also on the Sublette and Lander cutoff.

May 11, 1951—Mrs. Virginia O'Neil, President, presiding.

Mrs. Pfisterer to direct the pageant and allowed \$20.00 to prepare script. Along with usual committees, a Clean-up and Trucking Committee appointed. Lillian Allen was consulted about insurance. A booth to be erected where old programs could be sold.

May 25, 1951: Mrs. Virginia O'Neil, President, presiding.

A motion was passed to contact Mrs. Lillian Allen concerning Liability Insurance for those attending and participating in the Rendezvous. Rehearsals for Rendezvous; 4 required and dates set.

June 3, 1951—Sublette County Historical Society sponsors exhibition of Miller paintings on Rendezvous Period, at the High School in Pinedale.

These paintings were owned by Mrs. Clyde Porter of Kansas City, Missouri. The artist, Alfred James Miller, attended the Rendezvous in the days when they were at their best and left these vivid records of those long past times. Mrs. Porter gave an interesting lecture on the manner in which she rescued the pictures from obscurity.

Also exhibiting: Mrs. Bonnie Welch of California—local oils. Miss Betty Blake of N.Y.C.—Western sketches. Mrs. Harriet Wilson—Pinedale—Water colors. Mrs. Miriam Barlow—Cora—Water colors. Tea was served by the Society to about 100 visitors.

Souvenir Program of the Green River Rendezvous 7th Rendezvous

July 1, 1951 "I'll Meet You on the Green" 1833

Scene I. To the lodge of the Red Man comes the call to
 the Green.

Scene II. Benediction Along the Green.

Scene III. The Black Robe and the Green.

Scene IV. I'll Meet You on the Green.

Scene V. History on Parade.

Script—Mrs. Eugene Pfisterer and Myra Cooley.

The cast of the characters was practically the same as the previous year. Many have played the same role year after year since the Society's beginning. Again, the Voice Cast behind the Grass Curtain was most effective.

Oct. 14, 1951—Mrs. Virginia O'Neil, President, presiding.

A motion was carried to have 1,000 Rendezvous postcards printed. The Secretary-Treasurer was empowered to pay all itemized bills. The three signs proposed by Mrs. Mae Mickelson, "Sublette County, Land of the Rendezvous", with a limit of \$75 each, be made and erected by James Harrower. \$1,000 was set aside for a museum building fund. It was voted to allow \$50 for the best script for 1952.

Souvenir Program of the Green River Rendezvous 8th Rendezvous

1833 "I'll Meet you on the Green" July 6, 1952

Script—Mrs. Ida Mae Pfisterer and Myra Cooley

The cover of this latest program was bright yellow and featured a buffalo herd.

Scene I. First citizens of the Green.

Scene II. First White women on the Green.

Scene III. First Mass on the Green.

Scene IV. First Rendezvous on the Green.

Scene V. First Historians of the Green.

Scene VI. History on Parade.

This year's Rendezvous featured a large, canvas curtain pulled by Indian lads. The cast, with few exceptions, was comparable to previous years. The audience was intent with interest as the graphic scenes unfolded. Many spent the afternoon visiting with old friends and watching and taking part in the Square Dance on the Highway.

This completes the list of the activities of the Sublette County Historical Society to the date of the last Rendezvous, July 6, 1952. The members of the Society are hopeful that in the years to come, as the first Sunday in July comes near, the annual trek will start from points far and near, to the old rendezvous grounds on the Green. As one old timer said, "You may put up a few posts and string miles of wire, but you cannot change the contour of the hills!" The hills bordering the river are the same; the breeze rustling the branches of the trees is the same; the willows bowing and swaying like giant plumes are unchanged. Sit with us beside the Green—hush! That was the sound of an oar splash heralding the approach of trappers with a boat load of peltries. The snap of a twig breaking? We can see the Indian runners as they pass silently through the trees.

There is water, food, entertainment and fun for all. We will "Meet you on the Green!"

*Arvada History
Arvada, Colorado
Shoshone Indians 365F*

History of the Inception of Riverton and Riverton Irrigation Project in Fremont County, Wyoming

AS SHOWN BY OFFICIAL RECORDS.

By

FENIMORE CHATTERTON*

When, in 1868, the Shoshone Indians ceded to the United States part of the Territory of Wyoming claimed by them as their country, they reserved to themselves the country lying between Owl Creek on the north, the main range of the Rocky Mountains south and west and the Popo Agie and Big Wind Rivers on the east, thereby owning this section in fee. This territory embraced about three million acres of mountain and plains lands. This section was reserved because of its fine climate, abundance of water, fishing in streams and lakes, good grazing and big game, buffalo, elk and deer. Here the Indians lived the year round in tents and animal skin tepees.

During the State campaign of 1898 DeForest Richards and Fenimore Chatterton, respectively, candidates for Governor and Secretary of State, drove fifteen hundred miles in a buckboard; one section of the drive was from Lander, in Fremont County, to the one-year-old town of Thermopolis. As there was no road part of the way, Fort Washakie to the N. B. Kinnear Ranch on the north bank of the Big

*Fenimore Chatterton was born July 21, 1860, in Oswego, New York. He attended the public schools in Washington, D. C., the Pennsylvania State Normal School, and the law school of the University of Michigan.

He arrived in Wyoming on September 12, 1878, and settled in Carbon County. In 1889 he became the Probate Judge and County Treasurer of Carbon County; from 1894-1898 he was the Carbon County Prosecuting Attorney; he was a State Senator from Carbon County in the first and second State Legislatures; from 1899-1907 he was the Secretary of State, and on the death of Governor DeForest Richards in April, 1903, he became Acting Governor, an office he held until January 2, 1905. He was a member of the Public Service Commission and the State Board of Equalization, serving as chairman of both, from 1927-1934. He is now retired from the profession of law and resides in Arvada, Colorado.

Wind River, thirty miles above where Riverton is located. they employed an Indian guide. When they arrived at the south bank of the river, the Indian made several loud calls and finally Mr. Kinnear came and directed them how to follow the course of the angling flood, but they skipped considerable water.

That evening Mr. Kinnear gave them some valuable history and information regarding the potentialities of the part of the Indian Reservation north of the Big Wind River. The next morning Mr. Kinnear accompanied Messers Richards and Chatterton to a high hill and, after calling their attention to a distant peak of the Owl Creek Mountains as a guiding landmark, pointed an unmarked course to where they would find a road—ten miles from the hill—which they were to follow over the Owl Creek Mountains via the Mexican Pass to Thermopolis. Thus they drove some twenty miles over the land which eight years later constituted the "Riverton Irrigation Project" embracing about three hundred thousand acres.

Messers Richards and Chatterton resolved that, if elected, they would endeavor to secure the opening for settlement that part of the Shoshone Indian Reservation north and west of the Big Wind River, about one million three hundred thousand acres. They were elected and shortly thereafter initiated a movement for the opening of the land for settlement. They met concerted opposition from livestock owners who had long enjoyed a monopoly by means of leases of the territory for winter grazing of their herds of cattle and sheep. However, in 1904 the Government secured a Treaty with the Indians for the opening of the lands for settlement, which was ratified by Congress March 5, 1905, by an Act—33 Stat. 1016—for the disposition of the land under the provisions of the "Homestead, Townsite, Coal and Mineral Acts", under the supervision of the Interior Department as trustee for the Indians. The land was not opened for settlement until August 14, 1906.

For the proper development of the project a railroad was a must necessity. As Governor of Wyoming, Mr. Chatterton, in February, 1904, applied to Mr. Hughitt, President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad which had its terminus at Casper, to extend its line to Lander, only 150 miles.

Mr. Hughitt ridiculed the idea, saying "Develop your country and we will build the line." Thereupon Governor Chatterton, having obtained financial backing, organized the Wyoming State Railway Company with Justice Jesse Knight, Justice of the State Supreme Court, J. H. Lobel

and himself, as President, constituting the Board of Directors. Mr. Millner, the most noted western railway location engineer, was employed and the survey was made and the right-of-way secured from the Orin Junction of the C. & N. W. R. R. and the Colorado Southern Railroad to Lander and to Thermopolis. The Orin Junction as the initial point was selected because it was known that the Burlington Railroad, then temporarily ended at Guernsey, would build via the Junction, Douglas and Casper to Thermopolis, thereby furnishing a splendid outlet for the Riverton Project to the east, south and west.

In May, 1905, Mr. Chatterton learned that the State of Montana was planning to secure the right to divert all of the water of the Big Wind River, known as the Big Horn after passing through the Owl Creek Mountains. He immediately secured sufficient data upon which to base an application to the State Engineer for a water right in Bull Lake and Dinwoody Lake as reservoirs and in Big Wind River for the irrigation of 335,905 acres of the ceded lands north and west of the river. The right was granted in June, 1905, thus predating the Montana plan by ten days.

In July, 1905, Mr. Chatterton went to New York City, where, with the influence of some friends, he met ten Wall Street financiers who, after learning Mr. Chatterton's statement of facts, subscribed five million dollars to finance the construction of the canals prior to the opening of the lands to settlement, provided he obtained a permit from the Interior Department to construct canals prior to the date for opening the land for settlement. Mr. Chatterton boarded the evening train for Washington. Had a conference with Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department and stated to him his desire to construct the canals prior to the opening so the settlers could farm the land the first growing season after homesteading. He presented a comprehensive plan for construction of the canals and reservoirs and disposition of the water rights to the settlers. He also presented a proposal for laying out of a model town by Mr. Burnham, the noted architect of the World's Fair Farm, who also improved Manila for the U. S. Government.

The plans were for a town fully equipped with pavements, water, sewers and lights. After waiting a week the Secretary informed Mr. Chatterton that he would not grant the permit as the Department would not grant anyone a special privilege to make money. By the plan submitted the Indians would have received one-half million dollars more for the land than provided by the Cession Act.

On returning to Cheyenne, Mr. Chatterton called upon the State Engineer, Clarence T. Johnston, and laid before him a written plan for the State to apply for a permit to make definite surveys of the Bull and Dinwoody Lakes for reservoirs and canals at a cost of \$40,000.00. February 20, 1906, after a delay of six months, the Interior Department granted this together with the further right of the State to contract for the construction of the canals and reservoirs **after the opening**. This last privilege, after the opening, resulted in several years' delay of construction, except as to the town of Riverton. Under the supervision of the State Engineer the surveys were made between March 15 and July 1, 1906.

Late in the fall of 1904 the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad's officials, having ascertained knowledge of the natural resources of the ceded lands, and that Governor Chatterton had the financial backing for construction of the railroad from Orin Junction to Lander, had decided that the C. & N. W. desired to extend its line from Casper to Lander and would like to purchase the right of way Governor Chatterton had secured. The General Manager of the C. & N. W. requested the Governor to go to Chicago prepared to make the transfer of the right of way. The sale was made and a contract that the C. & N. W. would construct the extension of its line to Lander and operate daily trains prior to August 14, 1906, was given the Governor.

Notwithstanding this agreement, the General Manager of the C. & N. W. stopped construction of the line extension at the 160 acre tract he had obtained, by script, outside of the Indian Lands, where he located the town of Shoshoni on a sand flat three miles west of Big Wind River and sold lots. (Because of this he lost his position as General Manager.)

This wrongful action necessitated the holding by the Interior Department of the opening for settlement of the ceded lands at a point miles from the ceded lands, where no water or vegetation were in sight. The result was that the trainloads of people coming to Shoshoni for the nefarious lottery system for disposition of the land were daily met by trainloads of people out-bound who yelled at the incoming train "Suckers, suckers". The lottery system for homesteading miles from the land was like the boys' jack knife trading—"Unsight and unseen". This bureaucratic land opening farce, together with the refusal to allow canal construction prior to the opening, resulted in very few homesteaders and in delaying the proper development for at least twenty-five years.

Early in 1906 the State Engineer advertised for bids for the construction of the canals and reservoirs. Mr. Chatterton formulated plans for construction of the irrigation system and the disposition of water rights and induced Joy Morton (the salt magnate) to finance the project.

On July 11, 1906, Mr. Chatterton organized the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company for this purpose, with Joy Morton as President and himself as Vice-President and General Manager. The bids were opened on August 1st and the contract was awarded to the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company. Mr. Chatterton transferred his water right to the company on August 7th and \$40,000 was paid to the State Treasurer for the canal and reservoir surveys.

On August 14, 1906, the people who had been waiting for that date came by wagons to the same 160 acre government town site Mr. Chatterton had selected in his interview with the Secretary of the Interior Department and began surveying streets, blocks and lots for the town of Riverton. Then Lander business interests, under the guidance of two petty fogger attorneys, moved in to initiate their twenty year opposition to the new project for development. While the new settlers were surveying, a Lander roughneck gang arrived and began a criss-cross survey, but they were finally driven away. These people went to Fort Washakie and induced the Indian Agent, a Lander citizen, to send the troops to oust the settlers from the Townsite, on the pretext the land was not opened for settlement. Mr. Chatterton kept the wires to Washington hot, and at the end of ten days of bureaucratic delay the troops withdrew, the settlers returned and began erecting buildings. The next act of the Lander cohorts was an attempt to effect a cancellation of a part of the company's water rights; this suit dragged on two years in the courts. The Lander cohorts incited the homesteaders to institute suits for exorbitant damages for canal rights-of-way, and got the County Commissioners to refuse to establish necessary roads and bridges; they tried in Court to name the town "Central City". The C. & N. W. built its depot on the wrong side of the track and named it Wadsworth; this resulted in confusion in transportation to Riverton. Mr. Chatterton had to initiate suit to establish the name Riverton. And for twenty years the Landerites continued, in many other ways, to hamper the new enterprise and to annoy the citizens of Riverton.

Mr. Chatterton, February 1, 1907, moved from Cheyenne to Riverton to manage the business of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Company for two years, and he resided there

twenty years to help the town fight the Lander cohorts and to grow.

In order to insure the cultivation of fifteen thousand acres surrounding the town the first growing season—1907—Mr. Chatterton, on September 24, 1906, let a contract for the construction of a fifteen-mile-long canal to irrigate this acreage on the Riverton Flat. The construction work began October 10, 1906, and was completed April 1, 1907, and the water from Big Wind River was turned into the headgate by his two daughters, Eleanor and Constance. Perpetual water rights were sold for thirty dollars cash per acre, or forty dollars on long time deferred payments bearing six per cent interest. The exhibit of the products from these lands at the State Fair at Douglas in September, 1907, took second prize.

Mr. Chatterton gave the town a water right on condition trees were set out on both sides of the streets; the condition was fully complied with and Riverton now—1952—is a beautiful city (population 4,500) and is the center of the agricultural, oil and natural gas, coal, railroad ties and industrial operations of Fremont County.

Joy Morton having failed to fulfill his agreement to finance the construction of the irrigation system, the State cancelled the contract of the Wyoming Central Irrigation Co. and secured the government's Reclamation Bureau to complete the irrigation system. The canals and Bull Lake Reservoir are completed and most of the 300,000 acres are producing large cash crops. Therefore, death of deterrent influences, time and indefatigable energy, and faith and courage of a few men and their wives won the fight and left a fine heritage to succeeding generations.

The names that can never be forgotten as the pioneer leaders are: P. B. Dykeman, J. J. Jewett, Henry Keating, J. A. Delfelder, Walter Breniman, Mrs. Lee Mote, Fred Stratton, E. T. Glenn, L. J. Kirch, A. Kirch, Oscar Nicholson, Roy E. Hays, Lut Judkins, Abe Boland, Franklin Sheldon, H. Lawes and Fenimore Chatterton.

You may be interested in the reminder that you are in an historic locality.

Much of the history of securing the the Northwest Territory and of conquering the "American Desert" is written along the trails through Wyoming.

John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clerk Expedition, in 1807 explored up the Big Wind River to the Jackson Hole and discovered the Yellowstone National Park Territory.

The Astoria Expedition in 1811 passed through where the City of Riverton is located and up the river to the Pacific Coast, and on the return trip in 1812 through Jackson Hole, South Pass and down the Sweetwater River and North Platte River, a trail which in 1847 became the Oregon and Mormon Trail.

Captain Bonneville, in 1832, passed through where now is Riverton and up the Wind River where now is the highway from Riverton to the Jackson Hole and the Yellowstone National Park.

In the 1830's the fur trappers sometimes held their yearly conclave at the junction of the Big and Little Wind Rivers, two miles southeast of Riverton.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By
THE EDITOR

From our newspaper files of 1867 and 1868:

A GOOD MOVE.—It is proposed to organize a fire company in this city, which would be all well enough, if we had water. It is also proposed to form a hook and ladder company, which, at all times, water or no water is, in case of fire, of great service, but it is proposed, by the City Council, to pass an ordinance compelling every householder or occupant to keep constantly on hand, on the premises, a certain amount of water—say two or three barrels. Very frequently an extensive fire is prevented by a few buckets of water, by a single individual. We hope the ordinance will pass, and be enforced.—The Cheyenne **Leader**, Vol. 1, No. 136, February 27, 1868.

Mr. S. Petty, who lives near North Platte crossing, has on hand three thousand elk, deer and antelope hams for the eastern market. He employs thirteen hunters, and they kill, on an average, twenty-eight four-legged game a day.—The Cheyenne **Leader**, Vol. 1, No. 136, February 27, 1868.

A COUNTY.—Several prominent men of this city speak of a county organization as a desideratum. It is certainly true that it would add much to our convenience, in many particulars, and could such an organization be instituted, with an economic expenditure of the public funds, we would gladly favor the same. Perhaps it would be well for an assembly of citizens to meet together for the preliminary discussion of this matter. Let some one lead in a call, to this effect.—The Cheyenne **Leader**, Vol. 1, No. 2, September 24, 1867.

The State Historical Department has approximately 4500 volumes of newspapers of Wyoming. They may be used in the department by anyone wishing to do research in them. Currently, with only one or two exceptions, all newspapers in the state are received from the publishers. These are kept on permanent file in the department.

In the April, 1926, **Annals of Wyoming**, Vol. 3, No. 4, appeared a biographical sketch of John Dwight Woodruff written by his niece, Mrs. Lesley Day Woodruff Riter (Mrs. Franklin Riter) of Salt Lake City, Utah.

The statement is made therein that John Dwight Woodruff left his parents' home on Bonus Prairie, Boone County, Illinois, in 1866 to make his first journey to the Rocky Mountains which eventually led him to Wyoming—the Dacotah Territory.

Further research by Mrs. Riter and the discovery of additional family data since writing this biographical sketch indicates that John Dwight Woodruff left his parents' home in Illinois in 1862 to make his first journey to the Rocky Mountains. This correction is made for the sake of historical accuracy.

As related in the original sketch, Russell Dorr Woodruff, brother of John Dwight Woodruff, attempted an overland journey westward in 1866—a journey he did not complete. John Dwight Woodruff was not with him on this trip, having gone west with Mr. Gardner four years earlier.

Further, in the biography of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff which appeared in the January and April, 1931, issues of the **Annals of Wyoming**, Vol. 7, Nos. 3 and 4, also written by Mrs. Riter, this error in date concerning John Dwight Woodruff is repeated. Accordingly, this correction is offered for the purpose of eliminating the mistake in Dr. Woodruff's biography. The two men were brothers and Mrs. Riter is the daughter of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff. She was born in Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Mr. J. Neilson Barry of Portland, Oregon, has sent in the following brief article which he has entitled "Gradual Knowledge of Wyoming Geography." Mr. Barry has long been a student of early maps. He has long urged that a more detailed and comprehensive study of the early maps of Wyoming be made by more people in the State so that a better understanding of our history can be brought about.

"Originally absolutely nothing was known by white men of the geography of what is now Wyoming. Vague statements in early records are often too indefinite to determine what geography was then known. The early maps demonstrate what was then known; what was as yet unknown, and, more especially, the misconceptions of the geography. Such are demonstrated by the series of maps of the West, drawn by Clark, of Lewis and Clark. His first map has a

very clearly defined limit of knowledge of the geography beyond the verge of explorations in 1800, with a blank space where Wyoming now is. Likewise Clark's second map, although elsewhere more had become known. While at Fort Mandan, in the winter of 1804-1805 Clark had Indians draw maps. He then had other Indians, privately, verify or revise. Clark then compiled the Indian maps and for the first time the space where Wyoming now is "Got on the map."—Indian fashion.

"When the journals of Lewis and Clark were compiled, the President ordered a map of the West. Clark only knew the narrow routes he had traveled, so he used maps drawn by Indians and all sources for information then obtainable. For wholly unknown parts, Clark guessed at the geography with weird and fantastic guesses; especially for the Wyoming part. He misplaced the continental divide to where Nevada now is, and made the Platte and Arkansas rivers, and also the Rio Grande ("Rio del Norte") rise where Idaho now is; and depicted the Platte as flowing across modern Wyoming and the continental divide. He put Pike's Peak ("Highest Mountain") in Wyoming and a bewildered befuddlement of nightmare "geography."

"Clark sent the part for the routes of Lewis and Clark, in the spring of 1810, to Nicholas Biddle who was compiling the journals and who employed the professional cartographer, Samuel Lewis, of Philadelphia, to prepare the map materials for the etchers. On December 20, 1810, Clark sent the southern part of the map. No Indian map had depicted the upper part of Snake river, yet Clark had drawn some of his imaginary geography in that part. Clark made a copy of his map for the overland expedition to Astoria, which may have been a factor in causing them to abandon their horses and attempting to navigate Snake river.

"At the close of 1811 Andrew Henry returned to St. Louis with information of upper Snake river and Henry's fork. Clark then erased that part of his "guess geography" and inserted upper Snake ("Lewis") river and Henry's "River". The etching with that alteration was published in 1814, and being the first published map of the West was largely copied or reflected by later maps for very many years.

"Recently Mr. William R. Coe donated to the Library of Yale University a large manuscript map drawn by Clark, 34 by 54 inches, yet it was not known which one of the many maps drawn by Clark this one was. I was asked which one it is. It is the personal, office, working map from which Clark made the copy used for the etching of 1814,

yet with much larger area depicted than in the etching. Also much learned subsequently. A tinted reproduction has been made available by the Library of Yale University.

"The identification was simple, although extremely laborious and expensive. The space, where upper Snake river and Henry's fork on this manuscript map are shown, originally had some different drawing there. It was erased and upper "Lewis" (Snake) river and Henry's "River" were then drawn where the erasures had been made. The "guess geography" was then squeezed into a smaller scope. That part of the manuscript map is a mess.

"The procedure was simple. That part was enlarged to about sixteen times the area, both by photostats direct from the manuscript map and from the tinted reproduction. Although a small space, it required two sheets, 18 by 24 inches, for the enlargements; both black and in white.

"Two identical photostats were made of each sheet. One was left untouched, the identical duplicate was scrutinized by a strong magnifying glass, and each faint mark and dot, of what had been drawn and erased, was intensified—on the white sheets, with red ink, on the black photostats in silver ink. Such show what had been intensified, and can be compared with the untouched identical duplicate. That part is a palimpsest, and is a mess. Unfortunately erasures were so complete that the pattern of the original drawing can not be reproduced; except minor parts of streams. There is a galaxy like a magnified Milky Way of dots and speckles.

"That manuscript map, being the first ever drawn for the West, and by Clark, is the most valuable map for the West that has ever been drawn. However, it is an amendment of the original drawing, of which a copy was made for the overland expedition to Astoria, which may be found. This has Clark's ideas of the geography where Wyoming now is."

Mrs. Peter Kooi of Sheridan passed away at her home on September 18, 1952, following a long illness. She had been a resident of Wyoming since 1904 when her husband engaged in the coal business at Monarch. He opened his own mine at Kooi in 1907.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kooi were known for their philanthropic work, which she continued after his death in 1935. Mrs. Kooi endowed the library of the Northern Wyoming Community College and was very active in youth welfare activities. Three daughters, Mrs. Doris Kooi Reynolds and

Mrs. Vera Kooi Hurst of Sheridan and Mrs. Lorna Kooi Simpson of Cody, nine grandchildren and three great grandchildren survive.

Dr. Florence D. Patrick, 94, prominent Albany County physician and pioneer, died at her ranch home at Garrett October 16, 1952, where she made her home with her daughter Luella, now Mrs. Robert Garrett.

Dr. Patrick obtained her degree as doctor of medicine in 1897. In the early 1900's she came to Wyoming for her health. She practiced from 1902-1919 in Laramie and from 1919-1925 in Rock River where she was active as a community leader.

Alonzo M. Clark, acting Governor of Wyoming from 1931-1933, died on October 12, 1952, in Thermopolis at the age of 84. He came to Wyoming in 1898 and began his career in the state as a school teacher in Campbell County. He first entered the political scene as county clerk in Campbell County. He was elected to the office of Secretary of State in 1927 and served in that capacity until 1935, acting in the meantime as Governor after the death of Governor Frank Emerson.

Mrs. Fred G. S. Hesse, pioneer resident of Buffalo since 1880, succumbed at the age of 92 on June 24, 1952. She first came to Buffalo with a freight outfit belonging to her brother-in-law, Waugh Murphy, and she lived with the Murphys for a year. On August 13, 1884, she was married to Fred G. S. Hesse, foreman of the famous Frewen Brothers holdings. Later he operated his own 28 Ranch. Mrs. Hesse was a highly respected and loved member of her community. She is survived by two sons, Fred W. and George, and a daughter Vivienne Hesse.

Mrs. Mary Parmelee, pioneer Buffalo resident, passed away on December 28, 1951, at the age of 84. She first came to Buffalo in 1888 as a teacher, and she returned in 1892 as the wife of Carroll Parmelee, who was later to serve as district judge from 1906-1918. Mrs. Parmelee and her sister Edith were at one time editors of the Buffalo **Bulletin** prior to 1900. She was always active in community affairs and was an authority on early day events of Buffalo and Wyoming.

Stimson Fund

Additional contributions to the "Stimson Fund" have been made by Mrs. Mary G. Bellamy of Laramie, Mr. W. R. Coe of New York City, Mr. Dabney Otis Collins of Denver,

Miss Faye Donnel of Laramie, Mrs. Laura A. Ekstrom of Denver, Dr. Nolie Mumey of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gallaher of Cheyenne, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Cody of Cheyenne.

This fund is to repay a loan made in order that the Historical Department could acquire the large and valuable collection of glass plate negatives made by Joseph E. Stimson of Cheyenne. They include scenes and views from all parts of Wyoming for a period of fifty years.

Contributions to this fund will be appreciated and should be marked "Stimson Fund" and mailed to this department.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Museum

Mrs. Frank Allyn, Cheyenne	Shawl belonging to her grandmother, Mary Ann Tracy Moore
Mrs. Ida Anderson, Newcastle	Roster, 1st Regiment Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, Company M, Spanish American War
E. C. Baker, Etna	Petrified bark found near Cody, Wyoming
L. C. Bishop, Cheyenne	Top of pole and wooden covered glass insulator from original telegraph line along Oregon Trail; post holding guy wires used on first telegraph line
Mrs. Fred D. Boice, Sr., Cheyenne	Souvenirs for Cow Belle banquet, Cheyenne, 1952
Larry and Jim Booker, Cheyenne	Indian artifacts from mound in Arkansas
Patty Crosby, Cheyenne	Fossil tooth of Mammoth
Robert David, Casper	Handmade iron scraps from blacksmith's shop at Reshaw Bridge
Fred R. Dildine, Los Angeles, and Maude Dildine Mitchell, Cheyenne	Hair wreath made by their mother in 1879
Dr. A. B. Ekdall, Cheyenne	Parade hat of Alert Volunteer Fire Co., used about 1917
Mrs. Mae Falconer Fields, Lusk	Stove from old Ft. Hat Creek building; harness
A. S. Gillespie, Laramie	Oxen shoe, telegraph pole band, plow point used by U. P. R. R. in construction, 1868

Jack Ledbetter, Saratoga	Collection of mineral specimens
Mrs. P. W. Metz, Basin	Souvenir dishes of Wyoming business houses
Mrs. John Newnam, Cheyenne	Box of surgical tools of Dr. John Dancer used in Civil War (Loan); picture of Dr. Dancer
Mrs. C. F. Nicklos, Basin	Child's china cupboard, set of child's dishes, cut glassware and pressed glass berry set
Kirby H. Olds, Cheyenne	Child's hand carved chair, belonged to his grandmother
Mrs. Rose Price, Rawlins, and Mrs. Dixie Price Martin, Denver	Large collection of Indian artifacts and relics gathered by Mr. Price in Carbon County over a long period of years. (Loan)
Ralph Rogers, Hawk Springs	Oxen shoe
Harry Runser, Guernsey	Four specimens crystalline iron ore from Sunrise Mine
Don Stanfield, Cheyenne	Seal of Cheyenne Street Railroad Co.
B. M. Thompson, Cheyenne	Brick from original Ft. Atkinson near present Omaha, Nebraska
Helen Tisch, Cheyenne	Two branding irons, one side saddle
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	Approximately 250 items including guns, Indian relics, shaving mugs, large collection of buttons

Historical Manuscripts and Papers

J. N. Barry, Portland, Oregon	Photostat copies of letters from Lafayette, Aug. 15, 1826, May 1, 1832
Harold M. Dunning, Loveland, Colorado	Copies of Loveland Roundup with donor's articles on Wyoming; 22 original manuscripts on Wyoming topics by donor
Mrs. Laura Allyn Ekstrom, Denver	Article on history of Baptist Church in Wyoming; biographical sketch including family genealogy for Mary Ann Tracy Moore
W. W. Morrison, Cheyenne	Two typed manuscripts: material compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitman on Spalding and Whitman in Washington; Journal and letters of Narcissa Whitman, 1836-43
L. L. Newton, Lander	Original manuscript by David Tweed
Dr. H. J. Peterson, Denver	"Political Campaigning then and now"—manuscript on John W. Hoyt

George B. Pryde, Rock Springs	Three items on U. P. Coal Co. and Old Timers Ass'n
Mrs. M. Remington, Upper Montclair, N. J.	Article on Ft. Laramie by donor
M. B. Rhodes, Basin	Records of Basin Water Works Co.
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	Register of Drake Hotel, Stapleton, Nebr., 1915-1919

Historical Library

W. R. Coe, New York City	12 books on Western history, recent publications
Sam L. Howard, Denver	"Doc" Howard's Memoirs
Eunice Hutton, Green River	Brand Book, 1915, Utah-Wyoming Cattlemen's Ass'n; Wyoming Brand Book, 1912
Warren Richardson family, Cheyenne	Monteith's Geography, 1882
Russell Thorp, Cheyenne	American Cattle Trails by Brayer
Mrs. Laura True, Cheyenne	7 books published in early 1880's
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	30 books on Western history
Wyoming Game and Fish Commission	The Sage Grouse in Wyoming by R. L. Patterson
Mrs. W. J. Zollinger, Tulsa, Oklahoma	Old Greek Stories by James Baldwin

Pictures

Mrs. Frank Allyn, Cheyenne	Folder of early Laramie and Albany County pictures
Mr. and Mrs. T. Joe Cahill, Cheyenne	Portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Patrick A. McGovern
Mrs. Laura Allyn Ekstrom, Denver	Shoshoni, 1908; Gov. Carey laying cornerstone at Indian school; "Epoch Making Events of American History" 1914
Frank W. Hale, Pittsburgh, Pa.	Two pictures of Statehood celebration parade in Cheyenne
D. C. Wilhelm estate, Gillette	Eight oil paintings by L. W. Aldrich on early Indian battles, Wyoming forts and scenes as he remembered them; some Remington and Russell prints; miscellaneous photographs

State Archives

Adjutant General's Office

Scrapbook containing pictures of all
state institutions and buildings
with brief history of each, 1932

Book Reviews

Quest of the Snowy Cross. By Clarence S. Jackson and Lawrence W. Marshall. (University of Denver Press, 1952. 135 pp. \$2.50.)

There are several ways to approach the writing of history,—by the recording of events as they happened, by gathering all information possible on events and interpreting them or relating them to a period or historical movement, or by reconstructing a particular series of events from the bony framework of recorded data, the flesh of memories of some participant, the breath of life found in the individuality of men, animals, physical environment, even weather. The last of these methods has been employed by Clarence S. Jackson and Lawrence W. Marshall in this book. Events are taken from the diary of **The Picture Maker of the Old West**, William H. Jackson, memories from his conversations with son Clarence and the family, personality estimates from stories of associates at work and play. Chapter headings of Herndon Davis sketches and verses from songs of the period provide atmosphere. Photographs are original Jacksons, with a few reproductions of paintings, drawings and a composite added.

What loyal Wyoming person does not thrill to the names Dr. F. V. Hayden, Langford, Moran, Jackson? To them goes the credit for Yellowstone Park. As a part of Dr. Hayden's U. S. Geological Survey they explored, mapped, photographed and sketched the area in 1871 and 1872. Their evidence convinced Congress of the desirability of the Park.

The following year the Survey had two groups in the Colorado mountains. Jackson was leader of the photographic section as it ambled off from the Clear Creek Camp on May twenty-fourth. Potato John led with his grub-loaded mules; Hypo and Gimlet followed, carrying precious photographic equipment; next rode Coulter, the botanist, entomologist Carpenter, young bird student Cole, the packers and Jackson. Instructions were to head for Long's Peak, work south along the Divide, into Colorado Springs, then to Fairplay to join the photographic section before proceeding to the upper Arkansas.

One special challenge was a factor in this trip. Rumors of an unusual snow marking on a mountain in central

Colorado had come from trappers and scouts. Jackson and his sweetheart in Omaha discussed this Mount of the Snowy Cross and what such a magnificent symbol of the Christian faith might mean to people if they could see its photograph. Emilie was sure he could find it. In the face of such confidence he **must** find it. From that moment Jackson listened eagerly for any mention of the Mount of the Holy Cross, as it came to be called.

The days passed rapidly in strenuous labor. It would seem that too little has been written of the great work done under primitive, pioneering conditions by devoted members of the U.S.G.S. Hayden apparently knew how to select men of character and ability who could cooperate with others even under trying circumstances. In this story the various personalities become clear and even the men met along the journey become real. Pat and Ned, picked up along the way are unforgettable and Coulter surely kept Gassy in memory forever. The mules become personalities, too, as they exhibit their own peculiar attitudes. There must have been a few crises during the summer but no hint of disrupting ones appears. We feel that all members were enjoying a grand, if rugged, experience.

Information on the location of the Mount was sought from anyone who might have some knowledge but little definite was gained. Most of it was second hand hearsay. As the party neared Tennessee Pass, however, a few men were found who had seen the Cross, so excitement quickened. Chief Ouray was found encamped with his tribe near the site of the Eagle River camp and it was he who finally gave clear directions for reaching the goal. Soon there followed the moving experience of the first viewing, the fulfillment of the dream given substance by great effort.

Clarence Jackson was with his father and two friends on the twentieth anniversary pilgrimage to view the Mount of the Holy Cross, at which time the story of the earlier trip was recounted in detail. Doubtless that accounts for the choice of this particular part of his father's activities for the treatment given it in this book. We hope that he and Mr. Marshall may add to this an equally fascinating story of perhaps the Yellowstone venture.

DR. HENRY J. PETERSON

Professor Emeritus of Political Science.

A Treasury of Western Folklore. Edited by B. A. Botkin. (New York: Crown Publishers, 1951, xxvi + 806 pp. \$4.00.)

Here is a big book designed for bedtime reading, sampling in spare hours, or several evening's entertainment, a book of a thousand facets of the old West in legend, tall tale and actual incident. Its items are mostly brief and as quickly read as a **Reader's Digest** article. There is even a sort of grouping, under headings such as "The Western Brand," "The West Begins," "Taking the West," "The Changing West," "Western Story Tellers," and a final sampling of western ballads. There is also a lively introduction by Bernard De Voto.

All this is to the good. But the serious reader may pause to wonder what the terms folklore and western really mean. De Voto, it is true, sets the tone of the selections as that of western man in a slightly swaggering defiance of the rest of the world as probably too soft to take his raw, tough, untamed, violent landscape and people. Indeed, here seems to be the core of the book—man surviving against great odds, whether they be storm or starvation, bad men or big spaces, Indians or grizzly bears. Is this the West as it was, or is? Or is it largely legend magnified by time? Botkin doesn't say.

But it is certain that a kind of "professional Westerner" exudes admiration for tough men, killers and stoic endurers, to the point of Botkin's labelling the killer as America's "most heroic symbol next to the cowboy." Yet, to take one example, the murderous exploits of one Tracy, once of Wyoming's Hole in the Wall country, hardly make for pleasant reading. Why the admiration for him or his ilk? Probably it is that he represents one phase of the westerner's highly developed admiration for survival under overwhelming odds, whatever they may be. Heroism to the early west meant outwitting relentless odds; and its folklore revolves again and again about that theme.

Of cultural history, then, or of literature in the more bookish sense, there is little here. There is a lot about sheep and cows, gambling and sudden shootings, mining camps and mule teams, accomplished liars and hardy settlers. The Wyoming reader will surely be disappointed at the small mention of his state, which is apparently absorbed into the great open spaces that stretch from Montana to New Mexico, and Nebraska to Oregon or Arizona. There is a fragment from Struthers Burt's **Powder River** and Owen Wister's **Virginian**, a ballad and a bear hunt, and

John Thompson's final scotching of the tale of Tom Horn's outwitting his hanging. That is all from Wyoming, aside from passing mention of Cheyenne.

As Stanley Vestal once pointed out, men are still living who knew the stone age, both as inhabitants in it and as white man observers of it. So sudden was the change in America's Rocky Mountain area that one man might observe a modern city on the same spot where stone weapons were chipped within his own lifetime. Perhaps this accounts in part for the nostalgia for the "old" west, which is really very recent but vastly different from today. Thus, so long as Americans cherish a memory of self-reliance and adaptability to harsh challenges, the old West will fascinate those who contemplate it. In the meantime, lacking a more serious synthesis of the meaning of that day, Botkin's *disjecta membra*, his clippings from the past, will serve as a rich if fragmentary reminder.

WILSON O. CLOUGH

Professor of English
University of Wyoming

John Colter, His Years in the Rockies. By Burton Harris.
(New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952. 165 pp.
\$3.50.)

Of all the daring fur trappers on our northwest frontier, few can rival John Colter for daring expeditions, lone explorations, and hairbreadth escapes. And this in spite of the scanty records of his life. He was a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition up the Missouri and over the mountains, and then turned back into the wilderness to traverse a vast region where no white man is known to have passed before. He came back to describe the wonders of Yellowstone Park, and his blood-chilling adventures among hostile Blackfeet only made him the more legendary.

It is high time that someone as thorough an explorer of the records as Colter was of the wilderness, should publish a true account of this man, sifting fiction from fact and settling the many disputed points and controversial claims of earlier authors.

The late Stallo Vinton, whose earlier book on Colter is now out of print, was well aware that he had not been able to clear up all these matters, and generously made all his sources available to Burton Harris.

Harris has done a thorough job of research, added many new findings and has used for the first time the maps, only recently discovered, drawn in 1808 and 1810 by William Clark. The author's contributions are considerable and his arguments on the whole convincing, especially with regard to geographical problems.

Harris was enabled to do this job better than previous scholars because he grew up in the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, John Colter's old stamping ground. As a boy, Harris felt unhappy because, so far as he then knew, nearly all the great exploits and explorations had happened outside the Basin. But Edward Eberstedt encouraged Harris to trace John Colter's trails, and this research and book are the long term result.

In particular, Burton Harris has cleared up geographical problems, not only of the actual countryside, but even of how and why mistakes in the old maps were made. He is also most persuasive in claiming that the hostility of the Blackfeet was due to Colter's clash with them and not, as heretofore claimed, to the earlier incident in which Captain Lewis figured. He also establishes beyond doubt that the region known as "Colter's Hell" was not the same as Yellowstone Park, but lay to the east of it, towards Cody, Wyoming. Of course the fires are out in Colter's Hell today, or at any rate submerged at the bottom of Shoshone Lake.

The author makes careful comparison of the various contemporary accounts of Colter's exploits—accounts which he quotes in full for the reader's satisfaction. In such a reconstruction as this, some surmises necessarily appear, but they are always intelligently made and labeled as such.

Not the least engaging feature of the book is the first chapter entitled "Stuffing Dudes" in which the author, taking an historian's holiday, quotes an old-timer narrating the Colter legends, thus offering an amusing foil to the strictly historical part of the volume.

The book has complete apparatus in the appendix—notes, bibliography and index. Duplicate end-paper maps provide us with Colter's routes among the mountains and the book itself contains sections from various maps related to the Lewis and Clark expedition.

This book bids fair to remain the standard work on its subject. It is written in a lively style, much more winning

than most books with so many historical facts to verify and document. It is too bad we have no portrait of Colter, but that of course is no fault of the author.

STANLEY VESTAL

School of Journalism
University of Oklahoma

Injun Summer: an old cowhand rides the ghost trails. By Daisy F. Baber as told by Bill Walker. (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1952. 223 pp. illus. \$4.00.)

Any one who has lived in the West will enjoy reading **Injun Summer**. It is the story of Bill Walker as he told it to Daisy F. Baber, co-author of the **Longest Rope**. The style is breezy, humorous, and lively.

Many times I have heard my father recount some of the same tales which were generally known by the old timers in this part of the country. They must have been true, although some are hard to believe.

Few people of this age know what the price of building up the western empire was. We do not realize the hardships the early pioneers endured due to the weather and the troubles they had with the Indians due to the white man's blunders. Few people can tell about "the old days" in such a readable, entertaining manner as Bill Walker.

His life was especially eventful as he knew and had close association with Calamity Jane, Billy the Kid, Geronimo, Butch Cassidy, Nick Champion, Chief Ouray, Molly Brown of Titanic fame, and many others.

His experiences were varied and unusual. After he had driven his team of elk to Denver several times, Denver passed a law that elk should be kept out of the city. He once found a rattlesnake in the bed roll, which he carried all day on the trail. He escaped from horse thieves with his life when he hid his guns under an apron while cooking breakfast for them. He hated and feared the Apaches but despised a "bounty hunter" more and would not turn in two starving bucks for the two hundred dollars apiece, even though he was broke.

The chronological order of the story is at times confusing as his age varies from chapter to chapter. However we must remember he was an old, old man when telling his tale.

The humor and originality of his remarks more than make up for this. Each little story is complete, and often ends abruptly, but through it all runs the philosophy of his happy-go-lucky, carefree life on the plains.

MAURINE CARLEY

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Cheyenne

The Case of Alfred Packer the Man-Eater. By Paul H. Gantt. (Denver: University of Denver Press, 1952. 157 pp. illus. bibliog. index. \$3.00.)

A barbaric man-eater who was loved by little children might describe the extremes of Alfred Packer's life. Accused of a heinous crime his sins were absolved by a well-meaning churchman in the community where he is buried, years after his death.

The Packer case should top the list of mysteries for it is still the mystery without solution yet historically authenticated.

Paul H. Gantt, Vienna-born attorney now serving in the legal department of the United States Bureau of Reclamation at Denver has done a magnificent job of gathering, assembling, organizing and putting into a readable style the Packer story. Nearly all his statements are documented from excellent to reasonably good sources.

Cannibalism cases in the epics of western history are not a rarity, but, as the author explains, the Packer case is unique because "it is the only case which has become the subject of judicial inquiry by American Courts. Two juries found Packer guilty of 'cannibalism' and the Supreme Court of Colorado considered Packer's case not less than five times."

Packer, a scout and guide, joined a party of 21 gold seekers at Provo, Utah, in November, 1873. News of a gold strike in Breckenridge, Colorado, had excited the small party to defy blinding blizzards over an uncharted course. As they entered western Colorado they were advised by the Ute Chieftain Ouray not to attempt passage over the mountainous area. Against the Indian's advice five of the men led by Packer chose to continue on. The story is largely mystery from this point on. Packer appeared at the Los Pinos Indian Agency about 75 miles distance from

the Ouray camp in April, 1874, claiming no knowledge of the whereabouts of his companions. A confession of murder and cannibalism finally was obtained from him and he was jailed at Saquache. He escaped from jail and was not apprehended for nine years when he was arrested at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming. He was returned to Denver where he voluntarily made a second confession.

Trial by jury followed at Lake City, Hinsdale County, in the vicinity of the scene of the crime. Jurors were confused by Packer's lying, false testimony and an incredible difference in his two confessions. The case was reviewed a number of times and ultimately Packer was sent to the penitentiary on a sentence of 40 years.

Packer's parole after 15 years' imprisonment is an anticlimax to the case with repercussions almost equal to the bizarre crime and succeeding trials. Polly Pry, reporter for the **Denver Post**, agitated through the press for parole. But before her mission was accomplished her employers, Tammen and Bonfils, owners of the paper, were shot by a disgruntled lawyer almost resulting in their deaths.

Gantt has delved into court records, newspaper accounts, personal testimonies and the written confessions of the accused. This volume has been enhanced by the wide use of pictures, drawings and reproductions. It contains a number of pictures of Packer and of scenes of the trial and crime. Copies of Packer's confessions and warrant for his arrest are among the many photographic reproductions employed. One of the most interesting, perhaps, is a copy of the membership card of the "Packer Club" which had four charter members. The author employed Herndon, Davis, one of Colorado's outstanding artists on western subjects, to recreate a courtroom scene of Packer's trial. The end papers contain a map showing the route of the ill-fated party and extends to Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, where the man-eater was apprehended in 1883.

In documenting the text the author has used 320 references. Instead of using footnote system he has listed them at the end of the book which causes some annoyance to those who like to check references as they read. Bibliography, appendices and index are included and a foreword has been written by Dan Thornton, present Governor of Colorado.

The men who suffered death in this strange case have been memorialized by a monument erected on "Cannibal Plateau" by the Ladies Union Aid Society of Lake City.

In 1940 Bishop Frank Hamilton Rice, head of the Liberal Church, Inc., Littleton, Colorado, led a party to Packer's

burial plot where through absolution the sins of Packer were transferred to a "scapegoat", an angora nanny goat named "Angelica".

So ends the colorful career of a man who at his worst was a murderer, man-eater, prevaricator and cheat, yet whose inner soul reflected a love and trust irresistible even to little children, many of whom befriended him in his later years.

VIRGIL V. PETERSON

Salt Lake City, Utah

Man Without a Star. By Dee Linford. (William Morrow & Co., 1952. \$3.50.)

If an historical novel is based on sound research, concentrates upon a vigorous and worthwhile story, and is written by an accomplished story-teller, it both illuminates the past and fulfills its purpose as entertainment. **Man Without a Star** is just such a novel.

The total impact of the book may be summarized by suggesting conjecturally Mr. Linford's procedure in composing it as something like the following: He prepared first a sturdily accurate, but consistently somber, background of Historical data on events in east-central Wyoming in the early 1880's. Upon this he imposed a clear outline of action following the pattern of a traditional "western" and including the conventionally necessary situation that his cowboy meet and fall in love with a rich cattleman's daughter. Into this scene and scenario he introduced seventeen-year old Jeff Jimson, a runaway lad from Missouri, already predisposed by bitter childhood experiences to distrust authority in any form and to depend upon silence or "fist-throwing" for self-protection. Attached temporarily to a trail herd from Texas, Jeff moves into the territory of the gigantic Man Head cattle outfit, operated by Wate Garrett, meets Abby Garrett, dedicates himself to the well-nigh impossible project of marrying her, and becomes a Man Head cowboy. The body of the story is concerned with the next half dozen action-packed years of Jeff's life. His brief connection with the Texas trail herd has brought him the friendship and protection of an older, experienced puncher, Dempsey Rae, and from Demps Jeff learns enough wiliness, toughness, and cynicism to survive occupational hazards and human animosities. Accused of mavericking, blacklisted by the cat-

tlemen's association, reduced to bone-hustling for a livelihood, embroiled in the murder of an association detective, he finally turns informer, becomes for a time Garrett's stool pigeon and watchdog, flashes the badge of a deputy sheriff for a few months, finally becomes his own man, finds his personal code of action when an open break occurs between the Garrett forces and the homesteaders, and demonstrates that the little men can fight most effectively within the framework of law when decisions are made by "twelve good men and true."

Since the novel is frankly a "western" in intention and narrative pattern, it inevitably invites comparison with the numberless horde of its **genre** in cheap fiction and motion pictures. Its exciting story includes all the stock situations, with dividends, that appear in traditional "westerns." It is packed tight with incident, violence, and bloodshed, and even its few relatively calm intervals are suffused with the explosive potentials of unresolved tensions. But Jeff Jimson would be an awkward substitute for the simple, light-hearted knight gaily tilting from adventure to misadventure in the usual cowboy tale. Throughout most of the story he is truly a man without a star, confused and bumbling, and without much direction except for a tough instinct for self-preservation and a deeply ingrained, though frequently stifled, sense of fair play. Moreover, the flavor of the book is bitterly honest rather than sweetly romantic; instead of being set in a timeless cowboy paradise, it bears a convincing stamp of authenticity upon its local, historical, and occupational details.

The novel also invites comparison with some of the few distinguished progenitors on its family tree. Its setting in time and place is very nearly identical with that of **The Virginian**, but when that similarity is noted the comparison must end. It has frequently been pointed out that Wister's famous novel is a story of a cowboy without a cow in it and with almost no reference to the cowboy's occupational activities. Jeff Jimson rarely frees himself from the stench of his unglamorous pursuits among horses and "caddle," wades literally through piles of manure, salvages bones from blanching cow skeletons and half-decayed carcasses, and is splashed with gore from cattle slaughtered, skinned, and sometimes consumed in the range warfare that smolders and flames intermittently through the story. Jeff and his mates talk the lusty, forthright language of men without women, living close to animals and often thinking like them, and in constant conflict with elements untempered

in this region to the shorn lamb. In short, **Man Without a Star** is fare for the mature rather than the juvenile reader.

Historically the novel deals with the same period in frontier history as **The Ox-Bow Incident**, which Walter Van Tilburg Clark reputedly planned as a deliberate attempt to shatter the pattern of the traditional "western" by subjecting its conventional materials to ironically unheroic treatment. Linford's approach seems to have been directed by a deliberate intention to show that the traditional pattern was rooted in reality and had inherent in it all the authentic sources of genuine tragedy. Both novels are concerned with the struggle of a frontier community to evolve an institutional framework of law, order, and economic justice. The conflicting forces are the same—the rising tide of little men pushing against the entrenched barons of the cattle kingdom and their protective system of public-land monopoly, stock associations, brand-recordings, black-listings, and legal support. But Clark's mood is that of a detached, ironical olympian, viewing the whole struggle as one between equally puny, inept human forces, fumbling blindly to square individual interests and consciences with an abstract concept of social order and justice. Linford, on the contrary, is personally involved in the fight, virtually always an angry advocate of the homesteaders and the "have-nots," but scrupulously quick to expose unsavory elements among the nesters and to acknowledge generous impulses in the cattlemen.

A special quality of the book stems from the authentic flavor of its colorful language. Its author has registered accurately the Texian drawl, the special rhythm of anecdotal narrative, the occupational idiom of the range, and the salty imagery of men who speak graphically but economically. It is regrettable, for one reader at least, that Mr. Linford has allowed some of Gene Rhodes' reading cowboys to stray into the Wyoming camps and inject a hint of bookishness occasionally in quotation and half-disguised allusion. (This comment is made with full knowledge that J. Frank Dobie concluded from years of research into cowboy reading habits that the northern cowboy was considerably more bookish and inclined to literary allusion than his Texas counterpart.) The first hundred or so pages of the narrative have been written so carefully that the narrator's idiom is appropriately consistent with Jeff's speaking and thinking habits. When Jeff throws in with Garrett and gains access to Garrett's library, the language suddenly takes on a more conventional and literary dress—and loses a flavorsome charm thereby.

In spite of the violent and grim quality of much of the action, a muted note of humor runs through the novel, hardly muted as long as Dempsey Rae is allowed to live and jest in his vivid, racy lingo. Unfortunately the conventional pattern of the frontier novel, whether in the tradition of Cooper or Andy Adams, which calls for an older, experienced hand to give the young recruit lessons in craft and survival, also requires that the veteran bow out gracefully somewhere in the story and leave heroic decisions and the girl to his young disciple. Jeff Jimson's saga loses vitality when tough, lewd-talking, big-hearted Demps falls before the gun of an association detective.

In his role as courtly gentleman and gracious host, hard-headed and arrogant old Wate Garrett is representative of scores of early cattlemen, motivated by the entirely honorable nineteenth century urge to acquire unlimited personal power and wealth, imbued with a dream of the good life to be created and lived in Wyoming, and intent upon transplanting and preserving their cherished cultural heritage beyond the frontier. Some readers will feel that Garrett's essentially generous nature is so carefully concealed by the author that the final scene in which he reveals himself to Jeff is not adequately prepared for in the preceding pages. Perhaps this revelation has been postponed intentionally so that the reader will tend, in final evaluation, to agree with Jeff as he lashes out at the broken old man:

You can't push it all off on us. You set the pace for the rest of us. . . . You keep me and everybody else in the county but yourself from registering a brand. You shut us out of work anywhere around. You buy your judges, and sheriffs, and anybody you can use.

One can reject, if he likes, Jeff's point of view and disagree in general with Mr. Linford's thesis that the cattle barons were more frequently sinners than sinned against and still appreciate the workmanly soundness of the author's craftsmanship. **Man Without a Star** is the most honest and competent fictional treatment of the Wyoming scene yet written and one of the most authentic novels dealing with the history of the cattle industry. It is gratifying to note that its sensitive and intelligent author is a native of Wyoming, saturated in its folkways and history, and seasoned by experience and training to say what he has to say with courage and conviction.

RUTH HUDSON

Professor of English
University of Wyoming



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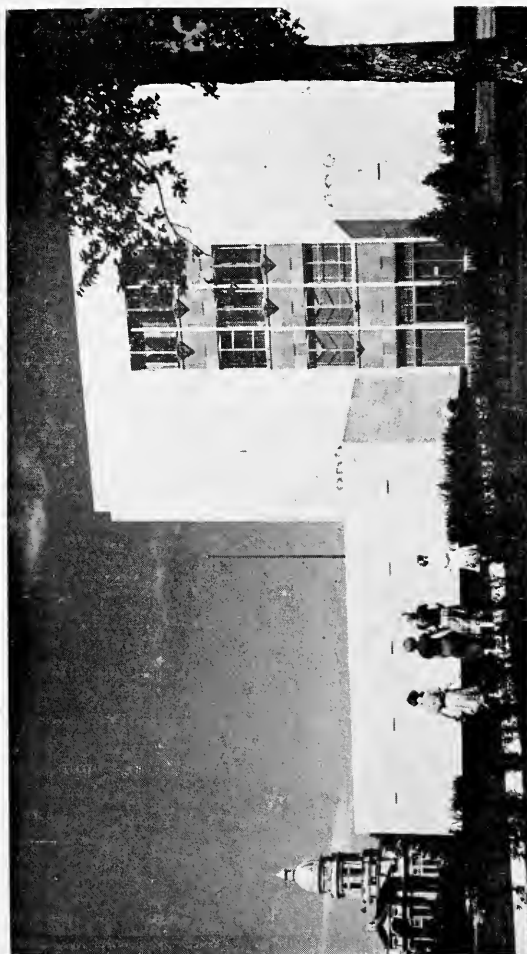
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ENTRANCE TO THE STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT
and STATE MUSEUM

STATE OFFICE BUILDING
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

THE STATE CAPITOL BUILDING MAY BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND

*The Gold Rush Diary of Henry Tappan **

Edited by

EVERETT WALTERS**

and

GEORGE B. STROTHER**

During the winter of 1848-49 Americans thrilled to the news of the discovery of gold in California. The story of Jim Marshall's finding golden nuggets on Sutter's mill-race some sixty miles from Sacramento raced through city, village and farm. Dreams and imaginations were fired with hopes of quick golden fortunes—and a thrilling adventure. Long before the winter's snows had melted, tens of thousands of Americans, young and old, had laid definite plans for the long arduous trip to the Pacific Coast. Some chose the long sea voyage 'round the Horn, others selected the route across the Isthmus of Panama, while still others with less time and money picked the overland routes.

By early spring of 1849 thousands had completed their preparations and were ready to start. Of the estimated 35,000 electing to take the overland courses, there were hun-

*The Henry Tappan Diary is in possession of Tappan's great grandson, George B. Strother, Lieut. Comdr., USNR.

Everett Walters was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1915. He graduated from the University of Cincinnati and received his Ph.D. degree at Columbia University. During World War II he served in the Pacific as a lieutenant in the Navy. Since 1946 he has been on the staff of the history department of the Ohio State University where he is now an assistant professor. He is the author of **Joseph Benson Foraker** and several articles on historical subjects.

**George B. Strother was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1918. He received his doctorate in psychology from the University of Indiana in 1942. During the war he served in the United States Navy and following this joined the faculty of the University of Missouri where he was head of the University Counseling Bureau and assistant professor of Psychology. He went to the University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch, in 1947 as assistant professor of psychology and served as head of the department there from 1949 to 1951. Since 1951 he has been on leave from the University of Minnesota on active duty with the Navy. He is the author of several articles on psychological subjects.

dreds who must have planned to record their experiences for potential emigrants and relatives and for posterity. Yet relatively few persisted in their intentions and today there are extant but a limited number of letters, diaries and journals describing the day by day occurrences of the westward trek.¹

One of the heretofore unpublished journals is that of Henry Tappan of Woodburn, Illinois. Unfortunately little is known about Tappan's life. It has been established, however, that he came from the well-known Massachusetts Tappan family and that his branch of the family lived for some time in New York. His father served as a first lieutenant in the War of 1812 and was still living in New York at the time of the Gold Rush. Henry was probably born in Pittstown, New York, about 1820. Aside from his diary and a few references in Elizabeth Page's *Wagons West*², nothing more is known of his life except that his marriage to Malvina Allard took place in Macoupin County, Illinois, April 6, 1856, and that a son, Henry, was born to them in Carlinville in 1857.

How Tappan became interested in making the trip to California may be surmised from a brief account of the formation of the Jerseyville (Illinois) company. Tappan was one of the several young men in Woodburn who were moved by Dr. A. R. Knapp of nearby Jerseyville to join the company he was then organizing. Dr. Knapp had gone to considerable work to collect such guide-books and general information as was then available, and toured the area enlisting recruits. Tappan's friends, Henry Page, Henry Burton, Tom Van Doren and others he had known at Woodburn tavern and at the William Rider home decided to make the trip. Apparently they had made up their minds by New Year's Day in 1849 although they had not definitely signed up with the Knapp company because many of their friends were planning to join the company from Alton, Illinois, which was also being formed at that time.

No more is known about Tappan's preparations for the journey. From his own diary it may be gathered that he must have had some kind of an informal agreement to meet his three friends at St. Joseph, Missouri, during the last week of April. Page, Burton and Van Doren with a new

1. David M. Potter, ed., *Trail to California: The Overland Journal of Vincent Geiger and Wakeman Bryarly*, New Haven, 1945 lists the most recent count of extant records and contains the fullest notes of any recent work.

2. Elizabeth Page, *Wagons West, A Story of the Oregon Trail*, New York, 1930.

Conestoga wagon, oxen and full equipment, left Woodburn sometime before Tappan. As both Tappan and Page point out in their records they did not join the Jerseyville company until they were actually under way from St. Joseph.

Tappan's diary offers particular interest to those interested in the Gold Rush of '49 in several respects. First, it is an accurate and straightforward account of the historic trip to California. It supplements and substantiates the records of the Jerseyville company as penned by Hackney and Page³, thus making the record of that company one of the best documented in the annals of the '49ers. Second, it establishes the date of the opening of Hudspeth's Cutoff for Tappan notes meeting the Hudspeth company several days after that group had first traversed the short cut. Third, it represents an account of conditions of the California trail when it was first traveled following the discovery of gold.

The Jerseyville company followed one of the well-established trails to California. From St. Joseph they traveled due west for almost 100 miles to the Big Blue River and a few miles farther to the Little Blue River. After going north up the Little Blue for about 60 miles, they crossed a series of hills to the Platte River. Here they turned westward following the Platte to the fork and continued along the South Fork to the lower California crossing. After fording the River the emigrants cut overland through Ash Hollow to the south bank of the North Platte. This latter River laid their course for the next long stretch deep into present Wyoming, past Fort Laramie and on for another 100 miles. At the great bend of the River they veered southward to the Sweetwater and followed the waters of that river to South Pass. The famous Pass led them over the continental divide. Several days after this passage the Illinois company took the waterless Sublette's Cutoff by which they avoided the long dip southward to Fort Bridger. Beyond the Cutoff they came to Green River whose swift waters presented one of the trip's greatest hazards. The trail then took them to Bear River Valley and then up that Valley to Fort Hall. From this famous stopping place Tappan's train journeyed up the Snake River to Raft River, a tributary, and moved southward up the Raft. From the headwaters of Cache Creek, a branch of the Raft, they struck across country to Goose Creek and then through a mountain pass into the Valley of a Thousand Springs.

3. Page, *op. cit.*, reprints in full the letters of Henry Page and the diary of James Hackney.

Here they followed tributaries of the Humboldt River and then that River itself. Along the Humboldt they made their way to the terrifying Humboldt Sink, the greatest trial of all. After a grueling race with thirst they reached the Truckee River which they followed into the Sierra Nevada mountains. As they crossed the Donner Pass, the last great barrier between them and the gold fields, many in that train must have recalled the fate of their former Illinois neighbors, the Donners, whose camp site could still be discerned. Stories of their ill-fated expedition were well known in Illinois. The Jerseyville company cleared the pass with considerable difficulty and reached the Yuba River. They followed the Yuba to Bear River and here saw their first view of the gold fields.

HENRY TAPPAN

Jerseyville
Illinois
April 1849

Journal of dates and incidents on route from St. Joseph, Mo. to California. Dating from 27th April 1849.

St. Joseph on the Missouri River is or was the great point where the Emigrant paid his last adieu to friends & civilization before embarking on the great waste of country lying between the waters of the Missouri River and the Pacific.

I arrived at St. Jo on the 27th April 1849 determined at all events to make my way to the new Eldorado. My first effort after reaching the above place (St. Jo) was to find three of my old acquaintances who had requested me to go in their company & who had preceeded several days up the River.¹ From the great numbers congregated at this place it was almost impossible to find those you sought. So that my efforts of the 27th were fruitless.

1. Tappan apparently had made sketchy arrangements to meet Henry Page, Henry Burton and Tom Van Doren at St. Joseph. Page had arrived on April 23 and Burton and Van Doren on April 22. Tappan's understanding must have been rather casual for on the 24th Page wrote his wife of the trio's indecision as to which company to join for the trip and adds that they were delaying their start only because the grass growth on the prairies had been retarded that spring. He does not mention waiting for Tappan. In a later letter Page records that—"29th Sun. Henry Tappan came on us to day & comes into our mess,—this makes it very pleasant for us—we needed another & could not have any more suitable." Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 101-106. Tappan's difficulty in locating his three friends is understandable in view of the thousands of people in the St. Joseph region waiting to begin the trip to California.

Thursday 27th Apr.

To day I was again disappointed in not finding my mess, although I searched every spot but the right one.

Friday 28th

To day on search again with no better success.

Sunday 29th 1849²

To day found my friends & soon came to terms & made arrangements to cross the Plains in company.

Thursday May 3rd 1849

To day moved our team 4 miles above the Town to Ferry. Lay there all day & the following night & were visited by a very heavy Storm of wind & rain which put a stop to Ferrying the rest of the night.

Friday May 4th 1849

To day crossed the River early³—moved several miles & encamped for the night. This is our first night on the Plains.

Saturday May 5th 1849

To day crossed Musquitoe Creek & encamped after making a short drive.

Sunday May 6th 1849

To day crossed Wolfe Creek, good grass, drive short—

Monday May 7th 1849

Laid in camp to day. We are taking affairs very easy just now as we are waiting the arrival of Doctor Knapp's company from Jerseyville Illinois.⁴ However the day does not go by unemployed. All hands are busy in greasing Boots, mending old coats & ect.

This evening the Jerseyville Co. came in.

Tuesday May 8th 1849

Moved our encampment several miles. Made a short drive & encamped $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the road. We are still

2. Date of entry should read Sunday 30 April 1849.

3. Probably at Savannah Landing, a frequently used ferry when the St. Joseph ferry was crowded as was the case at this time. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

4. Dr. A. R. Knapp's company from Jerseyville was then composed of ten wagons. It was part of the Green and Jerseyville County company. Tappan's mess had decided to go with Dr. Knapp who had been delayed several days. Joseph Hackney, a member of the Knapp company, kept a full diary of the trip to California which is reprinted in full in Page, *op. cit.*

awaiting the arrival of Mr. Perrines mess from Jerseyville.⁵ The country over which we have passed so far is beautiful.

Wednesday May 9th 1849

To day moved our encampment some miles & encamped on the Prairie. We also to day organized into a company adopting a constitution & Bye Laws. The Officers elected for the company were for Captain, Dr. Knapp, Assistant Do Mr. Maxey, Secretary William Rockwell, Treasurer—Henry Tappan.⁶ The event was celebrated in the Evening by a splendid Cotillion Party performed on the green sod by moonlight alone.

Thursday May 10th 1849

To day made 10 or 12 miles & encamped on Turkey Creek. This is our first days travel as an organized company.

Friday May 11th 1849

This morning Mr. Perrines mess made their appearance & joined our company.⁷ We also to day buried one of our company, a Mr. Whitlock from Illinois, disease Cholera.⁸ This has been a day of events indeed. The LaSalle Delegation that joined us a few days since left the company & joined Capt Lichnors intending to take the Santa Fee trail.⁹

Saturday May 12th 1849

Made 25 miles over a beautiful country. Undulating Prairie—interspersed with groves of timber & encamped in vicinity of the Neemahah.

Sunday May 13 1849

This morning early crossed the Neemahah & encamped for the day—Dirty cloths were washed. Cooking done up Brown.

Monday May 14th 1849

Made 24 miles. Guarded our cattle to night I believe for the first time.¹⁰ Plenty of Timber, Grass & Water.

5. Five teams from Clinton County joined the train, this making a total of sixteen wagons. Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 112-114.

6. For text of constitution and by-laws of Green and Jersey County Company see Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 336-341. According to Page the Green county teams had not joined the train by May 13 and this may account for his statement that the "bye-laws" sent in his earlier letter had been altered. At that time Page states that the Company comprised 13 teams with 43 men. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 123.

7. Peter Perrine of Macoupin County.

8. James Whitlock of Jersey County. See Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 114, 120.

9. The La Salle delegation apparently was the Clinton County group which joined the train on May 8.

10. The Indian threat necessitated this cattle guard.

Tuesday May 15th 1849

Made 25 miles. Weather cool. Encamped in a beautiful little valley in the vicinity of Big Blue River—To day Burton & Van Dorn commenced their tour of cooking for the mess one week Page & the Judge¹¹ doing duty as ox drivers. 130 miles from St. Jo.

Wednesday May 16th

This morning crossed the Blue (forded) 10 miles brought us to the Santa Fee Trail. Crossed Rock Creek. Laid in wood and water. Moved on 3 or 4 miles & encamped on the Prairie. We are now in the country of the Pawnee Indians.

Thursday May 17th 1849

Made 18 miles. During the day crossed Wyatts Run, taking its name from the fact of Wyatts¹² being murdered here some years since by the Indians. Admitted into our Company two teams or messes from Illinois. Among the number admitted was Mr. Lindley, wife and child, the only female in the company.

Friday May 18th 1849

To day traveled in the Vicinity of Blue River. Here the country is quite flat, broken at intervals by high points of Prairie. Made a good drive & encamped on Prairie. During the night we were visited by a severe thunder storm. Oh! the poor guards had a hard time of it. This being out in the night guarding a herd of wild cattle the rains pouring down in torrents is no fun. Even if you are in serch of gold. During the night the Bloomington Company encamped a short distance from us. Lost all their cattle in the storm. For three days past the grass has been quite poor.

Saturday May 19th

To day passed several branches of the Sandy & lastly the main branch. Passing a mile beyond we encamped on the little Blue. Grass good. Tied up our stock for the first time which very much pleases the Guards.

Sunday May 20th 1849

Did not move today on account of sickness in camp. Mr. McComber of Mason County Illinois who joined us a few days since died this evening at dark & we buried on the banks of the Blue from his wife & friends His disease had

11. "Judge", the sobriquet given Tappan by his friends in Woodburn.

12. Hackney relates the same story but identifies the murdered man as Rogers. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 127.

gone to far before he reached us to hope for recovery.¹³ Two of our mess have been sick all the time since we left St. Joseph. Yesterday Van Dorn had a fit of ague.

Monday May 21st 1849

To day again on the march. Soon after leaving camp in the morning we came in contact with a big train from Missouri of 50 or 60 waggons. There was some crowding of teams to see which train should have the lead this day. Through some strife the Jersey Company cleared the track. We then had the pleasure of giving the Government Train¹⁴ a smart push, made 27 miles & encamped again near the Blue.

Tuesday May 22nd

Made 20 miles along the Blue. Crossed the North Fork at night & encamped. We saw several antelope today & signs of Elk. We are now in the Buffalo Range. No signs of Indians as yet. We are every day passing trains that left St. Jo before us.

Wednesday May 23rd 1849

Made an early move this morning. Reached the Sand Hills bordering on the River Nebraska or Platte. Moved up the River a few miles & encamped for the night, making a drive of some 16 miles. Today we met a party Traders coming into the States with furs & Buffalo Robes.

Thursday May 24th 1849

The Fort is 300 miles from Weston Mo.

This morning commenced our march up the Platte. Towards noon passed old Fort Childs (now Kearney)¹⁵ It raining at the time we did not tarry any time at the Fort but hurried on to our camping ground. The only chance for fuel to night was to cut up sundry boxes & every thing else that had not been soaked in water. Through hard work &

13. Hackney estimated that over 300 teams and two companies of riflemen passed the team during the layover caused by McComber's death and burial. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 128.

14. The government train apparently accompanied the two companies of riflemen which had passed them the day before. The train was probably en route to Fort Kearney.

15. Fort Childs was renamed Fort Kearney for Gen. Stephen W. Kearny in 1849. The difference in the two spellings is merely one of the numerous examples of such variations. The fort was located on the south bank of the Platte, seven or eight miles southeast of present Kearney, Nebraska.

some fretting we made out to get some hot coffee. This is one of the beautiful times we read of.¹⁶

Friday May 25th 1849

To day moved some 15 miles up the River Bank, the wind blowing a perfect gale. The River is very high & water muddy a perfect twin sister of the muddy Missouri.

Saturday May 26th 1849

Made 15 miles to day & encamped on a little Creek in the vicinity of the River.

Sunday May 27th 1849

Off this morning by six o'clock. Go ahead is the motto now Grass good. Roads heavy. Today Burton killed a Prairie Dog in passing one of their Towns & Taylor¹⁷ killed a fine Hare.

The day, instead of being one of rest, has been one of active labor. Conscience must be quieted. In an enterprise like this men are governed more or less by circumstances. However were I to conduct a train across the Plains I would lay bye on the Sabbath. Policy alone would dictate this course.

Monday May 28th 1849

To day made 20 miles over heavy roads. Met a return train of Traders from Fort Laramie 26 days out, loaded, Buffalo Robes, Elk Skins & Furs. Poor Grass for our stock. At night Burton brought in two Antelope, now we live again, side bacon is hardly thought of in the great jubilee of fresh meat.

Tuesday May 29th 1849

To day made 15 miles over beautiful country. In the evening we went into Election of Officers.¹⁸

Wednesday May 30th 1849

Laid in Camp to day on account of rain. Tents are good demand about this time.

16. Hackney refers to this day as "one of the worst we experienced." Page, *op. cit.*, p. 129.

17. Jerome Taylor. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 162.

18. Dr. Knapp was reelected captain. William Gratton from Bath, Illinois, was elected assistant captain, as were six sergeants to attend to the guard. William Maxey, elected assistant captain on May 9, had withdrawn from the company on May 13 and E. M. Bowers had been elected as assistant captain on that date. Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 119, 121, 135.

Thursday May 31st 1849

To day made 16 miles up the South Fork of Platte. To day some of the train killed a Buffalo, the first on the route. If it is a fair specimen of Buffalo meat I do not wish for more of the kind.

Friday June 1st 1849

Still moving on up the Platte. Crossed a deep sloo & encamped.

Saturday June 2nd 1849

This morning crossed the South Fork & a range of high Hills. Reaching the North Fork in some 4 miles. Moved on in a south west course, ascended the Bluffs again & encamped. The boys killed a Buffalo & an Antelope. Again are we holding a Jubilee over fresh meat.

Sunday June 3rd 1849

This morning after getting under motion, we saw 40 or 50 Buffalo & Elk bounding away over the Plains. Although the boys were excited by the appearance of so fine a herd they were unable to bring any of them to terms. At noon Burton came in with a fine Antelope. We made some 16 miles & encamped.

Monday June 4th 1849

To day we are laying in Camp for the purpose of overhauling our waggons & some throwing away of provisions.¹⁹ At night their were several bonfires about camp. Huge piles Bacon are fired & affords a fine light which is surrounded by the Boys spinning long yarns. A day in Camp is all life & bustle. This time is usually employed in washing, cooking & —

Tuesday June 5th 1849

To day we are under marching orders & on the move again. The scenery on this part of our route is beautiful. We left the River for a short distance to day & in the afternoon reached Ash-Hollow.²⁰ This is a romantic spot. Through a gap in the Bluffs we decended to the River. This Gap or Hollow is lined on either side by high rocky Cliffs. At this point the Emigrants formerly recruited at times their stock. This is the only point where timber can be ob-

19. Throwing away supplies, even food, was a common practice along the trail. The prospect of fresh meat from killing game along the route may have prompted the decision to burn the bacon.

20. Ash Hollow, located on the south side of the North Platte, is

tained suitable for repairing waggons for a long distance. During the night we were visited by a storm of wind & rain.

Wednesday June 6th 1849

Made to day some 16 miles. Rain at intervals through the day. Passed several points of interest along the Bluffs, the most noted of which is termed Castle Bluffs.²¹

Thursday June 7th 1849

To day on the move again. Roads heavy sand. Passed the graves of two Emigrants, a Mr. Lindle from Michigan & Mr. Sternes from Mo. At some distance on our left today we noticed a fine grove of timber. Made an encampment quite early. There has been nothing to day to excite much interest in the minds of any.

Friday June 8th 1849

To day passed at a distance the celebrated Court House Rock.²² I visited this curiosity in company with two or three of our train. This rock is composed principally of sand stone, standing quite isolated from the neighboring Bluffs & has the appearance of some Huge Edifice in a state of decay. It is situated sixty miles from Ash Hollow.

Saturday June 9th 1849

To day made 18 miles. In the morning passed the noted Chimney Rock.²³ This curiosity is a high steeple formation of sand stone & at a short distance has the appearance of a chimney. We encamped before night & were visited by a severe storm of Rain & Hail.²⁴ It seemed as if the very elements had conspired to depress the spirits of our little train. But this was not the case. The guard had a hard time with the stock. The next morning not with standing Hail, Rain & all other visitations of an earthly kind did not

commented upon by nearly all '49er diarists because of the sharp descent through the ash-tree covered bluffs to the River.

21. Castle Bluffs, a series of bleak sandy hills, rose up in a rather desolate area and this attracted attention. Hackney describes them: "They rise to the height of three hundred feet from the surface of the plains they are covered with small stunted cedars" Page, *op. cit.*, p. 141.

22. A famous landmark on the trail, mentioned in nearly all extant accounts. Like the other landmarks in the area, it was well described in the guide books of Joseph E. Ware, *The Emigrant's Guide to California*, reprinted edition, Princeton, 1932, and Edwin Bryant, *What I saw in California*, New York, 1848.

23. Chimney Rock, another notable landmark, contained hundreds of names of travellers. Potter, *op. cit.*, p. 104.

24. This severe hailstorm was mentioned by several other journalists of the trail. See Potter, *op. cit.*, p. 104.

prevent us from being on our march again the following morning.

Sunday June 10th 1849

Made 15 miles. In the afternoon we encamped in a beautiful Valley nearly surrounded by high Bluffs. This is a most the interesting spot to my mind on the whole route from the Missouri to the Valley of the Sacramento. The bluffs at this point are called Scotts. This term is derived from this circumstance. Some years since a small party of Hunters on their way to Fort Laramie from the Mountains has reached this point when Scott was taken sick. The party being out of provisions Scott desired to be left to his fate while the balance of the little party should reach some of the Forts for supplies. Scott was left & after a time his body was discovered.²⁵

Monday June 11th 1849

This morning we emerged from the Enchanted Valley (with many a lingering look cast behind) & travelled but a few miles before the scene became entirely changed from one of Romantic Beauty to one of Barrenness & Sterillity. We moved on over a succession of Sand Hills. Made our noon halt at Horse-Shoe Creek.²⁶ At night again reached the Valley of the Platte making a distance to day of 23 miles.

Tuesday June 12 1849

Our march is again onward over Hill & Valley. A few moments before we made our noon halt we were once more visited by one of those Hail Storms. Although this Storm was not of the most pleasant character, still we had the pleasure of regaling ourselves on Ice-water which at this season of the year would be considered a treat even in the States. We made 24 miles to day & encamped in vicinity of Laramie River, the rain pouring down most beautifully.

Wednesday June 13th 1849

Moved early. Forded Laramie River in good order²⁷ &

25. Tappan here repeats a current version of Scott's fate. Later investigation indicated that Scott probably had been abandoned by his companies and left to die. See Potter, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

26. Tappan is in error. He means Horse Creek, a tributary of the North Platte.

27. Tappan's account of fording the Laramie does not square with Hackney's. The latter wrote, "we had to raise our wagon beds up and put blocks under them to raise them above the water the river run very swift and made difficult crossing" Page, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

moved on to the Fort.²⁸ The Fort is situated on Laramie River Built of unburnt brick. Rather an inferior affair for a Fort. After viewing matters & things in & about the Fort we left our Cards for the benefit of those that may come after us. Leaving the Fort we crossed the deviding ridge between Laramie River & the North Fork of the Platte & encamped for the balance of the day.

Thursday June 14th

To day remained in Camp. For the first time on the route I tried my hand in the art of washing dirty clothes.²⁹ Succeeded admirably although my fingers suffered some from the effects of very good soap.

Friday June 15 1849

To day moved our encampment some 20 miles to Bitter Creek³⁰ in the vicinity of Laramie's Peak in the Black Hills.³¹

Saturday June 16th 1849

Made 20 miles to Horse Shoe Creek—weather warm, Roads dusty, Grass, poor.

Sunday June 17th 1849

Made 24 miles over Hill & Dale. Plenty of good spring water. Crossed La-Bonte River.³² Moved on & encamped on North Fork of same. Mr. Perrine in the course of the day killed a Buffalo on which we are feasting.

28. Fort Laramie was located near the confluence of the Laramie and North Platte Rivers. Originally built as a trading post by William Sublette and Robert Campbell, it was purchased by the American Fur Company. Thirteen days after Tappan passed the fort it was transferred to the United States government as a military post. See Leroy R. Hafen and Francis M. Young, **Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890**, Glendale, Calif., 1938.

29. Probably in Warm Springs, the historic natural laundry tub of the emigrants.

30. Bitter Cottonwood Creek is the correct name. It flows into the North Platte from the south. Potter, *op. cit.*, p. 108. Just west of this creek the historic emigrant trail leaves the North Platte and cuts through the sandy hills.

31. Tappan here uses the term Black Hills to include the Laramie Mountains, a common practice of emigrant diarists. They unquestionably followed Bryant and Ware in this. It should not be confused with the Black Hills of South Dakota and northeastern Wyoming. See Georgia Willis Read and Ruth Gaines, eds., **Gold Rush, The Journal, Drawings and Other Papers of J. Goldsboro Bruff**, New York 1944, I, 482, n. 143.

32, 33, 34. La Bonte, La Prele and Fouché Bois Rivers all flow into the North Platte from the south in what is now Converse County, Wyoming.

Monday June 18th 1849

Made 14 miles over the Hills & encamped on La-Prele River.³³ To day Mr. Rockwells waggon gave out, but finding the remains of a waggon of some former emigrant, soon repaired all damages. Some of our men brought into camp a curiosity in the shape of a Horned Frog.

Tuesday June 19th 1849

To day made 17 miles. Crossed Fouche-Bois River.³⁴ Moved on to the Platte & encamped on the Platte at the mouth of Deer Creek & make preparations for crossing the River. There are now waiting at this point & at the Mormon Ferry 3 miles above 1000 teams.³⁵ Part of the train had an exciting chase after a small herd of Buffalo, killing one, old fellow who in his wrath tore an Emigrants waggon to pieces. 90 miles from Laramie.

Wednesday June 20th .

To day all busy in building Boats for Crossing the River. Evening our craft is complete & we have just made a trial trip.³⁶ All this machinery working fine. This affords us a new style travelling to California.

Thursday June 21st 1849

To day we are busy in crossing the River. For myself I have been in the water all day & crossed 17 teams or wagons, swimming our cattle. Several accidents have occurred since our encampment here, one man in an Illinois train was accidentally shot yesterday & several deaths by drowning.

Friday June 22nd 1849

To day moved 16 miles through deep sand & encamped in a beautiful spot on the River.

35. Near the mouth of Deer Creek, the trail rejoins the North Platte. The Deer Creek crossing taken by Tappan and the Jerseyville Company and the Mormon Ferry were the principal crossings of the North Platte. Tappan's estimate of 3 miles to the Mormon Ferry must be a slip of the pen for this crossing is approximately 30 miles up the river.

36. Hackney describes the craft for crossing the river as comprising three large canoes, twenty-four feet long and two feet "over", lashed together. The wagons were placed on the outside canoes which were spaced apart to receive the wheels. This unwieldy "machinery" was then rowed with oars. Page commented that 30 men were not enough to put the craft deep enough in the water and heavy gear had to be added. According to Page, the Jerseyville Company at this time numbered 52 men and 15 wagons. Page, *op. cit.*, pp. 151, 156.

Saturday June 23rd

Made 18 miles over Hills & deep Sand. Warm & sultry. Encamped on the Plains two miles from the River.

Sunday June 24th 1849

Made 20 miles to day without water & encamped at Willow Springs.³⁷ We passed through the Avenue. High Bluffs on both sides.

Monday June 25th 1849

To day left Willow Springs on our way to Rock Independence. One mile from the Springs is Prospect Hill & truly the name is quite applicable. From the summit we had one of the most beautiful views I ever beheld, Mountains, Vallies, Hills & Plains were in the distance. Nine miles from the Spring, crossed Grease Wood Creek & made our noon halt. Moved on over heavy sands. Passed the celebrated Saleratus Lakes³⁸ & encamped on the Sweet Water.

Tuesday June 26th 1849

This morning passed Independence Rock.³⁹ I visited it in company with several of the train. It is a great curiosity one vast pile of Granite—"Solitary & alone" on the Valley of the Sweet Water. The River at this point passes between two mountain Bluffs some 400 feet high. I had the pleasure of a game of cards on the summit of the Rock & also the mortification of being at my own game. To day made 15 miles.

Wednesday June 27th 1849

Made 17 miles. Roads heavy sand. Scenery beautiful. Rocks piled on Rocks & mountain of granite towering away to the very clouds.

Thursday June 28th

Made 15 miles up the valley, fording the River twice. Encamped early & in sight of the Rocky Mountains, Dressed in their Mantle of Snow.

37. Dr. Bryarly of the Charleston Company which passed Willow Springs on the afternoon of June 23, noted that there was not a sprig of grass at this regular encampment. Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 114.

38. These lakes were alkali beds. Hackney commented that the area was covered to the depth of two inches with saleratus and it looked like a lake of clear water.

39. The most renowned of the trail landmarks. On "Great Register of the Desert" the emigrants inscribed their names. See Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 117.

Friday June 29th

To day made 16 miles. No water until night reaching the River again. To day passed an Ice Quarry. The ice is found some two feet below the surface from 4 to 8 inches in thickness. Had a good julip.

Saturday June 30th

Made 20 miles. At noon left the River & ascending the High Bluffs, passed on over Hills, Rocks, & Vallies & encamped on Strawberry Creek. A beautiful little brook tumbling down from mountains of Snow & Ice.

Sunday July 1st 1849

Made 10 miles & encamped on a branch of the Sweet Water within a short distance of Pacific Spring. Met to day a French Trader & a party of crow Indians from Fort Bridger.⁴⁰

Monday July 2nd

Made 14 miles. Roads good. Passed Pacific Spring & encamped one mile beyond the same.⁴¹ The waters from this Spring are the first on the route that flow towards the Pacific Ocean.

Tuesday July 3rd 1849

Made 20 miles. No grass nor water. At noon crossed Dry Sandy & at night encamped on Little Sandy River fording the same.⁴²

Wednesday July 4th

No symptoms of a move as yet to day, our teams having had some hard fare of late. Some of the train fired salutes in memory of the day. All are at work overhauling our loads & lightning up. Many articles are being thrown

40. Hackney states that there were several traders and that the Indians were their wives. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 154. The Charleston Company met this same group the day before and heard some tall stories about the Indians of the area. Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, pp. 125-127.

41. Tappan fails to mention that his train has passed through the South Pass that day. Perhaps this omission resulted from the very gradual ascent noted both by Hackney and Page. The latter remarked "it was well that we had guide books to tell us when we entered on & arrived at the summit of the (Pass)". Page, *op. cit.*, p. 158; see also Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 128. Pacific Springs was carefully noted by '49ers diarists because it marked the Continental Divide.

42. Just before crossing the Little Sandy Creek, the trail split, one road bearing southward to Fort Bridger and the other leading directly westward. The latter, a departure from the original Oregon trail, was called Sublette's Cut-off after William Sublette who in 1832 first made the trip. Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, pp. 130-131.

away which may or might be of great use in the mines. At noon part of the train moved on six or seven miles to the Big Sandy, Leaving five wagons of us to come at our leisure. For my part I care little whether we again unite or not. After sundown we moved on some 3 miles & halted for the night & found good grass near our camp.⁴³

Thursday July 5th

This morning moved up to Big Sandy & joined our train again. A 1/2 past 3 in the afternoon we commenced our march for Green River on what is called Subletts Cut Off.⁴⁴ Travelled all night with one short interval for feeding.

Friday July 6th 1849

Finished our stretch of 54 miles being 30 hours on the Cut Off. Our teams are nearly tired out.

Saturday July 7th

To day lay in camp awaiting our turn for ferrying Green River. We obtained fair feed for our cattle by swimming them on to an island in the River.

Sunday July 8th

To day moved our wagons up to the Ferry. Maned the boat with our own men & crossed all our wagons but three by sundown.⁴⁵ The train moved on some two miles & encamped for the night. I remained behind with two or three to assist the three wagons over—

Monday July 9th 1849

Moved over the bluffs. Nooned on Blacks Fork⁴⁶ & encamped at night in a valley at the foot of the mountains.

43. According to Hackney the salutes consisted of blowing up a powder keg and firing four or five rounds of rifle shots. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 160. The thought of crossing the waterless plain ahead must have impelled Tappan and the Company to throw away valuable gear.

44. The Jerseyville Company followed the usual custom in crossing Sublette's Cut-off, beginning the trip in mid-afternoon and travelling all night. Tappan's estimate of 54 miles for the crossing is higher than others who recorded their experiences. Ware's *Guide* guessed 35 miles but most emigrants believed it between 40 and 50 miles. Ware, *Guide*, footnote 40; Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 132; Irene D. Paden, *Wake of Prairie Schooner*, New York, 1943, pp. 256-259.

45. Crossing the Green River was a difficult operation for it was 150 yds. wide, 10 ft. deep. The French ferryman at this crossing seems to have had a virtual monopoly, charging \$8.00 to take over one wagon. This bottleneck created a jam-up of wagons waiting to cross. Certain trains were forced to wait four days for their turn.

46. Tappan errs here as did Ware. Blacks Fork lay many miles to the south. Dr. Bryarly of the Charleston Company called this stream "the 12 mile run". Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 136. Modern maps show Fontenelle Creek at this location.

Tuesday July 10th

Made 18 miles & encamped on Hams Fork of Bear River.⁴⁷ At this point we met with a part of the Alton Company. Among the members were Messrs. Hutton, Buffom, Johnson, Pettingil, Ferguson & —⁴⁸ The roads have been mountainous. Grass good.

Wednesday July 11th 1849

Made 18 miles over a very mountainous region & encamped on the Bluffs of Bear River. This afternoon one of our best oxen gave out from over driving.

Thursday July 12th

Decended the Bluffs. Made some 13 ms & encamped on Smith's Fork.⁴⁹ Lay up for the rest of the day. Caught some very fine speckled trout, a great rarity indeed.

Friday July 13th

Made 15 miles to Thomas Fork. Good grass & Trout fishing. Roads dusty.

Saturday July 14th

To day moved over high Steep Hills 13 miles to the River again. Nooned at an Indian encampment.⁵⁰ Moved on again 6 miles to Luback Fork. Grass & fishing good.

Sunday July 15th

Lay in camp to day, cooking, washing, & resting our weary limbs.

Monday July 16th

Made 12 miles & nooned on double Creek. In the afternoon made 10 miles & encamped at a spring near the road.

Tuesday July 17th

Made 18 miles. Passed the celebrated Soda Springs, also

47. Hams Fork enters Blacks Fork which flows into the Green River.

48. The members of the Alton Company had broken from the main group. Such break-ups frequently occurred among the forty-niner trains.

49. Smiths Fork and Thomas Fork, reached the following day, are tributaries of the Bear River.

50. Hackney notes the camp of Snake Indians who had a "large drove of horses but would not sell or trade any of them they are the greatest beggars in the world . . ." Page, *op. cit.*, p. 166. Dr. Bryarly of the Charleston company identifies these Indians as "Shoa Shounnies" and tells of several trappers who were with them. One of the latter may have been Peg-leg Smith, a famous freebooter, trader and trapper. See Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 143.

the craters of former volcanoes.⁵¹ Left Bear River & entered the Valley of the Port Neuf River. Encamped at a spring 7 miles from Bear River. Grass good.

Wednesday July 18th

To day made 18 miles up the Valley & encamped on Port Neuf River.

Thursday July 19th

Made 18 over the dividing ridge of the waters of the Great Salt Lake & of the Pacific. Encamped on a small creek.

Friday July 20th

Made 22 miles to day over heavy sand roads, passing Fort Hall & encamping two miles beyond. Fort Hall is situated on Snake or Lewis River.⁵² Nothing in its appearance to interest the weary traveller. At this time it possesses quite a business appearance as many Emigrants are resting a few days at this point.

Saturday July 21st

To day as we seem to be within the bounds of whites once more we lay by for rest. Fort Hall & vicinity abounds with Indians, Frenchmen, Trappers & Traders, & Mosquitoes, the latter being very numerous & troublesome.⁵³

Sunday July 22nd

This morning bid farewell to Fort Hall & moved on making 18 miles over a series of sand hills bordering Lewis River. In the morning forded Port Neuf & Panack Rivers.⁵⁴

Monday July 23rd

Made 14 miles. At noon crossed Ford Creek & at night reached Raft River & encamped. Grass good. At this

51. Soda or Beer Springs intrigued the emigrant diarists. Hackney commented that "when you first dip it up sparkles and fomes the same as sodo it also tasts like sodo water only a great deal stronger . . ." He also described the celebrated Steamboat Spring which "at regular intervals the water spouts up two or three feet high and makes a noise resembling the scape pipe of a steam boat it then settels down slowly . . ." Page, *op. cit.*, p. 166-167.

52. Fort Hall, built by Nathaniel J. Wyeth in 1834, had been purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1837. The United States following the Oregon treaty of 1846 guaranteed the rights of the Company at Fort Hall and several other posts. It is located several miles above the American Falls Reservoir.

53. Most Forty-niner diarists noted the poor appearance of Fort Hall, crowded with Indians, trappers and traders. Only the thick hordes of mosquitos seemed worse.

54. Tappan misspells Bannock as had Ware in his guide book. Ware, *Guide*, p. 30.

point the two trails diverge for California & Oregon.⁵⁵ We met here quite a train taking the Oregon Trail, mostly families.

Monday July 23rd

Made 19 miles over barren Sand, Hills, Poor grass but dusty roads.

Wednesday July 25

Made 15 miles over Hills covered with wild Sage, reaching the River again. Grass good.

Thursday July 26th

Made 18 miles up the River.⁵⁶ At noon met Mr. Arnspringer with whom we had separated at Green River. At night encamped in good grass.

Friday July 27th

Made 17 miles up a branch of Raft River & encamped.

Saturday July 28th

Made 20 miles over the mountains dividing the waters of Lewis & Humbolt Rivers & encamped on Goose Creek.

Sunday July 29

Moved up the Creek 4 miles & encamped.

Monday July 30th

Made 18 miles up Goose Creek. Plenty of Dust, Rocks & ditches.

Tuesday July 31st

Left Goose Creek & made 21 miles over a Hilly Barren desolate section of country. After a continuous march of 13½ miles, reached Rock Spring. Plenty of water for ourselves & teams. Moved on & encamped in Warm Spring Valley.⁵⁷ Days warm & Nights cold. For several nights Ice. Poor grass.

55. The divergence of the trails at the junction of the Raft and Snake Rivers marked another important landmark of the emigrants. Oddly enough Tappan does not mention passing the beautiful American Falls on this date.

56. Hudspeth Cutoff joined the trail at the point where Tappan "nooned" this day. This cutoff had branched off from the trail at Soda Spring and ran due west to avoid the circuitous route via Fort Hall. Hackney also records the end of the cutoff and adds that when the Jerseyville company had passed Soda Springs the route was not yet opened. Crabb of the company did take the short cut. Page, *op. cit.*, p. 176.

57. Known today as Thousand Springs Valley, Nevada.

Wednesday August 1st 1849

To day good road (dust excepted). Made 20 miles & encamped in good grass.

Thursday Aug 2nd

Made 20 miles. In the morning passed several warm springs. Nooned at the terminus of Warm Spring Valley. Encamped at night on a small Creek emptying into Humbolt River.⁵⁸

Friday Aug 3rd

Made 22 miles. Part of the distance through a deep canon, rough & rocky. Crossing a Creek nine times in a distance of 4 miles. Encamped at night on a small creek in company with Hudspeths & the Pike County Trains.⁵⁹

Saturday Aug 4th

Made 12 miles & encamped on Marys River.⁶⁰ Warm & Dusty. Grass good.

Sunday Aug 5th

Made 12 miles down the River.

Monday Aug 6th

To day crossed the River. Made 18 miles, crossing several steep Hills & encamped at night on the Rivers bank. Mired all our teams in crossing a sloo.

Tuesday Aug 7th

To day made 20 miles crossing the River 4 times. We took the Mormon Trail through a deep Canon to avoid steep Hills. In passing a difficult point in the Canon Walkers wagon upset with all hands in the inside.

Wednesday Aug 8th

To day made 26 miles. Six miles from our last nights encampment, left the River & struck the Bluffs. After making 20 miles over Hills, Rocks, & Sage Plains, we reached the River again at ten o'clock at night.⁶¹ No grass. All hands in a beautiful humor.

58. Probably Bishop's Creek. Tappan does not mention that the company took a cutoff that noon. Hackney describes the road as being made by the Mormons the year before. By following this route the company cut off about 20 miles although the going was extremely rough over rocky hills.

59. The former train was led by James Hudspeth for whom the cutoff was named. Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 148.

60. The emigrants called the Humbolt by its early name, Mary's River.

61. Tappan and the company took a twenty mile cutoff to avoid the virtually impassable canon with its sheer sides.

Thursday Aug 9th

We had a fine time this morning hunting our teams which had wandered off in search of grass. After getting our teams together made 10 miles down stream & encamped finding some little grass. This is certainly the most desolate region on the Trail to the Gold Mines.

Friday Aug 10th

Made 18 miles down the River. Roads dusty, Grass good.

Saturday Aug 11th

Made 18 miles over Saleratus District. Dusty Roads.

Sunday August 12th 1849

Made 20 miles. At noon left the River for 9 miles to avoid a deep canon. At night reached the River again, grass poor.

Monday Aug 13th

Made 17 miles. Again left the River for 8 or 9 miles over Sand Hills to the River where we found good grass. To day met with Mr & Mrs. Lindley with whom we parted on Big Sandy.⁶²

Tuesday Aug 14th

Made 10 miles encamping in good grass for the day. This morning met Mr Stevens from Alton, Illinois.

Wednesday Aug 15th

Made 10 & encamped for the day in good grass. In a few days we shall find but poor feed if any until we reach Truckees River, consequently we must improvise what we do find.⁶³

Thursday Aug 16

Made 17 miles down the River.

Friday Aug 17

Made 10 miles. Roads sandy, grass poor.

Saturday Aug 18

Left the River. Made 13 miles over a high point of land & struck the River again. At noon again left the River, striking it again at night & encamped in the largest crowd of wagons since we left St. Joseph.

Sunday Aug 19

Made 18 miles. Some 3 or 4 miles from our last encamp-

62. The Lindleys had probably taken the old trail via Fort Bridger.

63. Preparation for the hazardous trip across the Humbolt Sink accounted for the low daily mileage.

ment we struck what is termed the new road leaving the old Trail on our right.⁶⁴

Monday Aug 20th

Made 20 miles & encamped at the "Sower Camping Place" so termed.

Tuesday Aug 21st

This morning left the River, crossing Spring Branch at noon & encamped at night on a large Sloo. Here we found grass of good quality in great abundance. Our days travel 16 miles.

Wednesday Aug 22

Moved down the Sloo 6 miles & encamped. At this point we cut grass for our teams & making other preparations for crossing the Desert.⁶⁵

Thursday Aug 23rd

Remain in camp to day recruiting both man & beast.

Friday Aug 24th

Made 15 miles to the Sink of Marys River. At this point the waters of the river entirely disappear. However wells or holes have been dug by the Emigrants in advance but the water is so highly impregnated with Sulphur that but few of the teams will drink of it. Within one or two miles of the springs or wells the road diverges. The left leading to Carson River & the right to Truckees. In the morning we commenced the trip across the Desert a distance of 55 miles. Tonight our teams [word undecipherable] enjoy the fresh hay we prepared at the Sloo.

Saturday Aug 25th

This morning on the march by sunrise wishing to make the Hot Springs 22 miles as soon as possible. Burton & myself proceeded in advance of the Train for the purpose of cooling water for our team by the time of their arrival

64. The Jerseyville company had decided not to take the new trail which led due west from this point on the Humbolt and struck the Feather River some 150 miles north of Sutter's Fork. The newer route was known as Lassen's cutoff.

65. At the Humbolt Slough all emigrant trains laid up for several days as Tappan recorded on August 23 for "recruiting both man & beast". This large stretch of marshland further provided an abundance of grass for hay which was to be used while crossing the parched Humbolt Sink.

which we to some benefit accomplished.⁶⁶ The teams arrived in good time so that we got our supper, rested & fed our teams & were on the march again soon after sunset. We have yet to make 25 or 30 miles to the River.

Morning Sunday Aug 26th

We are still on the march. Drove all night with the exception of a few minuets rest. Our teams look bad this morning although but few have failed. The last 8 miles of the route the road is very heavy sand, trying to our teams. However by 10 oclock all the teams in the Train reached the River.

Truckees River is a beautiful stream, the water cold & clear, current rapid.⁶⁷ At this point it has quite a wide bottom in places, good grass. Its banks are lined with cottonwoods.

Monday Aug 27th

To day remain in camp, ourselves enjoying good water & rest & our teams in good feed.

Tuesday Aug 28th

To day left camp & made 16 miles fording the River 11 times. The fording is hard on our teams, the bed of the stream being very rough & stony & the current very rapid.

Wednesday Aug 29th

Made 15 miles over rough & sandy roads, fording the River 10 times. Encamped at night in a beautiful little valley of good grass.⁶⁸

Thursday Aug 30

Remain in camp improving the grass for our teams. Burton has been sick for a day or two but a days rest seems to help him.

66. The Hot Springs provided the only source of potable water on the Sink. Dr. Bryarly asserted that a piece of meat held in the water for 20 minutes would be perfectly cooked. Potter, ed., *op. cit.*, p. 192.

67. Truckee River arises in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and flows into Pyramid Lake, then westward through the present city of Reno and empties into Truckee Lake. To the almost exhausted man and beast the river appeared as a part of Heaven. All emigrant trains paused for some time at the trail's juncture with the river revelling in the crystal clear water and abundant grass. The diarists invariably complain of the continued confusion at this encampment.

68. The train had passed through Truckee canon. The beautiful little valley mentioned by Tappan was called Truckee Meadows. The city of Reno is now located in this valley.

Friday Aug 31

Made 12 miles over rough stony roads, fording the River twice. Grass poor.

Saturday Sep 1st

Made 12 miles. After fording the River 4 times (making in all 27 in a distance of some 40 miles) we left it & commenced climbing Hills & mountains.⁶⁹ We are now in a region of heavy timbered land embracing several Species of the Pine. Encamped in a beautiful little valley shut in on all sides by mountains. Grass poor.

Sunday Sep 2nd

Made 14 miles. Roads pretty good. Nooned in a fine little valley on a branch of Truckees River. At night encamped in a valley of good grass.

Monday Sep 3rd

Made 12 miles crossing several small branches of Truckees River. Encamped at night in the immediate vicinity where Donners party from Illinois suffered so much in the fall of 1846. Truckees Lake is $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our encampment. It is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded on all sides by mountains. It abounds in fish. To morrow we commence the ascent of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The foot of the Pass is 8 miles distant from the Lake.

Tuesday Sep 4th

This morning we are off for the Pass.⁷⁰ Arrived at the foot of the Pass at about noon. Doubled teams & reached the Summit without loss of any kind. From the Summit we descended rapidly for five miles & encamped in a valley of good grass.

Wednesday Sep 5th

Today made 10 miles over mountains of Granite Rock. The roughest roads I ever Saw. Now is the time that heavy wagons are useful. At the foot of almost every Steep we find the remains of broken Yankee Wagons.

Thursday Sep 6th

To day made 8 miles. Roads bad. Just before night we came to a spot in our road where our wagons had to be let

69. The Jerseyville company here followed the well established trail along the Truckee River, steadily ascending the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

70. Donner Pass.

down with ropes.⁷¹ After this operation we were obliged to tie up our cattle to trees without feed.⁷²

Friday Sep 7th

To day made 8 miles, leaving the Yuba & encamping in a valley in the vicinity of Bear River. Obtained water by digging.

Saturday Sep 8th

EDITORS COMMENTS

Unfortunately Tappan failed to complete his valuable account of the trip to California gold fields although he was only five days from his destination. Possibly the nearness of the diggings and the temptation to try a few tentative pannings as others doubtless did even this far upstream may have made the keeping of a diary seem inconsequential. But from Hackney's colorful journal we learn of the last few days of the trip. On September 8 the company reached Bear River Valley and then crossed over several steep mountains, one of which required the wagons to be lowered down by ropes. On September 11 the Jerseyville group came upon their first sight of gold mining which was being carried on by a handful of men whose supplies had run out. Apparently all hands jumped from their wagons, seized whatever pans or vessels were available and started furiously panning for gold. Hackney claimed that he soon had washed out a half dollar's worth. Dr. Bryarly and the Charleston company 13 days earlier had performed the same rite. The following day, September 12, these Illinois Forty-niners, now virtually exhausted from the lack of food and rest, pulled into Illinoistown. At this tiny mining community, populated by former Illinois neighbors, Tappan and his friends decided to end their trip and there try their luck. Dr. Knapp and the main body of the Company including the diarist, Hackney, pushed on to Stanislaus, farther south. One other wagon remained with Tappan's mess.

From Page's long letters to his wife we may learn of some of Tappan's activities during the fall of 1849 and in

71. Tappan's casual remarks belie the great difficulty experienced this day. Hackney recorded that the ascent was as steep as a house roof and that only the "hardest kind of scratching" brought the wagons to the summit.

72. It was necessary to tie up the cattle because otherwise they would wander away in search of food and become lost.

1850. On November 6 the four Woodburn men, the last mess from the Jerseyville company remaining in Illinois-town, moved westward. They were prompted, as Page expressed it, by the approach of winter and the scarcity and high prices of provisions. They did not abandon their claims, however, and left their tools with a company of miners against their return in the spring. Their earnings had been small. Page had gained about \$280, the others about \$380 each. First they went to Marysville where they had sent their wagon and oxen for safekeeping, and then pushed on to Sacramento. Toward the end of November the quartet moved fifty miles east to notorious Hangtown on the American River. During late December or early January, 1850, the Woodburn mess moved again, this time in search of a satisfactory shelter for the rainy season and settled upon Mud Flat, later known as El Dorado. Here they were able to work only occasionally because of the frequent rains. On these long rainy afternoons and evenings "Judge" Tappan sang old songs and Burton and Van Doren played the violin to while away the tedious hours.

In mid-March the four constructed a quicksilver machine for extracting gold. Whether or not this expensive and cumbersome affair was put into operation has not been recorded for in late March the Woodburn boys broke up the mess under strained circumstances. Unquestionably the cramped quarters, the monotony of their work and the abnormal mode of life brewed bickering and discontentment among them. Tappan and Burton decided to pull out, and in the spring of 1850 bought Page's and Van Doren's interest in the team and left for another location. Van Doren at the same time withdrew on his own venture and went to Sacramento. During the summer and fall of 1850 the Woodburn boys saw one another on brief visits. Page's letters occasionally mention meetings with the others and Tappan's accounts in the back of his diary mention purchases made for his friends on trips to various towns. These accounts furnish some indication of his travels—many of them through towns that no longer exist except on the old maps. They also give some indication of the lean fare and high prices of the region. These notes would seem to indicate that the gold panned or mined did little more than meet expenses.



1865 Was-sa-Kee - Shoshone Chief

CHIEF WASHAKIE, 1865

Washakie and the Shoshoni

A Selection of Documents from the Records of the
Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs.

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN*

Part I 1849-1852

Scarcely a beginning has been made in reconstructing the history of the Shoshoni. Grace Raymond Hebard in two biographies, *Sacajawea* and *Washakie*, dealt with the two most famous figures of Shoshoni history, and published incidentally a good deal of information about the history of the tribe, but conscientious as was Dr. Hebard's work, her books are merely suggestive of the riches that await a serious student of the Shoshoni. The same may be said of the few ethnological studies that have so far appeared. No one has yet undertaken a serious investigation of Shoshoni contacts with the Spanish frontier, a major field of study in itself, and if more work has been done on the next period, when explorers and fur traders converged upon the Shoshoni country from east, north, west, and south, most of what has been published does not properly reflect the resources of the existing literature and has made seriously uncritical use of that literature.

We can call attention to these lacks without for the moment attempting to do anything about them. The present contribution deals with a still later era in Shoshoni history which is hardly less in need of fresh documentation and critical restudy, the period after settlement had commenced in the mountains and overland travel to the Pacific had reached floodcrest. No era had graver import for the Shoshoni, for their continued existence as a people, even, depended upon the terms they could make with the forces operating to destroy their way of life.

The documents we are printing reflect the principal official contacts between the Shoshoni and the United States government from 1849 to 1868, and are drawn from a single archive, the records of the Utah Superintendency of Indian Affairs. The Shoshoni province was divided among several

*For a biography of Dale L. Morgan see *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 21, Nos. 2-3, July-October 1949, pp. 108-109.

jurisdictions when the United States government, after the war with Mexico, addressed itself to the problem of administering the Indian affairs of the Far West. Most important among these was the Utah Superintendency, in part because its jurisdiction extended over the Uinta Mountains and the Bridger Valley, favorite haunts of the Shoshoni, but also because the settlement of the Mormons in the valley of the Great Salt Lake created a power center which profoundly affected everything in the region roundabout. This jurisdiction ended with the territorial line at 42°; north of that, Shoshoni country lay in the Oregon Superintendency, a remote and in some ways inconsequential factor in Shoshoni affairs. Much farther to the east, and not at first particularly relevant to Shoshoni life, the Central Superintendency at St. Louis extended a long jurisdictional arm up the Platte and Sweetwater as high as the Oregon boundary in South Pass. The papers of the Oregon and Central superintendencies will eventually have to be studied for such light as they may shed on Shoshoni history, but the Utah documents in themselves comprise a major field of study, and from them we have now drawn everything that significantly relates to the history of Washakie and the Wyoming Shoshoni.

The emphasis rests upon what we call the Wyoming Shoshoni because historically they have had the nearest approach to a unified history. Shoshonean peoples are the most widespread linguistic stock in the West. The Comanches, perhaps the closest relatives of the Wyoming Shoshoni, had moved to the southern plains long before our time and do not figure significantly in Shoshoni history proper during the fifties and sixties. Shoshonean bands of the Snake Country, near cousins of the Wyoming Shoshoni, if indeed any true ethnological distinction can be made between them, merit a separate study which would also deal with the Bannocks; but these figure only peripherally in the documents we are publishing; the same may be said of the western Shoshoni of Utah, Nevada, and Oregon, the northern Paiutes of Nevada and Oregon, and the southern Paiutes of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona. The Utes have a more central role in the documents now printed, in part because they constituted an administrative problem for the Utah Superintendency even more pressing than did the Shoshoni, and the affairs of the two tribes are intermixed.

How early the Wyoming Shoshoni became identified with the area with which history chiefly associates them, the Green River Valley, is a problem yet to be worked out. William H. Ashley in 1825 spoke of the Shoshoni as inhabit-

ing principally north, south, and west of the Tetons, but included in their domain "the headwaters of the Rio Colorado of the West and down the same to Mary's river"—that is, the Green River as far down as the Yampa. As against this, Nathaniel Wyeth, writing in 1848 on the basis of his experiences of 1832-36, called the Green River Valley "a den of thieves, where every one keeps every other at arm's-length," and added, "I am uncertain if any Indians inhabit any portion of this valley, as being particularly their own, above Brown's Hole. If so, it is the Green River Snakes, whose village of 152 lodges, I met on the main fork of Grand [Colorado] River, on the 18th July, 1836."¹ However this may have been, by mid-century the Shoshoni were definitely in possession of the Green River Valley, subject only to occasional raids by tribes from the north, east, and south. By then, too, Washakie had definitely established his ascendancy over the Wyoming Shoshoni—an ascendancy which, except for a brief period during the Civil War, he maintained to the end of his life; he is thus the dominant personality among the Snakes through all the events with which we shall be concerned.

The first two of the documents that follow predate the Utah Superintendency, though they form a part of the archive of that jurisdiction. One of the earliest acts performed by Zachary Taylor after entering the Presidential office in March, 1849, was to extend the jurisdiction of the Indian Office over the vast territory just acquired from Mexico through the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; to effect this in advance of actual political organization of the new territory, he ordered the Indian agencies for the Upper Missouri and Council Bluffs to be transferred to Santa Fe and Salt Lake. On April 7, 1849, John Wilson of Missouri was notified of his appointment to the Salt Lake agency, and as soon as possible he set out for the field of duty, traveling in the midst of the gold rush.

Wilson's first report was written from Fort Bridger, in the heart of the Shoshoni country, on August 22, 1849, and is the more interesting for being the first official contact of any kind between the United States government and Washakie and his Shoshoni. Wilson went on to Great Salt Lake City and wrote another letter on September 4 which was also concerned more or less with the Shoshoni. He

1. H. C. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific 1822-29*. Glendale, 1941, p. 151; H. R. Schoolcraft, *Historical and Statistical Information Respecting . . . the Indian Tribes*, Philadelphia, Vol. 1, pp. 217-219.

then continued on to California and soon after passed out of the sphere of Indian relations altogether, for he resigned early in 1850. The various reports written by Wilson constitute nearly the whole of the papers of the "Salt Lake Agency," for of course that agency was transformed with the creation of the Territory of Utah in September, 1850. Under the organic act, the governor of the new territory was made ex-officio superintendent of Indian Affairs.

Owing to the slowness of communications, Brigham Young did not learn that he had been appointed Utah's first governor and superintendent of Indian Affairs until January, 1851, and he did not commence to act in the latter capacity until July following, when the sub-agents reported for duty. There were two sub-agents in addition to an agent, and Young divided his superintendency into three jurisdictions. However, some dissension broke out among the Utah territorial officials in the fall of 1851, and when some of them returned East, one of the sub-agents went with them. He was never replaced, and through the rest of Brigham Young's tenure as superintendent, Utah had just one agent and one sub-agent to look after Indian Affairs in the far-flung territory.

That the territory was truly far-flung, to the point of presenting serious administrative difficulties, is evident when it is remembered that in the 1850's Utah extended all the way from the California boundary in the Sierra Nevada to the continental divide, within its present north and south boundaries. It was impossible that three men, with limited funds, could attend properly to all the wants and needs of the tribes and bands who occupied this vast area. Apart from that, there was always a very practical aspect to the administration of Indian Affairs by the government; time and money were principally spent on areas of friction, and therefore usually in the vicinity of white settlements or along the overland trails traveled by the whites. In consequence, there are many shortcomings in the kind of information that is developed in the documents we are printing; they are chiefly valuable for their bearing upon the exterior relations of the Shoshoni, although much is to be inferred from them about the domestic economy of Washakie and his people through a difficult time of transition.

It is not my purpose here to go into the frictions within the Utah Superintendency itself, the conflict of Mormon and non- or anti-Mormon which generated a continual heat and made more wasteful and inefficient the actual administration of Indian Affairs. The documents themselves amply reflect both sides of this situation; and I have elsewhere

treated the matter in broad perspective.² We are concerned with the records of the Utah Superintendency mainly as a source of information on the Wyoming Shoshoni, including enough collateral documents to illustrate the administrative structure of the Superintendency insofar as Shoshoni affairs were concerned. Some of the records now printed contain a good deal of extraneous matter which is nevertheless important to Western history; it has seemed desirable to print the whole texts of most of the documents, for not only does this make them available in their entirety—it permits Shoshoni affairs to be seen in context.

The existence of these papers among the records of the Office of Indian Affairs in the National Archives was first called to my attention in 1939 by my good friend, the late Maurice L. Howe, who had an insatiable interest in everything that pertained to the Indians or the West. Maurice had transcribed and sent to me a considerable volume of these records. Later, over a period of ten years when I myself was intermittently living in Washington, I systematically finished the job of working over the Utah Superintendency papers. Over this long time the staff of the National Archives has been most helpful, and it is a pleasure, on Maurice's behalf and my own, to thank them for their aid.

I.

**John Wilson, Salt Lake Indian Agent, to Thomas Ewing,
Secretary of the Interior, dated Fort Bridger, on Black's
Fork of Green or Colorado River, August 22, 1849.³**

Sir: We arrived here yesterday. Messrs. [Louis] Vassques and [James] Bridger are the proprietors, and have resided here and in these mountains for more than 25 years. They are engaged as traders, belonging to the American Fur Company. They are gentlemen of integrity and intelligence, and can be fully relied on in relation to any statement they make in regard to the different tribes, claims, boundaries, and other information in relation to the Utah and Sho-sho-nie tribes and a small band of Punnacks, as

2. Dale L. Morgan, "The Administration of Indian Affairs in Utah, 1851-1858," *Pacific Historical Review*, November, 1948, Vol. XVII, pp. 383-409.

3. The original of this document not being present in the Utah Superintendency files, a printed text is followed (31st Congress, 1st Session, House Executive Document No. 17, pp. 184-187). The ceremonious salutations and signatures of all these letters I omit in this printing.

they have during all their residence been engaged in trade with them.

Among the Sho-sho-nies there are only two bands, properly speaking. The principal or better portion are called Sho sho nies, (or Snakes) who are rich enough to own horses. The others, the Sho-sho-coes, (or Walkers) are those who cannot or do not own horses.⁴ The principal chiefs of the Sho-sho-nies are **Mono**, (about 45 years old) so called from a wound in his face or cheek from a ball, that disfigures him; **Wiskin**, (Cut-hair) **Washickick**, (Gourd Rattle)⁵ with whom I have had an interview; and **Oapiche**, (Big man.)

Of the Sho-sho-coes, **Augutasipa** is the most noted. Both bands number, probably, over 1,000 lodges of four persons each. Of the relative portion of each band, no definite account can be given; for so soon as a Sho-sho-nie becomes too poor or does not own a horse, he is at once called a Sho-sho-coe; but as soon as a Sho-sho-coe can or does own a horse he is again a riding Indian, and therefore a Sho-sho-nie.

Their language, with the exception of some **Patois** differences, is said to be that of the Comanche tribe. Their claim of boundary is to the east from the Red Buttes, on the north fork of the Platte, to its head in the Park, (decayague,) or

4. This division of the Shoshoni into Sho sho nies and Sho sho coes is not ethnologically accepted; see Julian H. Steward, **Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups** (Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 120), Washington, 1938, p. 264ff; the term "Sho sho co" may have been as much a coinage of the mountain men as "Digger," applied to the same Shoshoni.

5. Washakie's name is variously spelled—Dr. Hebard's **Washakie**, Cleveland, 1930, p. 313, lists no less than 35 variants. The diversity is amply reflected in these documents. Washakie was born, Dr. Hebard thought, about 1798 in the upper Bitterroot valley of western Montana. His father, Paseego, is said to have been of Umatilla, Flathead, and Shoshoni blood, and to have belonged to the Flathead tribe; his mother is said to have been Shoshoni, and it is inferred that she came from the Lemhi band. According to family tradition, when Washakie was 4 or 5 years old, the village in which he lived was attacked by Blackfeet and his father killed. The mother with her 3 sons and 2 daughters found refuge among the Lemhi Shoshoni on the Salmon River, and here Washakie grew to manhood. Afterwards he joined a party of Bannocks, living among them from 3 to 5 years and then joined the Shoshoni of the Fort Bridger country, among whom he spent the rest of his life. It is conjectured that this last move was sometime between 1826 and 1832. The first white mention of Washakie is by the trapper Osborne Russell, in his journal of 1840. Apparently Wilson in 1849 was the next to mention him by name. There are various interpretations of his name, including "The Rattler," "Gourd Rattle," and "Gambler's Gourd." The name is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

Buffalo Bull Pen, in the Rocky mountains; to the south, across the mountains over to the Yom-pa-pa [Yampa], till it enters Green or Colorado river, and then across to the Back-Bone, or ridge of mountains called the Bear River mountains, running nearly due west towards the Salt Lake, so as to take in most of the Salt Lake; and thence on to the Sinks of Mary's or Humboldt's river; thence north to the fisheries on the Snake river in Oregon, and thence south (their northern boundary) to the Red Buttes, including the sources of Green river—a territory probably 300 miles square, most of which has too high an elevation ever to be useful for cultivation of any sort. In most of these mountains and valleys it freezes every night in the year, and is in summer quite warm at noon and to half-past three p. m. Nothing whatever will grow of grain or vegetables, but the most luxurious and nutritious grasses grow with the greatest luxuriance, and the valleys are the richest meadows. The part of the Salt Lake valley included in this boundary, the Cache valley, 50 by 100 miles, and part of the valley near and beyond Fort Hall, down Snake river, can be cultivated, and with good results; but this forms a very small part of this country. How these people are to live or ever exist for any great length of time, I cannot by any means determine. Their support has heretofore been mostly game and certain roots, which, in their native state, are rank poison, (called the tobacco root,) but when put in a hole in the ground and a large fire burnt over them, become wholesome diet. The Mormon settlement in the Salt Lake valley has not only greatly diminished their formerly very great resource of obtaining fish out of the Utah lake and its sources, which to them was an important resource, but their settlement, with the great emigration there and to California, has already nearly driven away all the game, and will, unquestionably, soon deprive them almost entirely of the only chances they have for food. This will in a few years produce a result not only disastrous to them, but must inevitably engage the sympathies of the nation. How this is to be avoided is a question of much difficulty, but it is nevertheless the more imperative on the government not only to discuss but to put in practice some mode of relief for these unfortunate people, the outside barriers or enclosing mountains of whose whole country are not only covered in their constant sight with perpetual snow, but in whose lodges **every night in the year** ice is made, over water left in a basin, of near seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. Except in three small places already named as exceptions, and two others, the Salt Lake valley and Snake river are

already taken from them by the whites, and there is but little doubt the **Cache** valley will soon be so occupied.

The **Utahs** probably amount to from two to three thousand lodges, and are divided into many bands—as the **Taos**, 300 lodges; the **Yom-pa-pa Utahs**, 500 lodges; **Ewinte**, 50 lodges; **Ten-penny Utahs**, 50 lodges, (this band are about all who reside in the Salt Lake valley;) **Pavant Utahs**, not estimated. **Pahutes** (or **Paynutes**) **Utahs** and the **Sanpiche Utahs** of these last bands, numbers not known. Their claim of boundaries all south of that of the **Sho-sho-nies**, embracing the waters of the Colorado, going most probably to the gulf of California.

This is a much more fortunate location, and large portions of it are rich and fertile lands and a good climate. Their language is essentially Comanche; and although not technically, yet it [is] supposed to be substantially the same as that of the **Sho sho nies**; for although, on first meeting, they do not fully understand each other, yet I am informed four or five days' association enables them to converse freely together. Some of the people are already engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and large tracts of the country afford ample rewards to those who thus expend the sweat of their brow. Portions of these bands have always been at war with the Mexicans, constantly making inroads into New Mexico and California to steal horses. Portions of them are at present at variance with the **Sho-sho-nies**; and, indeed, the manners and customs of the **Yom pa-pas** render an association on the part of the whites with them dangerous, for should one be found amongst them when a sudden death, from either accident or common sickness, takes place amongst them, the relatives of the dead man are at liberty, and are sure to exercise it, of killing any stranger who may happen to be amongst them. Thus, until this custom is abandoned, no safe intercourse can be carried on with them. Their country being more south and out of the range of white settlements or emigrants, the game is not likely to be so scarce for many years to come as it is in the **Sho-sho-nie** country even now, for already it has nearly all left their boundaries, except a small corner in the northeast [southwest?] corner of their claim; and as they are at war with the **Utahs**, near whose lines it is, they are afraid to go there to hunt.

Supposing the government will be prepared next summer to take some decided steps towards a regular system of intercourse with them, and with a view of enabling the government as effectually as possible to guard against the unfortunate results in operation for their entire starvation, a few only of which I have mentioned, for want of time, I

have concluded to so arrange matters before I leave that both these nations will be able to send large delegations, if not most of the principal bands of their tribes, to a great council to be held **here** next summer, being by far the most convenient place for such a council, but is also where the principal agency ought to be established; and here also ought to be established the leading military post of these mountains, for which hereafter I shall give my views more at large.

I have suggested the matter of the great council to Wash-ickick, the only principal chief I have seen, and he highly approves of the plan. I have already made such arrangements, though the assistance of Mr. Vasques, (Mr. Bridger not being at home)⁶ that all of both tribes will be notified of my design to hold such a council; and as soon as I shall hear your pleasure on the subject, which I hope will be at an early day after I get to San Francisco, in November, I will then fix a time which will best suit the views of the department, (if it shall meet with your approbation, as I hope it will,) and will then cause them to be notified of the day, which must, of necessity, not be later than August, and not earlier than July, as any other month would not be convenient for them to attend. The Sho-sho-nies are reputed an honest and sober people, decidedly friendly to the whites; and if proper agents can be provided for them, they will be easily managed, if a fair support can be provided for them. Some of the objects which I have supposed might be gained by such a council, you will easily perceive from what I have said above; and many others of perhaps equal importance may also be accomplished. It is of great importance that these Utahs should be laid under obligations to cease their accustomed depredations on the whites and their property; and it is of greater importance to adopt some mode or other to save the Snakes from utter destitution, which, in a year or two, must inevitably take place if things remain as they now are.

I write this in great haste; and, having broken my spectacles, I have to go it blind nearly. This, with the shortness of my stay here, is my excuse for not writing more; but I have touched on all the subjects most important at the present moment. When I get to Salt Lake, I shall have more time and better eyes, and will go more into detail; till when I remain your obedient servant. . . .

6. Bridger had left his fort two days before to guide Captain Howard Stansbury to the Great Salt Lake Valley over a prospective new immigrant road north of the existing route.

II.

John Wilson, Salt Lake Indian Agent, to Thomas Ewing,
Secretary of the Interior, dated Great Salt Lake Valley,
Salt Lake Indian Agency, 4th Sept. 1849.⁷

NE Sir Referring you to my letter dated at Fort Bridger, for what I said in relation to the Indians east of the Sierra Nevada, as to nations, bands, numbers; **claimed** boundaries; as well as some few Items as to their manners & customs; my opportunities since have been such as to not add much to the information I there had the honor to communicate. All subsequent information received strongly confirmed my then impressions—that the Sho sho nies as a nation must soon perish for want of food, unless the Philanthropy of Individuals, or the wisdom & energy of the government shall devise some method of staying the march of causes which inevitably must produce Such a distressing result. You will observe that their claim of boundaries gives them a vast territory not far from being square, perhaps however a little the longest east & west. Our rout has thus far led us transversely accross their territory from the Red Buttes (their S. E. corner,) in a pretty direct line towards the S. W. corner (somewhere west of the Salt Lake.) Hereafter we shall turn more North till we strike the road which leads from Fort Hall to San Francisco, & this will thus cause us to pass through the intire length & **almost** center of their country. This valley, a very small portion of the country about Fort Hall, **probably** a part of **Cache** Valley & it may be New Park (which latter you will observe is the vally of the head of the North fork of the Platte; are the only portions of all their **claim** which can ever be applied to the purposes of agriculture, on account of the high altitude of its position; their whole country is essentially a fine grazing country during the summer & fall & many places in the valleys stock (I mean cattle, horses mules &c) sustain themselves all the year round; & this I am informed they can always do except when the snows are too deep; indeed with the exception of this valley, the snows always fall too deep but the face of the country is so covered with high mountains & deep valleys, which produce so many currents of the winds as to almost insure that much of the land is left bare by the drifting in the deepest snows, so that the cattle &c can still get access to the grass, which remains upon the land all winter and although dry it is good hay be-

7. Filemark W/399-1850. The letter was printed in the executive document cited in note 2, pp. 104-112.

cause it is cured without much if any rain—so little of it falls in this country, as to leave the grass cured for hay. This valley having been already taken up by the **Latter day Saints** who will soon spread to Cache & Bear river vallies if they shall be found to produce grain & vegetables (which is exceedingly doubtful) the govt. have already occupied the most favored portion about Fort Hall,⁸ & then the Indians will have only the New Park (if indeed it will answer for agricultural persuits) & this is a very small peice of country for so many people to attempt the cultivation of the soil, if it should be the policy of the government to attempt to draw the attention of the Indians to that persuit to enable tham to sustain the simplest; but imperative calls of nature. The Valley along Blacks fork & Hams fork of Green River & their tributaries (in which is Fort Bridger) is perhaps next to this valley (& you will see the Sho sho nies do not claim all this) is the most extensive & most beautiful & as to **pasturage** is perhaps little behind this but yet it is conceived to be intirely beyond the power of the most approved cultivation to raise either grain or vegetables, so as to pay for the labour of the husbandman for there is frost nearly every night in the year as it is reported by those who have long resided therein. The elevation of Fort Bridger is 6.665 feet above the level of the Sea—That of the south pass 7085 feet—that of Bear river (where we crossed it) 6836 feet while the elevation of **this** valley is only 4300 feet. & is inclosed in; **intirely** surrounded by mountains about $\frac{1}{2}$ miles high.⁹ Even in this valley there are light frosts, many nights during all the summer months, as I am informed & indeed in last month several have fallen while we have been here. It then remains to be stated that the New Park and **Browns hole** (See Fremonts Map, by Col. J. A. Abert) if indeed that belongs to the Sho sho nies (or Snakes) in which we can expect to find land within their reach & claim fit for cultivation & it is very questionable whether “**the play would be worth the candle**” in either. Under the Present Statute policy of the government it will unqu[e]stionably become its duty at as early a day as possible to extinguish by Treaty their title to this, & the Cache Valleys & the adjacent country and a portion near Fort Hall; & at least negociate for a highway through their Country to this valley & Fort Hall. & I think to the Country about Fort Bridger, where in my opinion without delay there ought to

8. Cantonment Loring, just established near Fort Hall by the Mounted Rifles, and abandoned the following year.

9. These altitudes Wilson derives from William Clayton's **Latter-day Saints' Emigrants' Guide**, St. Louis, 1848.

be established a Military Post; in a very short time (next year) all the emigration to the oregon & California as all to this valley does now, will pass that place & from thence diverge into separate roads which will lead to their respective destinations. There is a road already opened by partial travel almost in a direct line from Fort Bridger to Fort Laramie (see the Map before Quoted) which crosses Green river below the mouth of Hams [Blacks] Fork and perhaps above the mouth of Marys [Yampa] river & thence pretty directly accross to one of the Forks of Laramie river (perhaps the right hand one) & thence down to Fort Laramie which will cut off more than 150 miles in the distance—& Mr. Vasques one of the firm of Bridger & Vasques (who reside at & own Fort Bridger, & who have both resided in this country about 28 years) says is a much better road & passes the rocky Mountains by a pass considerably lower than the South pass, & affords a far better supply of both water & grass the whole road; & as proof that his statement is made upon a complete knowledge of the country, he is now (Mr Vasquess) upon his journey on that road with 7 or 8 ox teams to Fort Laramie for their fall supply of goods which are already at Fort Laramie & he intends returning that way with his loaded waggons¹⁰—thus avoiding a most barren & indeed to cattle mules &c a disastrous road now traveled from Laramie to the South pass called, & properly, the road through the black Hills [Laramie Mountains]; which we found for many long distances without both water & grass.—The country in general through which the present travel goes between Fort Laramie & the S. pass is a dessert, in every sense of the term. Capt. Stansberry under the guidance of Mr. Bridger has already traced out & reviewed a road direct from Fort Bridger so as to cross Bear river just above where it flows into the Great Salt Lake thus making the road almost straight from Laramie to the north end of the Salt Lake which is the direct course towards where the road crosses the Sierra Nevada to California; not only bettering the road for water & grass, but shortening it to this Valley 150 miles & to the Sierra Nevada more than 300 miles on the one at present traveled by Fort Hall, leaving the latter place more than 100 miles

10. These remarks are an interesting forecast of the route over which Jim Bridger guided Captain Stansbury eastbound in the early fall of 1850, a route roughly followed today by U.S. 30. So far as known, Vasquez did not in 1849 travel the indicated route via Bridgers Pass.

to the north.¹¹ If Mr. Vasques is not deceived (& he cannot be as he has often traveled it) in relation to the improvement this cutt off will make in the road between Forts Bridger & Larame all the travel hereafter to Oregon California & this valley which comes up the platte, will unquestionably pass by Fort Bridger; (even this year more than half the California emegrants, passed by Bridger & those who did not are said to have nearly perished for water & grass.¹² Thus; if the above information proves to be correct (& I have taken all the pains in my power to have it so) you will see at once the great importance of the position of Fort Bridger & the inevitable propriety of making it **The great Military Post** of this country. Aside from its peculiar propriety, when the facility of the department over which you preside as regards its intercourse with both the Snake & Utah tribes of Indians is considered it is unquestionably the most convenient of all others, so far as I am informed for the center of your operations with all the Indians in California east of the Sierra Nevada. To come to this valley is intirely too much to the west to stop short of Bridger would be too far to the East Was there any direct communication with the middle or old park, (where the grand [Colorado] river takes its rise) it might be more central for a communication with both Snakes & Utahs, & still more central would the South Park be for a direct communication with the Utahs alone. From the best information I can obtain (and I hope you will appreciate what I say, when I state that my oportunities have been very limited) & yet nearly all the sources of information except that of personal examination have been within my reach. that the country affords to gain any thing like a personal knowledge of the actual situation of these tribes less than 5 years travel on pack Mules,—would scarcely justify the attempt to answer the many questions with any degree of certainty & accuracy, which are propounded to me, in the instructions which were furnished me for my official guidance. I think it probably certain that the two nations not very far back in their history were one, & that they originally were but a branch of the Camanches. I suppose it is true that the Snake & Utah languages are now somewhat different although not essentially so, & yet agree more nearly than either does with that of the Camanches. & that

11. Stansbury and Bridger reached Great Salt Lake City August 30. The report of their reconnaissance is much too sanguine, and to this day no main-traveled road exists along their line of travel.

12. Those who did not travel via Fort Bridger took the Greenwood Cutoff—or as it was this year renamed, the Sublette Cutoff.

probably the Utah Language more nearly resembles the original than the Snake does & one evident cause of this, is (if the supposition be true) that they have remained nearer the Parent nation, than the Snakes.

✓ The Green (or Colorado) river which rises in the wind river mountains; the sources of which interlock with those of Lewis' fork of the Columbia north west of the south pass, is where we cross it on the present road from the latter place to Fort Bridger a fine stream nearly of the size of the Ohio at Pittsburgh at low water & as far as we traveled along it (only 8 or 10 miles) continued to be so with a regular but very rapid current. Its valley however did not ✓ present any signs to encourage the husbandman to make that his home nor to intice the herdsman to drive his flock there for pasturage & it is not untill we arrive at **Browns hole**, if then, that it becomes very valuable for either, after that it is said to furnish in its own as well as the valleys of its tributaries; (as the Yampah, the White and Grand rivers) fine & extended bottoms in many places that will prove fruitful & will deeply reward the labours of both the agriculturist & herdsman. This including the New, the Middle & South Parks (the two latter & perhaps the first are fine valleys for cultivation) would make a **large and fertile** country amongst & surrounded by mountains, not desirable for settlements for white people & perhaps better fitted than any other portion of the United States, now to be had, for the settlement & collocation of a large number of the original inhabitants of the wilderness, & indeed if my information be correct, it is the only large & proper space of country within the reach of the government & suitable for such a purpose, beyond & out of the reach of the Millions of anglo Saxons who are pressing towards the setting sun with almost race horse speed & **will soon** cover every reasonably inhabitable spot within our very extended national bounderies, especially towards the west & south. The country spoken of—including the valley of the Green & parts of the headwaters of the Platte & the Arkansas rivers, is the only fitting & sufficiently secluded spot that seems to be left in which to attempt to extend that national Philanthropy to the Indians of the mountains which has so many years engaged the attention & expended such vast sums of the treasure of the Nation, & which has unquestionably fallen far short of the end expected by those who originated & put it in motion. This system for civilizing the aborigines of the Forest, which has been for many years the business of the Indian Beareau to carry out, & perfect, The Philanthropy which originated the measure was certainly

correct, whether the system was founded on the best basis was then a question of division & which perhaps still divides the opinions of some of its best wishers; but I suppose all agree that no very satisfactory results have been attained when I say all agree, I mean all true Philanthropists for the greedy & Land hungry Politician, many of whom went eagerly for the system; have been amply repaid for their support; in the vast territories that have been purchased—perhaps extorted—from these natives of the Forest; & who by this system are supposed to be intirely capable of managing their own affairs; while in practice, they have been either Cajoled or menaced out of the soil that contained the Bones of their fathers for many generations past for which in fact they only have to shew as the price they have recd. in exchange Gew Gauds & other worthless articles at the most enormous & unreasonable prices, which giving[?] consciencies of those **licensed** sharpers chose to ask into whose hands these simple & inexperienced people have been suffered to fall; untill their all is spent & they left a thousand times worse off than they were when the system began & the true Philanthropist may well exclaim that scarcely any of the benefits of the Civilization intended by its original framers have been imparted, to these suffering and **receding** people. The fault is either in the system; or fails of its benefits by the incompetence or corruption of its administrators, or grows out of both, & to them both, I attribute the unquestionable failure to impart any of the substantial benefits of civilization, except in a very few & isolated cases. The system I have always considered radically wrong in **supposing** the untutored Indian to be capable of dealing with, the anglo Saxon race, especially those who have descended from the first settlers of America, My idea is they ought to be treated intirely as wards of the government, and that the execution of the law ought to be confided to the true philanthropist & not entrusted to the broiling & often bankrupt Politicians, who seek the office to restore by speculation out of these uninstructed people, what he has spent in aiding in the political intrigues & caucusses in his Township or county & as soon as he is thus fully indemnified which he is almost sure to secure in an incredibly short time, he leaves them—& instead of teaching them the beauties & benefits of civilization leaves amongst them disgusting evidences that he has by **his example**, encouraged them, to continue in their basist immoralities. The answer, to these charges which cannot be denied by any, is often given by those who uphold the unparelled Scenes of corruption & peculation, that has so generally attended the

whole system, with a few honorable exceptions; is by declaring that men cannot be found honest enough to carry out a system founded on the presumption of the intire inability to act for himself & therefore the present system say they is better managed where the Indian is allowed to make his own bargain for him. This declaration is founded upon the presumption that honest men cannot be found to manage such a system; but if Indeed this is true than we ought to be blotted out as a nation, and branded as degenerate sons of worthy ancestors.—This cannot be true,—we have thousands of virtuous & self-sacraficing & Pholosophic persons who for a fair but moderate Salariy, which the government could easily afford to pay, would devote their whole time & talents for the benefit, not only the poor unfortunate tenants of the forest, but of true Philanthropy which teaches us to wish the civilization of all mankind If the System was changed to the one I suppose, of considering the Indians minors in relation to all their interests, subject to be released under some prescribed rule, when they **come of age** in their progress towards civilization, the government would only have to turn their attention to that part of the community in making appointments (& we have such a class) who would look with anxious care to the elevation of the morals & character, of the red men of the Forest. Whether the present System is to be changed or not, I feel bound to say to the department that the best plan to manage & conduct the affairs of the nations of Indians over which for the present, I hold by appointment of the government the direction & Management is if possible to unite the Sho sho nies & Utahs into **one** nation, & which I believe can be done & then, endeavor if possible to turn their attention **to some extent at least** to the cultivation of the soil; for I do believe no other employment, will civilize a wild man of the Forest. There is no part, of the snake country (except indeed exceedingly small portions intirely inadequate) that they can **now** occupy for such a purpose; whilst that of the Utah's contains (if I am correctly informed) an ample space & perhaps prolific soil to answer all the demands of both nations in parts too now wholly appropriated to the red men & beasts of the Forest & to which region the latter are constantly receding from the advance of the Anglo Saxon on the south the east & North east, as well as from the west & North west. The upper end of the valley of the arkansas, the south & Middle Park are said to be splendid valleys of the richest lands & finest pasturage, & that although perpetual snows cap the high rugged mountains by which these valleys, are, for the greater part, hemmed in; still these

valleys are of an altitude low enough to produce fine rewards to the husbandman, & these hills & mountains, ample space for the herdsman, & for a long series of years, the hunter also—while the climate is supposed to be comparatively mild & pleasant. The larger portion of the Snake tribe are called Sho sho coes or walkers—that is they are too poor to have horses—they usually draw most of their subsistence from roots & the black mountain cricket & are usually called **Root diggers**—(not **Gold diggers**) which costs them very considerable labour, & it is supposed that this portion of the tribe at least, could be easily trained by the **right sort of men**, to engage in the labours of husbandry—while some of the utahs are already engaged in raising corn & potatoes. The only way in which any such attempt can be made with Success; it seems to me, is to call a great counsel of both nations & see what can be done & if present policy is to be pursued, buy of them such parts of their country as we need, including at all events, this valley now settled by the whites its adjacent country, as also a high way through their country, & such places as will be wanted for Forts & other public agencies, & agree to pay them, in useful implements of husbandry & clothing, at the nett cost of carriage of such articles,—which they should not be allowed to resell to any white man, & then send proper men amongst them, who should out of parts of the annuity coming to them; if any; establish farms,—model farms,—not modes of extravagance in fine buildings & fine inclosures but plain symple & well conducted farms, with inducements held out to the Indians to work upon them, the avails of which to be appropriated to the nations use, & then, with directions to aid all such as should attempt to establish farms of their own. In this way if a few honest & self sacrificing men were sent amongst them it seems to me, in a few years a beneficial change would be perceptable in the condition of the Indians. It is true in the snake claim of bounderies, there are many large valleys where I believe cattle could be reared, with even profit & therefore it may be said that it would be good policy to endeavor to turn them into herdsman, & teach them to raise & herd stock; this if accomplished would perhaps better their condition because thus they might Secure for themselves & families meet enough for food, which now they do not get but I very much question whether their moral condition would in any way be bettered, whilst their physical constitutions would unquestionably be enervated in the lazy habits, of the herdsman, but, while you may easily & fast cause a civilized man to approximate towards the savage life by turning him

out a herdsman, alone to eat the beef he tends for his support, still it will be absolutely impossible, to make a civilized man out of a savage by teaching him the lazy & idle employment of herding cattle in a barren wilderness, amongst the mountains. There is no employment, like that of agriculture which ties them to a local spot of land, to cultivate the feelings of virtue & social intercourse which are essential ingredients of civilization even in a savage. To attempt an accomplishment or rather an innitiation of such a policy, I have given notice already that I will; if approved of by the department; next summer hold a grand Counsel of the two nations at Fort Bridger when I will endeavor to carry out these or such other views as the department shall direct me, with these two nations. The counsel is not only essential to settle the difficulties between themselves for they often go to war with each other but it is the only way in which the government can with any probability expect to become acquainted with their wants; for their country is too extensive, their bands too numerous & widely Scattered to enable any one or even half a dozen agents & their assistants to even see them, & when he should do so in relation to one band, the next nearest would probably be several hundred miles distant without whole assent, they could not finally act; & by the time you had seen half a dozen bands & got their consent to any proposed measure, it would be needful to go back, for some of them by this time will have rued their bargain.—In fact, it were as well to say at once that nothing but a great counsel of both nations together promises any probable favourable result, in negociation with them. Under all the circumstances, of the case, I suppose Fort Bridger to be the most proper place, as it is unquestionably the easiest of access to them & besides it has for a long period been the principal place, where they have traded; & then the vast valleys of the finest grass, on the very many fine small streams & brooks in that vicinity which abound in fur makes it the most fit place for such an assemblage & then there are no settlements of whites in the vicinity to corrupt them with spirits & other things to annoy, for such traders as may be there will be subject to the law, & can be restrained under proper regulations, & then it will be within a reasonable distance of Fort Hall, or Bear river from which a company or two of troops could easily attend to keep proper regulations, & it will be quite within reach of this place to obtain **then** such supplies of provisions as may be wanted to give a feast & such like affairs to facilitate the intercourse with them. Whether the whole system as at present practiced with the Indians under

the present Statute regulations of the nation is to be changed or not so far as these tribes are concerned, it ought to be greatly modified; as this is their first intercourse with us & some wholesome regulations may easily be adopted with them, that perhaps could not so easily be introduced amongst those already accustomed to the old mode—for instance I would exclude from the trade all matters of ornament,—such as beads rings, rattles, paints; & a thousand other GewGaws which have been invented expressly for the purpose of cheating these poor people out of whatever little they may have to dispose of, & thus impose upon them articles not only worth less in them selves but calculated expressly to deceive them as to their intrinsic value. Heretofore the Utahs have driven a large trade in horses the larger number of which they have stolen from the Mexicans. Some check should be placed on this trafic which now forms much the larger item of the trade between them & the traders who have heretofore enjoyed a monopoly of this trafic, either to forbid a Sale of a horse altogether, except the consent of some proper man duly appointed for that purpose was first had, or unless it could be shewn satisfactorily that the Indian had raised or purchased fairly the horse he offered for sale, for it will be exceedingly hard to induce them to quit stealing horses as long as traders are at liberty to purchase all they bring them & it cannot be possible that the government can discharge its duty so as to fairly satisfy that Philanthropy which unquestionably gave rise to the Indian system under our government, unless traders are regulated both as to the **Kind & prices** of the goods they are allowed to vend to them. The plan however which my judgement dictates as the most proper is that the government itself should be their **sole factors** & allow no private trader to go amongst them. Let the government receive transmit & dispose of all they have to spare & furnish them with all that their produce could pay for, & such other gifts as the govt may see proper to add without charging commission for goods sold for them or levying per cents on those sold to them charging only actual costs & charges this system if adopted & placed under the charge of the proper class of men & I will venture the opinion that in a few years you will see a corresponding improvement of the Indians, & if the previously formed opinions in favor of the old System are too Strong to allow a change of the whole, let it be tried with these unfortunate people within the bounds of Mexican California & I venture the assertion that these wild & degraded Indians will be greatly improved more than half of whom already are re-

duced to the necessity of living upon roots & the **Mountain Black Cricket** (some what resembling; only larger than, the grass hopper) & which in this country is far more destructive on vegetation than the latter. That portion of the Sho sho nies, called the Sho sho coes, or walkers (being without horses) cannot now even go to where a Buffaloe is to be killed and consequently, are not only deprived of the meet so necessary for their support but also of their skins which are equally indispensable to make lodges & clothes to keep them from freezing in these mountains where the perpetual snows are forever within their sight & the consequence is they are obliged to seek such holes & caves in the declivities of these "everlasting Hills" as they can find to keep them & their Children from freezing. There are many warm & hot springs throughout this country & it is said to be no uncommon thing to see the Indians sheltering themselves & their children from the bleak & terrible storm which prevails in these grand & rugged mountains by lying during a great part of the day & perhaps night too in the water.

It were useless for me to say more at present. The above views appear to me to be correct & although the miserable condition of these poor Indians furnish many other facts & reasons to inforce the necessity of the changes recommended to be made still I have not time or room to place them before you now at some future period I may do So.—I hope to have Your response to these views as early as possible directed to San. Francisco, that I may have ample time if you approve of them to call the tribes together as I propose. . . .

III.

Brigham Young's First Proclamation as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, July 21, 1851¹³

PROCLAMATION,

To All whom it may concern.

Whereas, the law of Congress entitled "An act to establish a Territorial Government for Utah, approved Sept. 9 1850,

13. A certified copy enclosed with Brigham Young's letter to Commissioner of Indian Affairs Luke Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851). The proclamation was printed in the *Deseret News*, August 8, 1851.

devolves the duties of Superintendent of Indian Affairs within said Territory upon the Governor of said Territory, and

Whereas there have been appointed by the United States Government one Indian Agent, and two Sub-agents for this Territory.

Now therefore by virtue of said authority and to advance the purposes of the Government for the benefit of the Indians. I do hereby order and direct that this Territory be divided into three Agencies as follows. to wit—

The first or Parvan [Pavant] Indian Agency, to include all within the limits of the Territory west of the Shoshone nation; and north of the South line of the Parvan Valley.

The Second or Uinta Agency to include all of the Snakes or Shoshones within said Territory, the Uinta and Yampa & all other tribes South, within said Territory, and east of the Eastern rim of the Great Basin.

The Third or Parowan Agency, to include all the country lying west of the eastern rim of the Great Basin and South of the South line of the Parvan Valley to the Western bounds of the Territory.

Henry R. Day and Stephen B Rose, the Sub-agents having arrived and being ready to enter upon the discharge of their respective duties are hereby temporarily, and until further directions assigned to their respective agencies as follows: to wit—Henry R Day to the first or Parvan agency; and Stephen B. Rose to the Second or Uinta agency.¹⁴

Brigham Young
Governor of Utah Territory, and
Superintendent of Indian Affairs

G S L City July 21 1851

exd. [examined]

TB [Thomas Bullock]

14. Day and Rose reached Great Salt Lake City from the east July 19. The former was a Missourian, the latter a Mormon from New Jersey.

IV.

Brigham Young, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to
Stephen B. Rose, Sub-agent, dated G.S L City,
July 21, 1851¹⁵

Sir,

In accordance with the provision of the law making it my duty to assign to Indian Agents their districts or locations I have this day issued my proclamation dividing this Territory into three districts or Agencies, and have assigned unto you the Second or Uinta Agency. This district includes first the Shoshone or Snake Nation so far as the same is included in this Territory North of the Uinta, and east of the Great Salt Lake and Utah Vallies The Uinta and Yampa Utes are next South inhabiting east of the Utah, Sanpete and Parvan Vallies, to the Eastern boundary of the Territory, and as far South as Tab-a-Wits and Salt Mountain Utes, these last extend as far south as the Southern boundary of this Territory;¹⁶ these are all the Utes that I have any knowledge of at this time, but it is more than probable that you will, by paying more strict attention to these matters ascertain more definitely the location of various tribes, names of Chiefs &c. as well as every other information pertaining to the Indians in the Location assigned to you. All such information it will be necessary for you to collect, and will become useful in making full reports to the Department. Uinta Valley is hereby suggested as a suitable place for the location of your agency, combining it is believed the greatest facilities for exercising a favorable influence for uniting the various tribes and bands in one common interest. . . .

exd
TB

15. Enclosure "B" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851).

16. More exactly, they lived in what is now southeastern Utah, in the vicinity of the La Sal Mountains.

V.

**Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt.
of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City,
Aug. 11, 1851¹⁷**

Sir. In obedience to orders from the Commissioner of Indian affairs, the Hon. Luke Lea, I have the Honor of presenting myself to you, as Agent for the Indians in the Territory of Utah and have the pleasure of saying to you, that I am ready to receive any instructions and to cooperate with you in the matters connected with our respective duties.

With the exception of my orders to report to you, as Agent for the Indians in this Territory, I have no instructions in writing. In the various conversations with the Commissioner, and with Col. D. D. Mitchell of St. Louis, they express to me their desire to have the Indians of this Territory, or any portion of them attend the treaty at Laramie, to be held the 1st of September. Under the belief that it would meet the wishes of the Department, and greatly assist us in our future operations with the other tribes, I have taken the responsibility, before reporting to you, of making arrangements with the Shoshonee, or Snake tribe of Indians, to meet me on the Sweet water river beyond the South Pass, on the 20th inst. Therefore, I desire to return immediately, and have made my arrangements to be at Fort Bridger on the 15th inst where I will meet my Interpreter and guide [James Bridger], and proceed to meet the Indians at the appointed time and place, and proceed with them to Fort Laramie, in time to attend the Treaty.

I have, also, suggested to Messrs. Rose and Day, Sub Agents for this Territory, that they attend the treaty, and have employed several competent gentlemen as Interpreters and guides, who are now on a visit to some of the Tribes adjacent to this City, making an effort to get some of their principal chiefs to attend the Treaty also. Should these gentlemen, succeed, they cannot reach this place before my departure for Fort Bridger—if, therefore, it should meet your approbation, you will please give them such orders and instructions, as may be necessary, to enable them to convey those Chiefs to the treaty. It will be necessary, perhaps, that they should be conveyed through the Snake and Crow tribes, in carriages, and privately as possible—to effect this

17. Enclosure "C" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851). Holeman arrived in Great Salt Lake City the very day of this letter; he was a Kentuckian, and was accompanied west by his son Alex.

it may be necessary to make some arrangements—you will, therefore, be pleased to give Mr. Day such orders as in your pleasure you may deem necessary, as it has been arranged that Mr. Rose will accompany me to Fort Bridger.

Hoping that the arrangements I have made will meet with your approbation. . . .

an examined copy

Thos. Bullock

Clerk

Robt Campbell

VI.

Brigham Young, Supt. of Indian Affairs, to Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, dated Great Salt Lake City, Aug. 11, 1851¹⁸

Sir— Your Letter of this date pertaining to your appointment instructions and operations as Indian Agent, is just received, and I proceed immediately to answer it.

I should have been most happy to have received a Letter of instructions from the Department at Washington, informing me in relation to the policy the Government wishes to have carried out in relation to the Indians in this Territory, as also its appointment in regard to councils, &c; but not having received anything of the kind, and left to the exercise of my own judgment with respect to this matter; much unquestionably is, and should be left to the discretion of those connected with the Indian Department, located at such a distance from the Seat of Government, and amongst Tribes, where little or comparatively nothing is known concerning them.

It therefore becomes the duty of those who being entrusted by the Government with the performance of those duties, to call into requisition their best judgment and intelligence which they may possess. and use every exertion compatible with existing circumstances to facilitate communications of the Government, through its Agents with the various Tribes.

This I am happy to learn you have done so far as laid within your power, and permit me here to say, that your proceedings thus far meet with my most cordial approbation.

Previous to your arrival, not having any information in relation to your movements, and the Sub-agents having

18. Enclosure "D" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851).

arrived and reporting themselves ready for instructions; they were assigned their locations with such information as I considered requisite for them, so far as locations, names of tribes, &c were concerned. As I presume it will submit them to no inconvenience, I fully coincide with your suggestion that they accompany you with the Indians to Fort Laramie. I have sent a Letter with the messengers to some of the Utah Chiefs, inducing them to go; Indian Walker¹⁹ and in fact many others of the chiefs are at war with the Shoshones and other tribes who will probably be en masse, at Laramie. It will therefore be of the utmost importance, if Walker and others of the Tribes should go (which I apprehend will be an exploit not easily accomplished) to take such measures as to ensure their safe return to their various tribes, free from the molestation of other Indians. I do most earnestly recommend that they go as privately as possible, in citizens dress, such as white men wear. They will of course be furnished rations; and I think should go in carriages or covered wagons; and when they shall arrive at Laramie, have a room where they can remain in safety, unless their will of their own accord go out and mix, with other tribes.

It is to be regretted that information of the Council at Laramie, and the desire of the Commissioner to have the Indians of this Territory attend could not have been known at an earlier date, as now it will necessarily involve great haste, and may delay the expedition to a late day. Future Treaties, or Councils should be held at some point within this Territory or some point more adjacent thereto. Soer ette²⁰ I particularly recommend to go, and as he is quite aged particularly recommend him to your care, and protection, owing to the shortness of the notice he will probably be the most influential Chief that can at present be secured for the occasion. Walker's band will most probably not accompany him, and he will need considerable care as the

19. The Ute chief whose name was rendered Wak, Wakara, Wachor, etc., and anglicized to Walker, was sometimes called "Indian Walker" to distinguish him from the celebrated mountain man, Joseph Reddeford Walker. Walker had been known to range peacefully as far into Shoshoni territory as Fort Bridger; Theodore Talbot met him there in the summer of 1843.

20. Sowiette, who has been called the peace chief of the Utes to distinguish him from Walker, the war chief, was still living when Major John Wesley Powell made his exploration of the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1869; Powell met him at the Uinta Agency and described him as very old, his skin lying in wrinkles and deep folds on his limbs and body. See *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 1947, Vol. XV, p. 125.

Shoshones and other hostile Indians probably have good cause to remember him, will seek to obtain his scalp in preference to any other.

If as I presume there are sufficient funds at Laramie appropriated to defray the expences of the expedition from this Territory, you are hereby authorized to draw the same and defray the expences thereof, making a full report of all your doings and acts upon your return to this place, after which, I shall be happy to communicate with you again in relation to your further duties, and in the mean time, if you will take the trouble, I should be glad to hear from you.

Feeling an earnest desire for the welfare of the Indians in all of their transactions with the Government I expect ever to be found ready to cooperate with you, and all those connected with the Indian Department in whatever shall be conducive to their mutual interests.

If the messengers sent south should not return before you leave, I will do whatever may be requisite in connexion with Mr. Day, to further the enterprize, and have them join you as soon as possible relying upon your exertions, and those connected with you for a favorable termination of this Council. . . .

VII.

**Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Luke Lea,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Fort Laramie,
Sept. 21, 1851.²¹**

Dr Sir—In obedience to orders from your department, I proceeded to the Territory of Utah, and reported myself to His Excellency Governor Young, Ex-Officio Superintendent of Ind. Affrs. for that Territory on the 9th day of August.

On my rout to Utah, I passed many trains of Emigrants, some for Oregon, some for California, but mostly for Utah. I found many of them in great distress from depredations and robberies committed by the Indians—some were robbed

21. The original of this document bears no filemark but is endorsed as having been received November 13, 1851; the manuscript is now much worn and frayed, and the full text has been restored by reference to the printed copy in the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1851, 32nd Congress, 1st Session, **House Executive Document No. 2, Part II, pp. 444-446.** The printed version incorrectly gives Holeman's first name as John.

of all their provisions, and even of the clothing on thier backs—many had their stock stolen, &c. These depredations, so frequently occurring, compelled them to collect together many teams, in order to have a force sufficient to defend themselves, that they were unable to get grass for their cattle—they could not let them go out of their sight to graze, for fear of having them stolen by the Indians, but kept them in Carrels of nights—the Indians being constantly hovering about them. Consequently, their teams were daily giving out and the road was strewn with the dead—waggons, and other property destroyed to the great injury of the Emigrants. The Indians who reside about and below Fort Laramie, were thought to be the principal aggressors; the Crows, occasionally. The emigrants not being able to distinguish one tribe from another were equally fearful when they arrived in the Territory of the Shoshonies or Snakes, whose country embraced portion Oregon Territory, a portion Utah, and a portion of the St. Louis Superintendency they therefore, continued their practice of correlling their stock still apprehending danger. The Indians below, having been publickly invited to the treaty at Laramie, and as I understood, would generally attend, I thought it advisable to endeavor to get the Shoshonies to attend also, believing that it would promote the interest of the country and the Indians, and greatly benefit the vast number of Emigrants who were daily passing the road. I believed, also, that it would not only meet the approbation of the department, but that it greatly desired to have them there as the main route for emigration passed through their country. I was justified in this opinion from a conversation held with you, on the subject of the Indians in Utah, in May last, at Washington, in which you expressed the wish, that they, or as many of the tribes as could be got, should attend. Believing therefore, that it would be beneficial to the Indians and the country, and believing that it would secure to the Emigrants peace and safety in travelling the country; in short—believing it to be my duty, when I reached the country of the Shoshonies, I immediately hired an interpreter and guide, collected some of their chiefs and braves, and made an arragement to attend them to the treaty at Laramie. I then hurried to Salt Lake City and reported to Gov. Young the arrangements I had made—it met with his approbation, and he ordered me, to fulfil my engagements with the Indians. I immediately returned, and met the village assembled on Sweet Water, about fifty miles east of the South pass, on the 21st of August. I held a talk with them which resulted in their selecting sixty of

their head men fully authorised to act for the whole tribe²²—we arrived at Laramie on the first day of September. I regret that Col. Mitchell so construes his powers and instructions as to exclude them from being parties to the treaty, believing that they are not properly in his superintendency,²³ but that they belong to the Superintendency of Utah. He has however, expressed much gratification at their being here, and will give them presents with the rest of the Indians; which will be, I hope satisfactory to them. They are a tribe who have been universally friendly to the whites, and seem to have great confidence in, and respect for the whites.

I have given you above, my reasons for the course I have pursued—I hope they meet your approbation. Col. Mitchell and Maj. [Thomas] Fitzpatrick, will explain to you more fully all matters connected with my operations in this particular. I shall, however, as soon as I return to Salt Lake City, make a report, in full, and forward to your department.

If it can be done, and you should deem it advisable, I would like more particular instructions in relation to my duties and powers—I find much excitement among the Indians in consequence of the whites settling and taking possession of their country, driving off and killing their game; and in some instances driving off the Indians themselves—the greatest complaint, on this score, is against the Mormons; they seem not to be satisfied with taking possession of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, but are marking arrangements to settle, other, and principally, the rich valleys and best lands in the Territory. This creates much dissatisfaction among the Indians and excites them to acts of revenge—they attack emigrants, plunder and commit murder whenever they find a party weak enough to enable them to do so—thereby, making the innocent suffer for injuries done by others.²⁴

I find also, another class of individuals, a mixture of all nations, and although less powerful in numbers, are equally injurious to the country and the Indians—these are a set of traders called here, “free men,” who are settled around and amongst the Indians—some have married among them; all, however, have an influence which is exerted to serve

22. The number of Shoshoni who went to the council at Fort Laramie has been variously given, from 40 to more than 250; see Hebard, *Washakie*, p. 70. Holeman himself is inconsistent in his reports, for in Document IX below he estimates the number as 80.

23. The Central or St. Louis Superintendency.

24. See Brigham Young's rejoinder, Document XVII.

their particular personal interests. This is operating against the interests of the Indians and the country, and tends greatly to prevent the agents from doing that which is required by the department. These scenes are transacted so far from the officers of the law, and by a set of men who are somewhat lawless, that it will require extreme measures and some force to relieve the country of them. With regard to all these matters, I would like to have particular instructions

I am of the opinion, that it would be greatly beneficial to the interest of the Indians to have an agency established for the Shoshonies tribe, and located on Green River, at or near the ferry or crossing. It is on the main road, and is one of those places where "**the freemen**" generally collect in the Spring, to prey upon the misfortunes and necessities of the Emigrants—the Indians are consequently drawn there and I am informed, that they have induced Indians to drive off the stock of emigrants, so as to force them to purchase of "**the Freemen**" at exorbitant prices and after the emigrants have left, make a pretended purchase of the Indians for a mere trifle, and are ready to sell again to the next train that may pass, and who may have been served in the same manner. I think that a treaty with the various tribes of Indians in Utah, would be productive of much good, if held immediately—it would have the effect of preventing depredations on their lands, quieting their excitement against the whites and ultimately save the Government from much trouble and expense. If the department should agree with me on this subject, and Congress will make provisions, I can have them assembled at any point in the Territory during the next Spring and Summer.

It would be of great importance to order a delegation of the principal men, say three from each tribe, to visit the States and Washington City, during the session of Congress. They have no idea of the power of the Government—many think that the emigration they see passing and re-passing through their country comprises the principal portion of our population—and, like themselves, having killed all the game in our own country, we are travelling in pursuit of a better—and that very soon, none will be left behind. All these matters, I submit to the department, after a hasty view of the condition and interests of the country—and shall with much pleasure, obey any wish or instruction of the department. . . .

VIII.

Stephen B. Rose, Sub-agent, to Brigham Young, Supt. of
Indian Affairs, dated Uinta Agency, Great Salt Lake,
Oct. 20, 1851²⁵

Sir.

In pursuance of your instructions I most respectfully submit to the department, the following brief report of affairs in connection with the Uinta Sub agency during the past Quarter.

The Tribes included in this Agency are the Shoshonee or Snake Indians, inhabiting a section of country west of the Rocky Mountains lying along the Wind River Mountains, Henry's Fork Snake, and Bear Rivers; And the Uintas Tribe lying on the South Eastern Borders of the Territory. First the Shoshonee or Snake Tribe, with whom I have spent almost my entire time with, since my arrival in the Territory seem to be very friendly disposed towards the Whites, and very anxious to be at peace with the neighbouring Tribes. Their main band numbers about Twelve Hundred. They subsist upon fishing and hunting, and are tolerably well armed, and have a very large number of horses. They seem to be perfectly aware that in a few years that their game will be destroyed and that it will become necessary to seek some other mode of obtaining a living. On the 13th of August last I started in connexion with Mr Holeman to take the Tribe to the Treaty, to be held by the Government with the different tribes at Fort Laramie. They were not received into the Treaty as they were not considered by the Commissioners to belong to that portion of Territory to which they were authorised to Treat with. They were however much pleased with their reception by the Commissioners and were successful in making a friendly Treaty with the different Tribes assembled there, with whom they had been at war for a long time. The Uinta [Ute] Tribe it has not been in my power to visit yet, but from the best information that I can get, they are friendly disposed towards the Whites, and are very anxious that the Government will authorise a Treaty to be held for the various tribes inhabiting Utah Territory, that they may come to a friendly understanding with each other; and in case of injuries inflicted by the different Tribes, they may have some one to look to for redress. On the 16th of August last, when on my way to Fort Laramie I was compelled to buy a pair of Horses and draw upon the depart-

25. Enclosure "E" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851).

ment at Washington when I arrived at the Fort I turned them over to the Quarter master, to be herded, until my return, with the Government herd by the orders of Col Mitchell, when nearly ready to return, upon making inquiries for my horses, I could obtain no information with regard to them, but it was supposed that they had gone to Fort Leavenworth as all the Government horses had been sent off there. I drew up a description of the horses, with the certificate of two responsible witnesses, of the delivery of them to the Government Herder, and delivered it to Mr. King the Quarter Master's Clerk at Fort Leavenworth. . . .

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IX.

**Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt.
of Indian Affairs, dated Utah Indian Agency, Great Salt
Lake City, Nov. 10, 1851²⁶**

Sir,

I have the honor, in accordance with instructions, to forward to you, to be transmitted to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a report of my operations since my arrival in the Territory.

I received orders from the Department on the 25th of April, and left Washington City on the 8th of May, to report to you, as Governor and Ex-Officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, for this Territory, which duty I performed on the 11th day of August. On my route to this city, as I then informed you, I met, at Fort Bridger, with some of the principal chiefs and braves of the Shoshonie, or Snake tribe of Indians, who had collected there, expecting an officer of the government, and were waiting to see him. I informed you, also, that I had held a talk with them, which resulted in their expressing a desire to attend the Treaty to be held at Fort Laramie on the 1st of September, ensuing—and that, if I would accompany them, they would be pleased to go down. This arrangement I considered myself authorised to make, as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, had expressed a wish, that the Indians of this Territory, or any portion of them, that could be got there, should attend the treaty. You were pleased to approve my course and instructed me to comply with my engagements with these Indians. Having but a few days to prepare for this expedi-

26. U/1-1852.

tion, and having been on duty and travelling from that time until the 25th of October, I have not had it in my power to make a report, at all satisfactory until the present. Since the 1st of June, I have travelled upwards of three thousand five hundred miles—most of the time, without any other provinder for my horses, than the dry grass of the plains—At the proper time for making my report, it was not in my power to do so, as many of my papers were in this city; and besides, I was not at a point from which a communication could have reached you, sooner than I would have the opportunity of meeting you in person. It is unnecessary, therefore, to make an apology for not making my report, for the quarter ending 30th September—as on that day I was on the North Fork of the Platt, on my return from Fort Laramie. Owing to my Horses failing, I was unable to travel more than from 8 to 15 miles per day—laying by sometimes all day, in Snow storms & rain, and did not arrive in this city until the 28th of October.

In obedience to instructions, I left this city on the 12th of August, and proceeded, with as little delay as possible, to meet the Indians at the place agreed upon east of the South Pass—I arrived at Fort Bridger on the 15th where I had previously employed an interpreter; and after making the necessary arrangements for the transportation of provisions, &c, and a few presents for the Indians, we proceeded on our journey, and arrived at the village of the Snake Indians, on the Sweet water, on the 22nd Augt. We found the village in good health, and much pleased with the idea of their trip, the whole village intending to accompany us to Laramie—but the next morning, as we were on our march, we found two of their tribe, killed and scalped, lying on the side of the road. This threw us into great confusion—The Indians became furious—but there being an emigrant train near by, who had witnessed the transaction, we were informed, that the murders had been committed, the evening previous, by a war party of the Cheyennes. After a hurried pursuit, for several hours, the warriors returned to the village. They were much excited—I had to talk with them on the subject of the murder—to my great surprise, I found that they had not only determined to stop the trip, but that they were disposed to censure the whites for the murder, and seemed to express a total want of confidence in their friendship—they stated, that they had been advised not to go—that if they did go, they would be killed—that the whites were deceiving them—that they only wished to get them into the country of their enemies to have them all murdered—and as an evidence, that they

had been correctly advised, they had scarcely made a move before they had found two of their tribe killed; and finally, they avowed their determination to go no further.

Under all these circumstances, I felt it my duty to use all efforts in my power, to correct such impressions; believing, that if left in this state of mind, it would be difficult to make any arrangements with them in future—I therefore, invited another talk, which was granted, but with much reluctance. I succeeded, to a considerable extent, in relieving their minds in relation to the friendly feelings of the whites, but they still objected to going any farther. Although disposed to be on friendly terms, yet, having had but little intercourse with the whites they were fearful of doing something wrong, by which, they would lay themselves liable to attack and abuse by the other Indian tribes, through whose country they would have to pass. In order to assure them of their security, and to satisfy them that their great Father was sincere in his professions of friendship; and that his object was to do them good instead of injury, I proposed to send to Laramie for an escort of Soldiers to accompany them—This seemed to inspire them with confidence, and I immediately started an express to Laramie, consisting of two men, my son Alex. W. Holeman, and Mr. Jas. Furguson. That night the chiefs and braves held a council, and consulted their **Medicine**, as they term it—the result of which was, that they determined to send with me a deputation of their principal men, leaving the balance to protect their village. After making the necessary preparations for the comfort and protection of their families, we left the village on the 28th accompanied by about 80 of their leading men, authorised to act for the tribe, and reached Fort Laramie on the 1st of September—all in good health and spirits, and well pleased with the treatment they had received.

As it was the first effort which had been made by the government to establish friendly relations with the Indians in this territory, I felt it incumbent on me to pursue such a course as would not only be satisfactory, but which would inspire them with confidence and respect in the future. And if I may be permitted to judge from their conduct and the manifestation of entire satisfaction on their whole route, and also, on their return to their village, I am compelled to believe that their trip will result in much good both to the government and to the Indians. Although the Snake Indians have not been among those who have committed such depredations on the emigration travelling the plains, yet a state of war has existed between them and other tribes,

which agreeable to the usage of the Indians, has justified each tribe in sending their war parties to harass and plunder the other—These war parties, when on their excursions in the enemy's country, would plunder and rob the emigrants, while their depredations would often be charged to other and innocent tribes—thus, the country of the Snakes is frequently made the rallying ground and as the road to California, Oregon, and the Salt Lake City passes through their lands, these war parties are constantly committing depredations, which in many instances are charged to the Snakes—And although the Snakes are friendly to the whites, and do not participate in these robberies, yet the emigrants do not feel secure while there is an Indian or Indian sign in view—and not being able to distinguish one tribe from another they are constantly in fear of an attack; to prevent which, they assemble together in such numbers, as to render it impossible to get grass for the subsistence of their cattle, or enclose them in corral—in either case, the result is the same—their cattle are starved to death, and their property, scattered over the plains. Seeing the distress which these scenes presented, I considered it my duty to use all the means in my power to prevent it; I therefore determined to use all efforts to get the Snakes attend the treaty—and although attended with more expense and trouble than I had expected, yet I do not hesitate to say that it has been time and money well spent—as they met there, and made peace with several tribes with whom they were at war, among whom were the Cheyennes and Sioux tribes who were the principal disturbers of the peace on this route. This will insure safety to emigration in future—it will put a stop to the excursions of these war parties, and I feel well assured, that the Snakes will not only treat the emigration, hereafter, with kindness but that they will protect and assist them wherever in their power. I conceive it of great importance to the Indian department in this Territory, that the Indians visited Laramie. The friendly welcome they received from the Indians of other tribes—their intercourse with the whites during the expeditions, and while there, has impressed them with very different feelings from those entertained towards the whites previously. Our friendly intercourse with the Snakes is now, I trust, established upon such a footing as to inspire them with confidence and respect—this feeling will diffuse itself throughout the other tribes, and greatly assist our future operations with the Indians in this Territory.

They were not made parties to the treaty at Laramie; in this, I was somewhat disappointed, as the Commissioner

had expressed a desire to have the Indians of Utah at the treaty, or any portion of them which I might be able to get there. Col. Mitchell and Maj. Fitzpatrick, however, expressed much gratification at their being there, and at first determined to make them a party—but on further reflection, as they were the only tribe from the Superintendency of Utah, and as it was desirable to establish friendly relations with all the tribes in this Territory, they thought it best to exclude them, and recommend to the department, the importance of holding a treaty the ensuing year with the various tribes in Utah. This course, if it can be effected, will be productive of much good, as it will bring together the various tribes, some of whom are unfriendly towards each other, and by establishing peace and friendship between them, by treaty, the Indian affairs in this territory will be easily managed. I therefore earnestly recommend it to the early consideration of the department.²⁷

I would also respectfully recommend to the department, that while the Indians of this territory are generally friendly disposed towards the whites, that some arrangement should be made with them, by which their rights, as well as those of the Government, should be distinctly understood. The Indians desire this,—they have been told, repeatedly, by travellers passing through the country, that their "Great Father" would liberally reward them for the right of way, and the destruction of the game, timber, &c. as well as for any kindness shewn to the whites. The great leading thoroughfares to Oregon, California and to this City, pass through the Indian country, and as they subsist entirely by the chase, having no permanent abode whatever, the destruction of the game is of the utmost importance to them. Therefore, as they have been led to expect it, something should be done at once—delays, and putting off matters of this kind, has a tendency to create in their minds a want of confidence—they are jealous, selfish, and full of deception, yet, there is nothing they abhor more, than to find such characteristics in the white man. And although these promises are made without any authority from the government, but by travellers passing through the country, who care but little about the consequences so they can pass safely themselves, yet the effect with the Indians is the same. A promise made by a white man, and violated, is held as good grounds for suspecting treachery in the whole race. Therefore, if it is the intention of the government to

27. Unfortunately, this was done only informally; see Document XVIII.

make any treaties with the Indians in this territory, I feel confident that they will never be found in a better condition or more disposed to enter into amicable arrangements than they are at this time. In addition to this, a duty which we owe to the Indians, in protecting their rights from violations by the white man, makes it necessary that something should be done as early as possible—and at the same time, the government should look to the interests of her own citizens, who are emigrating to this territory in vast numbers. And if something is not done to give them the right to settle the lands, quietly, the Indians may resist, and the consequence will be the shedding of much blood. As evidence to sustain this opinion, and to show the necessity of immediate action, witness the destruction of life and property which is almost daily occurring on the Oregon and California routes, where the Indians have become excited, by what they consider as trespasses and encroachments of the whites upon their lands.

In returning from Laramie, I met a deputation of the Utes from the Uwinty valey, at Fort Bridger, sent by their chief, with overtures of friendship, and requesting that I would send them traders, to their village. I gave them a few presents and promised to visit them during the winter, if the weather would permit—they received the presents with kindness and promised to use every effort with their tribe, as well as all other Indians, to promote friendly relations with the Whites. I sent them traders and expect to have a report in a few days of their reception and treatment.

I also met with a few lodges of the Digger Utes;²⁸ they informed me that they belonged to a band who resided part in this territory and part in Oregon—they seemed very friendly disposed, and gave me a most horrible account of the robberies and murders committed by the Indians in the neighborhood of Fort Hall. They informed me that there were several white women now held as prisoners by these Indians—they stated that the emigrant trains had been attacked, the men all killed, the property taken or destroyed, and the women made prisoners. They could not tell me at what point the women were confined at present, but promised to get the information on their return home,

28. The term "Digger" was indiscriminately applied to the various Shoshonean peoples who inhabited the intermontane region, including the western Shoshoni and the Northern and Southern Paiute. Ethnologists classify the Wyoming Snake bands as Northern Shoshoni.

and advise me whether any thing could be done for their relief. It is thought by many that there are white men engaged with these Indians, as, until very recently, they have been considered as the most worthless and cowardly tribe in the whole country. I addressed a letter on this subject, to Mr. John Owens, Ind. Agt. at or near Fort Hall,²⁹ advising him of the information I had received, and requesting him to make such enquiries as will enable him to ascertain whether this report is to be relied on or not—and if necessary, promising my aid in any effort to recover them from captivity. The tribe to which the Indians who have committed this act of barbarity, belong, claim a boundary of land lying in this, as well as Oregon Territory.

The short time since I entered upon the duties of my office—no documents or papers coming into my possession, by which I could get information, it has placed it out of my power to be as well informed as I could wish, and hope to be in future. Should the weather permit, I hope to be able to visit several tribes during the winter, when I shall have it in my power to give you farther information. Should I receive information relative to the captivity of these white women, their whereabouts, &c I should like to be instructed what course to pursue.

Herewith, you will please find a report of expenses, incurred in travelling to this city from my residence in Kentucky—also, the expenses of my trip with the Snake Indians to the treaty at Fort Laramie, with the amount of presents &c given to the Indians, as well as a statement of property now on hand. . . .

X.

**Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Brigham Young, Supt.
of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake City, Utah
Territory, Dec. 31, 1851³⁰**

Sir

In my report made to your Excellency on the 20th [10th] of November last, I gave you a statement of my transactions as Indian Agent for this Territory up to that time—

29. John Owen had come west in 1849 as sutler to the Mounted Rifles and wintered with them at Cantonment Loring. Subsequently he established himself in the Bitterroot Valley to become one of the most eminent of Montana's pioneers, his wife, Nancy, was a woman of the Snake tribe. See Seymour Dunbar, ed., *The Journals and Letters of Major John Owen*, 2 vols., New York, 1927.

30. Enclosure in Young to Lea, December 31, 1851 (U/6-1852).

since which, I have nothing of importance to communicate. I left this city on the 1st inst. on a visit to Fort Bridger, where I expected to meet a party of the Utah Indians from the Uinty Valley; I had previously, at the request of their chief, sent some traders to their village. The weather had been bad for some time previous, and still remained very cold, which no doubt prevented their attendance. I also visited a settlement of "**Freemen**" as they are called, on Green River, some sixty miles beyond Bridger—I there found several Lodges of the Shoshonie tribe of Indians, several of whom had accompanied me to the Treaty at Laramie. They expressed great delight in seeing me—brought up their friends and introduced them, telling them of the kindness of the Whites throughout the whole expedition, and particularly of their Great Father, who had given them so many presents, that he had made them all rich. Those who visited that treaty, returned so well satisfied, that they are doing much good with the other Indians—they take great pleasure and pride in telling of the Kindness and respect shown to them, and express their feelings of gratitude and friendship in the warmest manner. I regret, very much, that more of the Indians of this Territory could not have been at that treaty. Many of the tribes in this Territory have had but little intercourse with the whites, and that has been with the traders, principally, who have universally cheated and defrauded them, by the enormous prices they have charged them for every article of trade. I have come to the conclusion, that it would be to the interest of the Indians, to license a good number of traders, as competition would enable them to trade on more advantageous terms.

The traders who lately visited the Utah tribes, at Uinty reported the Indians very friendly, and much gratified that they had come among them. Throughout all their intercourse, the Indians manifested the greatest friendship, and expressed a desire that they would visit them frequently—that they would always meet a Kind reception.

Although I have heretofore expressed the opinion that it would be greatly to the interest of the Indians, to hold a treaty with the various tribes in this territory, I cannot refrain from again bringing the subject before the department. The unfriendly feelings which exist between many of the tribes and bands, has a tendency to keep up a continual excitement. If they could be brought together, peace and friendship would be established between them, which would enable them to visit each other, and by an interchange of the products of each tribe, it would tend greatly

to better the condition of all. This treaty could be easily effected, as the Indians with whom I have conversed desire it very much. I have also heard from many others who would be pleased, could it take place.

You will find enclosed, an abstract, and an account current,³¹ for the Quarter ending on the 31st inst. which, with the report I had the honor of making to your Excellency on the 20th of November, will give a full account of all my transactions for the present year. . . .

XI.

Henry R. Day, Sub-agent, to Luke Lea, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Washington City, D. C., Jan. 2, 1852³²

Sir.

I have the honour to report that agreeably to instructions from your Department I proceeded to the Territory of Utah and after a tedious trip arrived at the City of the Great Salt Lake on the 19th of July.

On the 21st I Officially reported myself to his Excellency Brigham Young, Governor, and Ex Officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs for "Instructions, Location &c" as instructed by your Department.

After the elapse of a few days I received a note from the Governor³³ locating me in the 1st or "Parvan District, With Verbal instructions to remain in the City of Great Salt Lake until Spring before I permanently established my Agency.

The Tribes or Bands in my Agency are Composed of the Snake Diggers or Cum-em-bars Which are the Desert Indians, inhabiting Most of the Tooele, Yoab [Juab], and Sevier Vallies.

There is a tribe Known as Goships and Wan-Ships Band, Who inhabit the Northern part of this Districk, North from the Great Salt Lake towards the Weber Country, West of

31. Financial records of this sort were not kept in the Office of Indian Affairs files but were passed on to the auditors and the General Accounting Office.

32. D/1-1852. Day was the sub-agent who left his post in the fall of 1851 to return to the States with others of the territorial officials. The episode is briefly discussed in Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 385. Five weeks after writing this letter Day resigned, asking that his resignation be accepted as of January 16, 1852.

33. Young to Day, July 21, 1851, (Enclosure "A" in Young to Lea, October 20, 1851 (U/87-1851). The information in the six paragraphs following Day derives from Young's letter to himself.

the Tooele's and East of the Shoshone or Snake Nation.³⁴

South are the Tin-pan-a-gos Who inhabit the Utah Valley, they are More Commonly Called the Tinpany or Lake Utes, and are divided into small Bands each having a Chief-Stick-in-the-head-Peteetneet and others are Known as Chiefs—

The Next are the San-Petes Who are South of the last Named Tribes roving through the Yoab and San-Pete Vallies, and thence South to the Sevier River, South of them are the Paroans, Which Nation extend to a Tribe Called the Piedes—³⁵

The Next and last Known Tribe Composing My District is a roving Band Who roam through the Whole of the Other Nations, and are Confined to No particular part of the Territory. they are Called Cho-Ver-ets, and Known as Walker's Band—

All the different tribes in this Territory Show Much deference to Walker, Connected With him or his Band are Arra-Pines,—Grose-Pines, Tab-ba and Some others, these Bands frequently rove high up in the Sevier River in search of Game, but are generally found in the Neighborhood of San-Pete and Utah Vallies.

I held several Councils or "talks" With some of the different Chiefs and Braves. and explained to them What their Great Father at Washington desired to do for them and What he expected of them, they expressed Much pleasure and satisfaction.

I Made Them several presents Which delighted them exceedingly, the Indians in this Territory are Mostly Very poor. Game being excessively scarce they are from Necessity, and to prevent Starvation Often impelled to Steal Cattle, Horses, Mules, &c. for food.

Some of the Tribes Inhabiting this district are fine looking Men and apparently quite intelligent Indians, others of them, Viz— the Snake Diggers or Cum-em-bars, are Small in Stature, and filthy looking beings, they Subsit Mostly upon Roots, Crickets, Insects, &c. are extremely poor and Wild.

All these Tribes before mentioned acknowledge Walker as their War Chief and Sow-er-ette as their head Civil Chief, but the Majority of the Tribes, obey the Mandate or Council of their Civil Chief, Sow-er-ette, including Walker.

34. More precisely, Wanship's band had Salt Lake Valley as their home, and their range should be described as east of the Tooele Valley and west of the Shoshoni country. These Indians were a mixture of Ute and Shoshoni.

35. These were principally Southern Paiute.

They all expressed a Willingness and desire to Cultivate the Soil, provided the Mormons Would not drive them off from their lands. In the latter part of September I sent out to the Snake or Shoshone Nation, and invited Cut-nose one of the Chiefs of that Nation to Come in and hold a Council or talk With Me, promiseing to protect him. My object was to Make peace between them and the Utah Tribes in my District, he came in with Others, and we held a "talk of several hours, I gave him some small presents, he expressed himself Much pleased to hear from their Great Father, and agreed to Meet Me a[t] Fort Bridger one hundred and thirteen Miles South East of Salt Lake City on the 1st of October. 165

I also sent Word to Sou-er-ette to Meet me there, With his Warriors, promising to protect him, accordingly I repaired to the Fort and they Met Me there as per Agreement.

These Nations have been at War for Many years and there Seemed to be a deadly hatred between them, after a Council of Several hours during Which time recounted their alledged Causes of quarrel, I told them their Great Father wished them to be at Peace With all the different Nations of Indians. and With the Whites. and that they must Not Steal, Which after Smoking the Calumet of peace again, they all clasped hands and agreed to—The Indians Complained bitterly of the treatment they had received from the Mormon Settlers, from the time they first entered the Territory up to the present, Such as driving them off of their lands. Stealing their Stock &c.

I can perhaps convey their Ideas better by giving you the language of the Old Chief Sou-er-ette, Who raising himself up to his full height said to Me, American—good! Mormon—No good! American—friend—Morman—Kill—Steal—

The Chiefs Said they claimed all the lands upon which were settled the Mormans, and that they were driving them further every Year, Making use of their Soil and what little timber there was, and Expressed a Wish If their Great Father was so powerfull, that he Would Not permit the Mormans to drive them out of the Vallies into the Moun-tains where they Must Starve—

Some of these Tribe Cultivate the Soil, raise Indian Cor[n] &c.

About the 9th August Major Holeman Indian Agent arrived at Great Salt Lake City, and the Governor, after Some Consultation With him and Myself ordered us to attend the Treaty at Fort Laramie on the 1st of September, With a Delegation of Indians. I sent out Interpreter among those in My District to prevail upon the Chief to attend the

Treaty, by the Governors orders purchased a Carriage &c. to Convey them down privately and in disguise, it being his Opinion and Instructions that they should be Conveyed in that Manner to prevent being attacked by Other Tribes—

Four only of the Different Bands Came in Gro-se-Pene, a Chief, Quon-di-ats son of Sou-er-ette, Tomey, sent by Walker, Sou-ette sent by Wanship— and Gro-se-Pene's Sister.—

The Governor thought they Could Not properly represent the different Tribes, and ordered me Not to Make the trip, but to purchase them a Suit of Cloths each Knvs, Tobacco &c. Which I did.

The reasons given me by Sou-er-ette, Walker and the Other Chiefs Why they did Not Come in and go down, was that they beleived it to [be] a trap set by the Mormons to Kill them, They seem to have but little Confidence in anything the Mormon people say to them, and decidedly stand in Much fear of them and from all the Information I could gather not Without good Cause. I am decidedly of Opinion that a treaty held of all the different Tribes in the Territory Would be of incalculable benefit, and that a Delegation sent to Washington, and through the State Would add Much to give them an Idea of the Power of the Government, and have a Much greater tendency to Civilize these Indians than any other Course that Could be adopted. they have No Conception of the population and power of the United States,—

Christian Missions, other than Mormons, Would also do Much to advance these Indians towards Civilization. . . .

XII.

**Jacob H. Holeman, Indian Agent, to Luke Lea,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated Great Salt Lake
City, March 29, 1852. ³⁶**

Dr Sir— On the 28th of November last, I addressed you a letter, containing, in substance, what you will find in this. Believing it important that the department should be possessed of some of these facts, and understanding that there was a failure in the Mail of the 1st of December, I have concluded to write you again, as I have now a safe convey-

36. H/79-1852. The hostility that recurrently developed in the Utah Superintendency between the Mormon and non-Mormon officers is illuminatingly reflected in this letter. Young's side emerges in some of the later documents in this series. The problem is discussed in larger perspective in my article in the **Pacific Historical Review** previously cited.

ance by private hands. In my letter above alluded to, I informed you, that I had made a report to his Excellency, Gov. Young, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in which I had given a statement of my accounts and transactions, generally—But owing to a difficulty which had occurred between the Governor, and Judge Brockus [Perry E Brochus] and other officers of Government, during my absence to Laramie, I did not think it prudent to touch on matters connected with the conduct of the Governor, and the Mormons in general, as it had to pass through the hands of the Governor. It was not, however, because I feared that any thing I stated, could or would be contradicted by the Governor—but because I apprehended, that if I said any thing which he did not like, in my report, that it would never reach you—The “Gentiles,” as we are all called, who do not belong to the Mormon Church, have no confidence in the management of the Post Office here,—it is believed by many that there is an examination of all letters, coming and going—in order that they may ascertain what is said of them, and by whom it is said. This opinion is so strong, that all communications touching their character and conduct, are either sent to Bridger or Laramie, there to be mailed. I send this communication, by a friend to St. Joseph, Mo. there to be mailed for the City of Washington

I alluded, in my report, to the necessity of adopting such measures, by the General Government, as will protect the rights of the Indians in this Territory—they are becoming very much excited by the encroachments of the Mormons, who are making settlements, throughout the Territory, on all the most valuable lands—extending these settlements for three hundred miles South, from this City—and north to Marys River, and Carson Valley. In the first settlement of this city, and the adjoining country, by the Mormons, they at first, conciliated the Indians by kind treatment, but when they once got foothold, they began to force their way—the consequence was, a war with the Indians, and in many instances, a most brutal butchery, of the Indians. This, they fear, will again be the result, wherever the Mormons may make a settlement. The Indians having been driven from their lands, and their hunting grounds destroyed without any compensation therefore, they are in many instances reduced to a state of suffering bordering on starvation. In this situation, some of the most daring and desperate approach the settlements, and demand some remuneration or compensation for their lands, &c. when, upon the slightest pretexts, they are shot down or driven to the Mountains. These scenes frequently occur—but the other day, an In-

dian was found dead in the vicinity of the City, shot through the body.

You will no doubt be informed by Judge Brockus, Secretary [Broughton D.] Harris and others, officers who have returned from this city, to the States, of the conduct and character of Gov. Young, his treatment to them, &c. I was not here at the time—on my arrival in the City, from Laramie, I found the Governor absent on an expedition to the Indians, some 150 Miles distant— He had taken with him, Sub-agent, S. B. Rose, who is a Mormon, with several hundred dollars worth of Indian goods, as presents, for the purpose, no doubt, of conciliating the Indians and getting permission to extend his settlements—thus making use of his office, as Superintendent, and the money of the Government, to promote the interest of his church—therefore, it seems to me, that no Mormon, should, officially, have any thing to do with the Indians.

From what I can learn here, there is no doubt, but every effort will be made by the Mormons, to prevent the Government from peaceably extending her laws over the Territory. Since the departure of the Judges and other officers, they have levied additional taxes on all classes, of ten cents on the dollars worth, of all description and kind of property. This, it is thought, is for the purpose of preparing for resistance. It is said, upon good authority, that there is an effort being made, to form an alliance with the Indians, to resist the Government, should it be determined to force authority in the territory—and from all the circumstances, and information I can gather, something of the kind may be in agitation— It would not surprise me in the least, as many of the Utah tribe have been Baptised in their church,—and feasted upon all occasions, and treated in the kindest manner. Sub agent Rose, has just returned from another Southern tour, and the Governor will leave again, in a few days—neither have spoken to me on the subject, nor do they let me know any thing of their actings or doings.

I think it would be advisable to hold a treaty with the Indians as soon as possible—they are generally friendly disposed to the whites—a deputation of some of their principal men, to visit the states would have a very good effect—they know nothing of the power of the Government, or the number and manner of living of our people.

I have just been informed, that the Snake and Utah tribes, who have been at war with each other, have assembled for the purpose of settling their differences— they are now in council. I suggested this course to both tribes, and have no doubt but it will result in an adjustment of their

difficulties— It will set an example to the other tribes, and will ultimately, I have no doubt, produce a very good effect. This is the band of the Snakes who visited Laramie—they are very friendly to the whites, and have great respect for their Great Father— The Indians are very much scattered over this Territory— The tribes are split up into small bands, ruled by some favorite chief—some of them are very small— The Tribe of Shoshonies, or Snakes is very large, and being divided into many bands they occupy a large portion of the Territory, but are all on friendly terms with each other. They have nothing like a settled residence, but roam the country from the head waters of the Platt, near the South Pass, to St Mary's river, including a portion of the Territory of Oregon. There are two bands of Utah's, of considerable size—one residing South of this city, and are very friendly towards the Whites—the other who are called "Diggers," reside north, and range over a portion of country lying between this and California—they are said to be a tribe formed by the poorer classes of the Utah's, the Snake's, the Pa-nacks, the Crows, and the Flat-heads.³⁷ They have, heretofore, been considered as the most worthless and trifling Indians in the Territory— subsisting on roots, principally, from which they take the name of Diggers. It is said they eat any thing that has life in it, from a cricket to a Buffalo. It is principally in their country, that the robberies and murders which have occurred during the past season have been committed. Many are of the opinion, that they have been encouraged and assisted by white men. And judging of their past character, and their bold and daring conduct now, it would seem that there is strong grounds for the opinion. There are many bands of the various tribes above named, of a more elevated character, who pursue the chase for a living, and travel the country in search of game, from the Platt river to California, and from this city to Oregon. I visited a village of the Snakes³⁸ about 80 miles north of this city, in January last—It was reported here, that they had information of two white women, who were said to be held as prisoners by a band of the "White

37. This is fantastic misinformation about the western Shoshoni, who assuredly had no large admixture of Crow or Flathead blood.

38. Various references occur in the reports of the Utah Superintendency to Shoshoni in the near vicinity of the Mormon settlements, and to others who frequented the Snake country near Fort Hall and the headwaters of Goose Creek on the California Trail. As it is clear that these have nothing to do with the Wyoming Shoshoni, and as inclusion of these reports would swell this study to unmanageable proportions, only incidental references to them are here published.

Knives"—all the information I could gather, seemed to justify the belief that they had been killed by the Indians. The name of **White Knife**, has been given to these Indians who have been committing the robberies on the California and Oregon routes, in consequence, they say, of white men being connected with them and their being so completely armed with almost every description of weapon. The Indians I visited, professed great friendship for the Whites, and seemed disposed to enter into any arrangement with the government which would have a tendency to secure, permanently, this friendship. I have met with many of the Utah tribe, who reside south and south east of this city—they are also friendly, and are anxious to make such arrangements, by treaty or otherwise, as will establish on a firm footing, their friendly relations with the whites.

I have suggested, in my previous letters, the necessity of doing something to protect the route between this and California and Oregon—the Indians have been very troublesome during the last year—robberies and murders, of the most brutal character, occur with almost every train. The November mail from California has been cut off—all killed by the Indians near Mary's River; the mail contractor, Mr. Woodward among them, and the mail destroyed.³⁹ The February mail, from the same place, arrived here on the 26th inst. after much suffering—all their mules and horses were frozen to death—the men were compelled to lay by 18 days in a snow storm, and travelled 13 days on foot, packing the mail on their backs, with nothing to eat but mule meat, and 4 days without any thing—they accidentally met a band of the Snake Indians, who fed them, and brought them into the settlements. Something should be done by the Government, to aid this mail route. The December and January mails could not pass the mountains, and returned.

It is not, perhaps, any portion of my duty, yet it may not be amiss to give you some account of the persecution and tyranny of the Mormons towards the Gentiles, as all are called, who do not belong to the Mormon Church. They have levied a very exorbitant tax on all emigrants who have been compelled to winter in this valley—they collected this tax last fall; and now, when these emigrants are preparing to leave for California and Oregon, they tax them again. The Legislature has passed a law giving licenses to men belonging to their church, to establish ferries, and build bridges over all the streams over which emigration

39. See LeRoy R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail, 1849-1869*, Cleveland, 1926, pp. 63-64.

will have to pass, and regulated the toll at \$3 for each wagon, and 50 cts for each head of loose cattle—while the citizens of the valley, or members of the church, are exempted from this tax, or toll—one half of which, is to be paid into the tithing office, for the benefit of the church.⁴⁰ Some of the emigrants, who from the lateness of the season when they arrived here, were compelled to remain during the winter—being good mechanicks, they were employed by some of the heads of the Church; to labor on their buildings and public works; and wishing to leave this spring, have been turned off without pay, or any satisfaction—they refused even to give their notes—among these men, is Willard Richards, who keeps a harem of some dozen or fifteen women, to all of whom he is wedded.⁴¹ He is acting Secretary of State, and Post Master of the City. Every description of tyranny that they can invent, is made use of, to persecute the emigrants. They issue from the tithing office a kind of Scrip, as evidence of the indebtedness of the church, for labor or services performed by individuals—this scrip forms a kind of circulating medium, and is received from the members, in payment of their taxes and tithing; but when it falls into the hands of a gentile, it will not be received from him for his taxes, and he is forced to pay the cash—All he can do with it, is to receive such articles of trade, as they may choose to give him, at from 1 to 400 per cent above the valley prices, for the same article.

They are in the habit of drilling the Militia weekly—The commanding officer, in impressing upon them the importance of punctually attending these drills, has been heard to say, “that they were in the habit of drilling punctually, while in Navoo, when they had but one state to oppose them, but now they have the whole United States, they should be properly drilled and equipped.” Others say, “they do not fear the United States—they have neither respect for her, or her citizens; and should they want assistance to defend themselves against the Government, they can easily get it from England.” They have their missionaries travelling all over the world, almost, collecting men and contributions, to give greater strength to their church—they calculate upon a large emigration this season, to reinforce their ranks; and are using every effort to prevent

40. To this topic we will return in connection with the events of 1854 and later.

41. The report about Willard Richards was newsworthy, in view of the fact that the Church did not formally avow the practice of plural marriage until August, 1852, but as usual the number of wives was grossly exaggerated by rumor.

their people from leaving the valley—Many have made preparations for emigrating to California, but Brigham has put his veto against it, and in a great measure, has put a stop to it.

I could give you thousands of circumstances, tending to show their deadly hostility to the Government, and their determination to resist her authority, in all matters which conflict with their notions, and church regulations—They say, that **"God and the Governor Commands,"** and they obey no one else.

I mentioned in my previous letters, the difficulty attending the route, from this city to California—the main route from the states to California and Oregon, passes to the north of this, and intercepts the road from here, at or near the Goose Creek Mountains, about 175 miles from this place. It is then about 130 miles to the head of Humbolt river, where the road strikes it—thence down the river, to the Canyon is about 60 miles—Making, from this to the Canyon, about 365 miles. It is the opinion of the best informed, with whom I have conversed, that a post, or agency established, at or near this Canyon, would afford the best protection to this route. The distance from this Canyon to Reese's Station in Carson Valley,⁴² is about 360 miles—this station is in Utah Territory, near the California line and is about 180 miles from Sacramento City. There is a settlement about this Station of about 80 persons, and extends in the direction to this city for near 40 miles. Should I receive no instructions to the contrary, I have concluded to visit this section of the Territory—and should I find it advantageous to the interest of the Government and the Indians, I shall make arrangements to establish an Agency, at some point which will be the best calculated to give the greatest amount of protection, and at the same time be most convenient for operations with the Indians, As the emigration will be leaving this valley about the 30th of April,⁴³ I have concluded to leave this city with them. I shall write you again before I leave, and shall advise you from time to time, of my operations, the prospects of quieting the Indians, and the state of the country generally.

42. The celebrated Mormon Station at present Genoa, Nevada, established by John Reese in 1850 as the first trading post in Carson Valley.

43. Holeman refers to that part of the immigration of 1851 which had wintered in the Mormon settlements, together with such members of the Mormon community as had business in or were moving to California. Normally the overland immigrants did not arrive from the Missouri River before June.

I fear you will think me extravagant in the expenditure of money, but I assure you, things are quite different here from what they are in the States—every thing is from 2 to five hundred per cent higher than they are there. Consequently, our living, though much more common, is quite dear. All my expenditures have been as economical as possible—particularly my trip to Laramie. It was the first attempt that had been made by Government to establish friendly relations with the Indians in this Territory, and I thought that a few dollars was a matter of no importance, when compared with the effect which would be produced upon their feelings, by showing them that their Great Father as well as the Whites generally, would be good to them if they would treat the White with kindness. They returned to their village so much pleased with the trip, and the evidences of friendship they received, that they are using all their influence with the other tribes, not only to make peace between themselves, but to establish peace and friendship with the Whites.

It may be prudent, perhaps, to keep my name secret, in relation to these statements—if it was known here, that I had made such a communication, there is no telling what would be the result. I have heard them boldly assert, that if Brigham was to tell them to cut any man's throat, they would do it without hesitation. I make these remarks to let you know my situation—I do not fear a contradiction—use your judgment on the subject. . . .

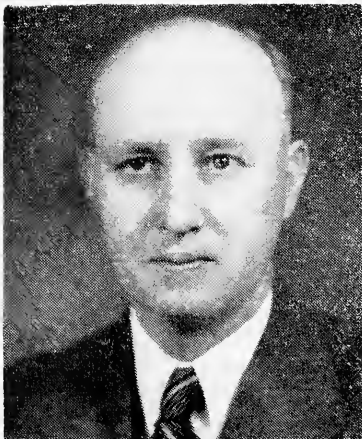


WASHAKIE AND HIS BAND

UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY OFFICIALS



MR. I. N. BAYLESS, PRESIDENT



**MR. V. O. MURRAY, VICE
PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS**



**MR. JOHN HUGHES,
GENERAL MANAGER**

—Courtesy of Union Pacific Coal Company

The Union Pacific Coal Company

1868 to August 1952

By

GEORGE B. PRYDE*

When the Union Pacific Railroad was being constructed westward from Omaha, Nebraska, through Wyoming in 1868, it became necessary to provide a source of fuel more stable and efficient than the wood then used in the locomotives.

And so in 1868, coal mines were opened at Carbon in Carbon County, Wyoming, and at Rock Springs in Sweetwater County, Wyoming. In 1869, mines were opened at Almy, Wyoming, near Evanston.

The mines from the date of their opening to September 30, 1890, were operated by the Coal Department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. On October 1, 1890, The Union Pacific Coal Company took over the operations of the coal mines, and that situation exists at the present time.

Originally only three districts were operated as above indicated. However, as the years passed and the demand for coal increased both for coal for the motive power of the Railroad Company and for commercial purposes, additional mines were put in operation. Some of these were acquired by purchases, while others were new mines opened on The Union Pacific Coal Company lands or on lands of the parent company the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

*Retired Vice President, Operations, The Union Pacific Coal Company; Member of The Coal Company's Old Timers' Association.

The following is a list of same:

Name of Field	Date Opened	Date Closed
Carbon, Wyoming	1868	1902
Rock Springs, Wyoming	1868	Still Operating
Almy, Wyoming	1869	1900
Grass Creek, Utah	1881	1887
Northrop, Colorado	1882	1884
Louisville, Colorado	1882	1885
Erie, Colorado	1882	1885
Como, Colorado	1883	1894
Pleasant Valley, Utah	1883	1911
Dana, Wyoming	1889	1891
Hanna, Wyoming	1890	Still Operating
Spring Valley, Wyoming	1900	1905
Cumberland, Wyoming	1901	1930
Superior, Wyoming	1906	Still Operating
Reliance, Wyoming	1911	Still Operating
Winton, Wyoming	1921	Still Operating
Stansbury, Wyoming	1944	Still Operating
The Washington Union Coal Company, a subsidiary of The Union Pacific Coal Company:		
Tono, Washington	1908	1932

It will be noted that The Union Pacific Coal Company now operates only six districts, all in Wyoming; five in the Rock Springs area and one at Hanna in Carbon County, Wyoming.

For a considerable period of time, in addition to supplying the requirements of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, The Union Pacific Coal Company mines marketed coal commercially as far east as Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states.

Since 1916, the sale of coal commercially was discontinued by The Union Pacific Coal Company. Practically the entire production of its mines being shipped to the Union Pacific Railroad Company for the operation of its motive power.

When it is remembered, that in the 83 years to the end of 1951, that the mines in Wyoming only operated by the Coal Department of the Railroad, and by The Union Pacific Coal Company, produced in that period a total of 170,724,388 tons of coal; and the production from all of the mines on all the districts in which mines have been operated including Wyoming shows a grand total of 195,918,704 tons, a truly impressive figure.

It will be evident that the production of these mines in the 83 years since coal was first produced by the Coal Department of the Union Pacific Railroad and later by The Union Pacific Coal Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Railroad, has played a great part not only in the development of southern Wyoming, but in the Western part of the United States during that period.

By furnishing a large payroll to its employees, it has contributed immeasurably to their welfare and that of their families. In the mines also in which the mines have operated, taxes paid by the Coal Company have furnished money to support schools and State, County, and Municipal Governments. Payrolls, too, have been the means of developing business enterprises of many kinds that go to make up prosperous communities.

The Union Pacific Mines have, indeed, a fine historical background, and an equally fine record in service to the communities in which the mines have operated.

The mines continue to be large producers. During World War II, a maximum production of approximately 6½ million tons was reached; the normal production for years was approximately 3,000,000 tons annually; and for the year 1951, the production was 3,816,720 tons, and the wages paid to employees was \$9,863,207.00. The Union Pacific Coal Company has enjoyed the reputation of being a progressive forward looking organization.

In 1891, a 10-ton 500 Volt D. C. electric haulage locomotive was purchased and placed in service in No. 7 Mine, Rock Springs, and gave excellent service on main line haulage for many years in Nos. 7 and 8 Mines. Some years ago this locomotive was retired and was received with fitting ceremonies into The Union Pacific Coal Company's Old Timers' Association, and was named "Charlie Smith", the name of the man who first operated it. It now occupies an honored place in the vicinity of the main entrance of the Old Timers' Building.

In 1882, chain breast coal cutting machines and drills were installed in No. 4 Mine, Rock Springs, and later operated in No. 10 Mine. This equipment was operated by compressed air at 80-pound pressure. It gave excellent service until superseded by more modern electrically operated equipment.

In 1907 soon after the opening of the Superior Mines, Mr. D. O. Clark, Vice President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, purchased a gas engine connected to a 2300 volt, 100 K. W., A. C. generator. The motive power for the engine was obtained by burning Superior coal in a retort

in which the coal was heated to a high temperature, and the engine was operated with the gas produced. Considerable quantities of tar were recovered as a by-product.

About 1905, Mr. Clark also employed a Chicago chemist, named Dr. Moss, who during a period of about two years carried on extensive tests with all coal from the Coal Company's mines, principally to determine if any were susceptible to coking, but none proved to have the necessary coking qualities. He also extracted, in small quantities, a number of chemicals and oil during his research work.

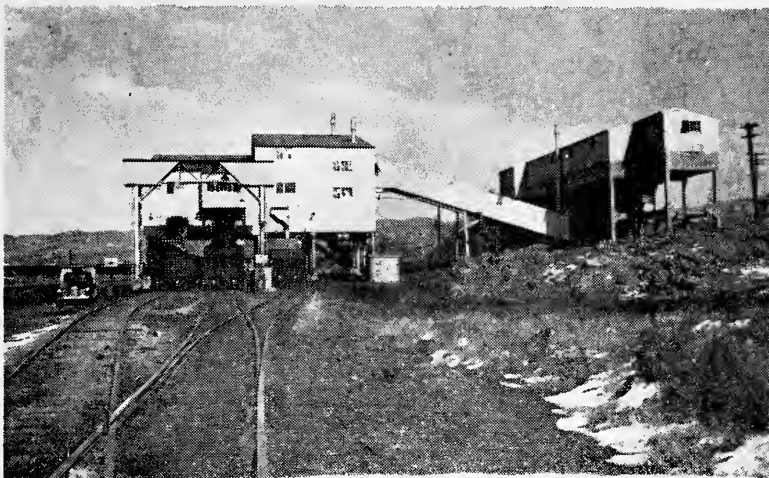
At one time, horses and mules were used to haul the coal, but about 1896, additional electric haulage locomotives and electrically operated coal cutters and drills were installed, and for quite a number of years the mines have been fully mechanized, and no animals are now used.

About 1914, Mr. Frank A. Manley, Vice President of the Coal Company, purchased a secondhand passenger car from the Union Pacific Railroad Company and had it equipped with Draeger Mine Rescue apparatus and all safety equipment patterned after the United States Bureau of Mines mine safety cars. This car was stationed in Rock Springs until its use became no longer necessary.

In 1916, electrically operated snovels were used in the Hanna mines to load coal mechanically, and in 1924, two electrically operated mobile Joy Loaders were installed for a similar purpose.

In 1925, a shaking conveyor of the Eickhoff type was purchased at Bochim, Germany, and installed in Superior "C" Mine; the results were so much better than that obtained under the hand loading method that other machines of this type, some of them of American manufacture, were installed in all of the Company's mines from time to time. These shaking conveyor loaders had one defect which prevented them from reaching maximum production, due to the fact that it was necessary to shovel most of the coal onto the conveyor. This difficulty was overcome when Frank R. McCarty, Mine Superintendent at Rock Springs, and George Ersenberger, Master Mechanic at the Superior Mines, developed the duckbill, an attachment which, when fitted to the upper end of the shaking conveyor, and manipulated by levers, advanced into the coal pile and loaded most of the coal automatically, the immediate results being a visible increase in the production obtained from each machine.

The Goodman Manufacturing Company of Chicago, Illinois, who later took over the manufacture of the duckbill have made quite a number of improvements in the original



—Courtesy of Union Pacific Coal Company

**MODERN STEEL PREPARATION PLANT AT THE COAL
COMPANY'S STANSBURY MINE**

design, but the fundamental principles developed by Messrs. McCarty and Ersenberger remain.

Both received an Award of Merit from the Franklin Institute, the leading scientific society of the United States. By their early invention, they performed a real service to the mining industry, because thousands of shaking conveyors manufactured in the United States and equipped with the duckbill are in general use in many American mines, including The Union Pacific Coal Company mines, as well as in many foreign countries.

Mr. I. N. Bayless, President of The Union Pacific Coal Company, has quite recently installed continuous mining machines, self-propelled loading buggies, together with roof bolting, and many other improved modern mining practices.

Mr. V. O. Murray, Vice President, Operations, and his staff, are doing an excellent job in making this and other equipment into a successful, and well-rounded program.

The successful operation of The Union Pacific Coal Company mines, with its modern mining practices, efficient ventilation and outstanding safety practices, may best be judged by the large number of mining engineers from the United States mines, Great Britain, and parts of Europe, and from Australia, and New Zealand. These engineers come to study the modern mines of the Coal Company and, in many cases, apply them to their own operations.

Again reverting to the safety program of The Union

Pacific Coal Company. During 1911 a mine safety car of the United States Bureau of Mines came to Rock Springs to initiate training in First Aid and Mine Safety. This car was in charge of Sumner Smith, Mining Engineer-in-Charge; Thos. L. Lewis, a former International President of the U.M.W. of A.; and Jesse Henson of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, First Aid Miner.

The car came to Rock Springs for the purpose of stimulating interest in First Aid training and the reduction of mine accidents. It was thought that the presence of Mr. Lewis would assist in stimulating interest in these subjects.

Classes were formed at the Union Pacific mines in Rock Springs; participants being employees of the Coal Company who had received ambulance training (First Aid) in their native country, the British Isles, prior to coming to the United States, and were proficient in this work. They not only enrolled as instructors, but joined the classes, and it was largely due to their efforts that First Aid to the injured was firmly established among Union Pacific Coal Company's personnel at that time, and has continued ever since.

On a recent visit to Rock Springs to attend The Union Pacific Coal Company's First Aid Field Day, June 20th of this year (1952), Mr. John (Jack) Forbes, present director United States Bureau of Mines, Washington, D. C., recalled that in 1915 while a member of the Bureau of Mines staff he had trained First Aid teams of the Coal Company for a First Aid contest which was held later that year in Rock Springs sponsored by The Union Pacific Coal Company. These contests have continued each year until the present time.

These early efforts in mine safety did not show appreciable results. In 1923 when Mr. Eugene McAuliffe took over the presidency of The Union Pacific Coal Company and affiliated companies, he immediately instituted a sustained and energetic safety program to reduce mine accidents. As an incentive many prizes were given.

A safety engineer and a ventilation engineer were appointed, whose sole duty it was to inspect the mines, investigate the cause of all mining accidents, develop what caused the accidents, and take steps to prevent similar future accidents.

Incentive prizes consisted of watches, framed pictures, silverware and other household incidentals; town lots in Rock Springs, and a trip to Alaska were also tried. It was not, however, until the practice of awarding an automobile annually as the Grand Prize that improvement in the reduction of mine accidents showed improvement, and later one

automobile was awarded semi-annually; and during World War II, when automobiles were not obtainable, U. S. Government Bonds were awarded.

A drawing was held at the end of each period; the name of each section employee, who had not sustained a lost-time accident during the period was placed in a receptacle, and the winning numbers and names were drawn. The present management has for some time awarded prizes of household furniture, washing machines, electric stoves, frigidaire, and other valuable articles for the home are awarded which is a better system than the one prize, as each of the six districts wins one of these prizes. This keeps a larger number of employees interested in safety.

All employees in and around the mines are equipped with hard hats, hard toe shoes, and heavy goggles corrected to each individual employees' vision; these goggles must be worn at all times when on the job, and have reduced the number of eye accidents to a minimum. All underground employees were furnished electric cap lamps. The hard hats, too, have almost eliminated head injuries, and the hard toe shoes have reduced the leg and foot injuries very noticeably.

Some years after the starting of the awarding of the automobiles, a total average of 90,000 man hours worked per lost-time accident at all of the districts was considered an outstanding record, when the national average for all coal mines in the United States was 12,000 man hours worked per lost-time injury.

At the present time when the average man hours worked per lost-time accident for all mines in the United States probably does not exceed 25,000, The Union Pacific Coal Company employees at Mine No. 7, Reliance, won the Sentinels of Safety for the year 1951, with the amazing total of 464,666 man hours worked with no lost-time injury.

"The Safety Review" published by The Union Pacific Coal Company contains these statistics on safety performance:

From January 1 to June 30, 1952, Stansbury district worked 438,762 man hours, with one lost-time injury.

The Superior district worked, for the same period, 481,173 man hours, with no lost-time injury; and Hanna worked 268,581 man hours, with no lost-time injury.

The average for all six districts in man hours worked per injury was 263,327.

The remarkable thing is that similar records are being accomplished year after year by the employees of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

It would be unfair to assert that the awarding of these

prizes has been wholly responsible for this nation-wide record, but they helped very materially in making the record possible.

In the May-June 1952 issue of "The Explosives Engineer", published by the Hercules Powder Company of Wilmington, Delaware, the entire volume contains a record of the mining and safety operations of The Union Pacific Coal Company, in which a high tribute was paid to Mr. I. N. Bayless, President of the Coal Company; Mr. V. O. Murray, Vice President, Operations; and Mr. John Hughes, General Manager; their staffs and the entire personnel of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

In the copy of the volume referred to Mr. I. N. Bayless made this significant statement:

"Safety is simply a matter of organization and training mixed with perseverance and hard work. It embraces every Company employee not only miners, but all other workers and members of the supervisory staff including the President."

And so the author closes this brief summary of the operations of an outstanding mining organization with a tribute to all the employees, both past and present, the valuable and lasting contributions to the progress, advancement, and success to The Union Pacific Coal Company 1868 to the present time.

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY'S FIRST AID FIELD DAY ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING—JUNE 20, 1952

Training in First Aid to the injured started in 1911 at The Union Pacific Coal Company's Rock Springs District mines. In that year, one of the United States Bureau of Mines mine safety cars visited the district to stimulate interest in this very important adjunct to coal mining operations. Similar cars of the Bureau of Mines visited at the same time many coal mining districts to spread the "gospel" of First Aid to the injured, and the reduction of mine injuries.

In charge of the car that came to Rock Springs were Mr. Sumner Smith, Mining Engineer-in-Charge; Mr. Thos. L. Lewis, a former International President of the United Mine Workers of America, who gave lectures on the necessity of reducing mine accidents; and Mr. Jesse Henson, First Aid Miner, who organized classes and taught First Aid to the injured.

Classes in First Aid were organized among the officials and mine employees. These classes were composed of men from the British Isles, who had received ambulance (First

Aid) training in their native country, prior to coming to the United States to enter the employment of The Union Pacific Coal Company. These men not only became members of the classes, but later some of them acted as instructors.

Herewith a few of the names of those men who were active at that time. There may be others, but it is difficult to recall all of them after the lapse of years. George Jones, Richard Orme, George Smith, Archie Auld, Sr., Joe Seaton, M. W. Medill, Chas. Gregory, Sr., John Maxwell, Thos. Foster, George Fitchett, and Tom Gibson, who later became Safety Director for the Coal Company.

In 1912, a gold medal was donated by the Mine Superintendent at Rock Springs to be awarded as a prize in a First Aid Contest participated in by teams from The Union Pacific Coal Company's Rock Springs district. The medal was won by team from No. 7 Mine, and is now in the Museum of the Coal Company at Rock Springs Headquarters Building. Thereafter, First Aid contests were held annually.

These contests, sponsored by The Union Pacific Coal Company, have been held annually ever since; first at the First Aid field Rock Springs, and since the completion of the Old Timers' Building have been held indoors there.

The first prize winner at these contests were sent to participate in the National First Aid meets at San Francisco Salt Lake City, Denver, St. Louis, Springfield, Illinois, and other places.

Mr. Jack Forbes, present Director of the United States Bureau of Mines, at Washington, D. C., who came this year to attend the First Aid Field Day at Rock Springs recalls that he, while a member of the Staff, came to Rock Springs in 1915 to train First Aid teams for the contest at Rock Springs that year.

As is customary, on the morning of the annual contest this year, the Boy and Girl Scouts and the Mine Workers teams, to the number of 23—16 Boy and Girl teams and 7 adult teams, assembled in procession to march to the Old Timers' Building.

Starting from the Union Pacific Railroad Company's freight depot, led by the Rock Springs James Sartoris Band, the paraders marched through the principal streets enroute to the Old Timers' Building. The parade was a colorful one and got a lot of attention.

Mr. Reeder, Resident Engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, Salt Lake City, Utah, was in charge of the contest. Frank Peternell, Safety Engineer, had laid out the floor

of the Old Timers' Building in numbered sections. The Boy and Girl Scout teams, which started the contest at 10:00 a.m., had drawn for their sections and took their places.

Engineers of the Bureau of Mines from Utah and Colorado, together with safety engineers from Coal Companies in the same states, who were to act as judges were in their places. The judges all competent in First Aid have a difficult job as the competition is keen, and the judges are compelled to grade closely.

The first problem is read by Mr. Reeder, while all teams listen. Then a copy of the problem is given to the captain of each team, and it is studied by the team. All teams, too, are given instructions regarding the rules governing the contest. A First Aid team consists of five members and a patient, one of the members acting as captain.

At the sound of a gong the teams start to work on the patient. Teams are subject to demerits for slow starting and finishing, improper handling of patient, improper bandaging, failure to treat for shock, etc.

In the 1952 contest, the team winning first place in the men's section from Stansbury No. 3 Mine scored a total of 1,488½ points out of a possible 1,500.

Then Senior Girl Scout winning team from Winton scored 1,493 points; just short of a perfect score.

The Boy Scout team winning the first prize, from Superior, scored 1,479½ points.

The Junior Girl Scout team from Rock Springs won first prize with a score of 1,489½ points.

The men's contest started at 2:00 p.m.; 6 teams participated. At the close of this contest, all the winners were announced.

Mr. I. N. Bayless, who always attends these contests, presented the teams with valuable prizes, a duty which he seems to greatly enjoy. The men's teams received money as prizes, while the Boy and Girl Scouts received cameras, travelling bags, radios, and wearing apparel.

At noon, the Boy and Girl Scout teams were the guests of the Coal Company at lunch served at the American Legion Hall. Mr. Bayless, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Tibbs were present, together with Jack Forbes, Director of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, who gave an excellent address to the teams. During the banquet, the teams engaged in group singing which was enjoyed.

These annual contests do a lot of good not only in the training of adults, but the Boy and Girl Scout teams acquire skill in First Aid work, which is one of the main activities

of scouting; and in these days when so many accidents occur in the home, they are well equipped to take care of any emergency.

**THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY'S
28TH ANNUAL OLD TIMERS ASSOCIATION REUNION
HELD AT ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING
JUNE 21, 1952**

In 1925, Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, President of the Coal Company, sought ways and means to suitably honor and pay tribute to the older employees of the Company.

Under his direction, the first annual reunion was held in McCurtain's garage building on C Street, Rock Springs. The late Bishop McGovern, of the Catholic Diocese of Wyoming, gave the Invocation, and the late Senator Clarence D. Clark was the guest speaker. Mr. McAuliffe, who introduced the speaker, gave an address in which he welcomed the Old Timers, and thanked them for their loyalty and service to the Coal Company during the years of their employment.

A banquet was served, and a business meeting held at which Old Timer Mr. James Moon, Sr., was elected President of the Association. Thereafter, annual reunions were held at the Elks Home, until 1930, when the Old Timers' Building on N and K Streets was completed, so the 1930 Reunion and all subsequent ones have been held in that building. This building was erected by The Union Pacific Coal Company and dedicated to the Old Timers of the Company.

When the Association was formed in 1925, the total membership was 283, while in 1952 the membership numbered 787, comprising the representatives of 33 nations; a truly cosmopolitan organization. To qualify for membership, one must have been employed by the Coal Company for a period of 20 years. Some of the older members pass away each year, but as the new members take their place it may reasonably be expected that the membership of the Association will remain around 800.

The Reunions are held annually in June, and a large attendance of the members and their wives are always in attendance. At the 1952 Reunion 825 attended, and it did not seem possible that more could be accommodated.

In the past as guest speakers at these reunions have been two presidents of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, senators, congressmen, state governors, lawyers, supreme court justices of Wyoming, and mining engineers. Until his

retirement, Mr. McAuliffe also took a deep interest in those meetings, and always had a message of good will for those attending.

Mr. R. R. Rose, Assistant Director of the Interior, was the 1952 guest speaker.

The present three ranking officers of the Coal Company, Mr. I. N. Bayless, President; Mr. V. O. Murray, Vice President, Operations; and Mr. John Hughes, General Manager, are all members of the Old Timers' Association and take a personal interest in the preparations for the Reunions, and a continuing interest in their success.

On the morning of June 21, 1952, members of the Old Timers' Association began to assemble in the vicinity of the passenger station of the Union Pacific Railroad Company on South Front Street. Promptly at 11:00 a.m. the parade moved forward. In the lead was the Color Guard, consisting of members of the American Legion, and the V.F.W., followed by the Kiltie Band under the direction of Pipe Major Alex Davidson. Immediately behind the band were Mr. Bayless, Mr. Murray, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Sutton, Chief Auditor of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and other railroad officials; Mr. Thos. Allen, State Coal Mine Chief of Colorado, Jack Forbes, Director of the Bureau of Mines, Robert Rose, and two mining engineers from the department of mines of Australia. Then followed the Old Timers, marching under their respective banners, 40, 45, 50, 55 and 60 year men; the Superior Band; 30 and 35 year men; Rock Springs Band; 20 and 25 year men; Reliance-Stansbury and Winton Band; Boy and Girl Scouts; Sigma Tau Epsilon Men; Men's First Aid Teams; and the Hanna Band, Mark Jackson, leader.

Along the line of march as the Kiltie Band in full highland regalia of kilts and plaids of the Royal Stuart Tartan, played the well known Scottish bagpipe marches in turn, "The Barren Rocks of Aden", "Cock of the North", "Earl of Mansfield", "Scotland the Brave", and "The 42nd Black Watch", then the brass bands would play many of the familiar American marches—there was no lack of fine music for the marchers.

As the parade moved along the principal streets of Rock Springs the sight was indeed a colorful one, and will not soon be forgotten by those present.

The citizens of Rock Springs always turn out in large numbers to greet the Old Timers, and this occasion was no exception. The weather was ideal and literally thousands lined the streets to pay honor to the veterans of the mines. The route of march was of considerable length, and it is a

tribute to the stamina of the Old Timers that the march was completed with no requests for "First Aid".

All began to file into the Old Timers' Building, and by 12 noon were ready for the serving of the banquet, as guests of The Union Pacific Coal Company. Mr. V. O. Murray, who was Master of Ceremonies, called the assembly to order, and asked Rev. Albin Gnidovec, Pastor of the North Side Catholic Church, to give the Invocation. Then those present were served a delicious meal by the North Side Catholic Ladies Guild.

During the meal, Mark Jackson and his orchestra from Hanna, Wyoming, rendered a fine program of vocal and instrumental music, which contributed much to the pleasure of the audience. Mark always does a good job of entertaining with his orchestra, and one wonders why he and his organization have not sought wider fields for their fine musical talents—say Hollywood for example.

Until his death some years ago, the Old Timers' Association had a distinguished member in the person of Mr. David G. Thomas known as the "Welsh Bard", on account of the many fine poems he wrote during his lifetime. Mr. Thomas, when just a lad, came to Rock Springs from his home in Bevier, Missouri, and entered the employment of The Union Pacific Coal Company as a miner, and in a few years, had risen to the position of Mine Foreman No. 3 Mine.

He studied law, and subsequently was elected for several terms, as Prosecuting Attorney of Uinta and also of Sweetwater County. In later life, he returned to The Union Pacific Coal Company as Superintendent of the Rock Springs operations.

During this period, Mr. Thomas published a volume of his poems, **Overland and Underground**, copies of which have recently been quoted by a New York book store at \$5.00 per copy.

From the formation of the Old Timers' Association, until his death, Mr. Thomas was the Poet Laureate of the Association, and never failed to write an original poem for each reunion.

The following poem has been selected from quite a number because it is a fine tribute to the Old Timers, and is representative of the poems he wrote.

FOR THE SAKE OF OLD LANG SYNE

By David G. Thomas

The sun played with the buds of May
Until they opened wide,
Then left them nodding all the way
Along the country side,
That June—the sweetest month of all—
Her breath like mellow wine,
Should greet you in the festive hall,
For the sake of old lang syne.

So come, Old Timer, lock the door
And hide away the key;
Be ready for the bounteous store
At this your jubilee;
Here happiness is waiting you,
Here you can dance and dine,
And friendships of the past renew
For the sake of old lang syne.

Again the merry drums will roll,
The bands will shout with glee;
The melodies that lift the soul
Will strengthen you and me;
And smiles will grace the furrowed brow,
And tears of gladness shine;
So come along—the time is now—
For the sake of old lang syne.

“It isn’t all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die;”
Something within us we must give
Before we say “Goodbye”;
And when we go away from here—
Our earthly cares resign—
May Heaven give us of its cheer
For the sake of old lang syne.

At the close of the banquet, Mr. V. O. Murray called upon Mr. I. N. Bayless to introduce the guest speaker, Mr. Robert Rose. Mr. Bayless, before doing so, welcomed the Old Timers, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to attend the Association’s Reunions. He also paid a fine tribute to the Old Timers and their families. He then presented Mr. Rose, who complimented the Old Timers for assisting in the fine safety record of the Company. He reminded the Old Timers that he was a Wyomingite, having been born in

Kemmerer, Wyoming, where his father was a lawyer. He remembered as a youth he had visited Rock Springs often and was well known to many of them.

Mr. Rose subsequently moved to Casper, Wyoming, where he served as Mayor, resigning that position to accept the responsible duties as Assistant Director of the Interior Department. He gave a great deal of information on recent developments in the hydrogenation of coal, and predicted that before many years have passed, the coal mining industry would benefit from this research. He gave an excellent address, which received close attention.

Mr. Benjamin Caine, the newly elected President of the Association, was then escorted to the platform and introduced by Mr. Murray.

Rev. Richard L. Keach of the Baptist Church was then called upon to pronounce the Benediction, after all had stood silent in memory of those members who had died during the year.

And so passed into history the 28th Annual Reunion of The Union Pacific Coal Company's Old Timers' Association, with many a hand shake and goodbye, with the oft repeated remark, this has been the best reunion I've attended, and I'll be back next year.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

Former Governor Fenimore Chatterton, after reading the January 1953 issue of the **Annals of Wyoming** wrote approvingly of the place of the teacher in Wyoming's early history, and from his own early experiences in Wyoming commented, "I was very much interested in reading the article "Fifty Years Ago" because that date is to me like yesterday and I have often said to a newly arrived school teacher 'You will only teach at one term.' I married one and so proved I was a prophet. The fine eastern school teachers did a whale of a good job for Wyoming; the State owes them as much, if not more, for their pioneering educational service as it does for the hardihood of its male founders; the teachers brought spirituality, morality, security into a man's otherwise rough and often desert life."

Plans are being made for the founding of a State Historical Society which will be started later this year. Through the coordination of our efforts throughout the State and the cooperation of all those interested in our history, it is hoped that some of our lacks in this field will be cared for. Histories need to be written on Wyoming, our historical papers and materials must be gathered and saved if our history is to be written, and our coordinated efforts are needed to bring about any real and lasting results.

The collecting of Wyoming's history continues at the State Archives and Historical Department. During the first half of 1953, in addition to the acquisition of numerous relics, historical papers, pictures, documents and books, the Department began the collection of Wyoming's history through recorded reminiscences of her pioneers. A total of sixty-two recordings, totaling more than fifteen hours of continuous listening time, have been made to date by eleven of Wyoming's "old-timers". The subjects covered are varied and include such topics as cowboy life and ranching, the Deadwood Stage Coach days, the timbering

industry, outlaws, Indians, state government, the history of the medical laws of Wyoming, folklore, and just plain everyday occurrences in the lives of the private citizens of the State which go to make up our history. Records have been made by A. S. Gillespie, Wallis Link and Bert Wallis of Laramie, Mrs. Anna B. Wagner of Wheatland, former Governor Fenimore Chatterton who now lives in Colorado, Ralph Mercer of Hyattville, Judge P. W. Metz of Basin, Martin Smith of Glenrock, and Russell Thorp, L. C. Bishop and Dr. G. P. Johnston of Cheyenne.

A mimeographed sheet, "Guide to Wyoming Museums" is being made available to tourists this summer at the Wyoming State Museum. The guide lists the local museums throughout Wyoming, the hours during which the museums may be visited, and the highlights to be seen. It is hoped that through this guide more of our summer visitors will take advantage of the opportunity to see Wyoming's local history through her museums.

The Stimson Fund, to which many of our readers generously contributed, has reached its goal, and full payment of the loan has been made. The large and valuable collection of glass plate negatives made by Joseph E. Stimson is now the complete property of this Department. Additional contributors were Mr. Harry Henderson and Judge T. Blake Kennedy of Cheyenne. The State Library, Archives and Historical Board, at the end of the biennium, was able to complete the last payment on the loan.

Alfred James Mokler, pioneer Wyoming newspaper publisher and widely recognized historian of Wyoming and the West, passed away on December 30, 1952, at the age of 89. Mr. Mokler came to Casper in April of 1897 and purchased the Natrona County Tribune. He published the Tribune until October 1914, after which he devoted much of his time to research and writing on Wyoming historical subjects. From 1918-1921 he was president of the Commercial Printing Co. of Casper.

Mr. Mokler was the author of **History of Natrona County, Wyoming, History of Freemasonry in Wyoming, Transition**

of the West, Fort Caspar, and numerous magazine and newspaper articles on historical subjects. In 1940 he launched publication of an historical magazine **The Wyoming Pioneer** which was well received but was discontinued with the beginning of World War II.

Mr. Mokler was active in many civic and state organizations throughout his long and outstanding career.

Mrs. Tacetta B. Walker, 60, died at the Washakie Memorial Hospital in Worland on March 15, 1953, following an extended illness. She was the author of the book **Stories of Early Days in Wyoming** (Big Horn Basin), published in 1936, and of a number of articles on Wyoming history.

Mrs. Walker came to Wyoming from Nebraska in 1916 and homesteaded. In 1917 she was married to Loyd Walker. She had taught school near Thermopolis, at Lucerne, Lovell and Basin.

From the **Cheyenne Leader** of March 30, 1868.

The Sweetwater fever rages high in this city. Don't all get crazy, for a trip of toil and hardship after the glittering gold. Remember, that where one will succeed in getting rich, a hundred will fail. Many shall be called but few chosen by the fickle goddess.

Of October 1, 1867.

It costs a million a week to fight the Indians.

Of October 1, 1867.

The second occurrence of divine service in Cheyenne took place at the City Hall, Sabbath morning, Rev. W. W. Baldwin officiating. Some seventy persons were present, and the discourse, which was upon "The Efficacy of Prayer," was handled with ability and enlivening spirit by the reverend gentleman.

From the **Carbon County News**, Rawlins, of January 12, 1878.

The cost of keeping of Territorial prisoners at the Laramie Penitentiary for December last, amounted to the nice little sum of two thousand and six dollars.

Of January 12, 1878.

Hon. Wm. Vandever, inspector of Indian agencies, has been in town several days inquiring into the cause of the recent trouble with the White River Ute Indians. He is armed with authority to purchase provisions, make contracts for freight and in fact do anything in his opinion

advisable for the relief of the Utes. He has sent a courier to the Indian camp on the Sweetwater with instructions to induce the Utes to come to Fort Steele where they will be properly cared for during the winter. Measures will also be immediately taken for the relief of those who remain in the Snake river valley. Mr. Vandever is a gentleman of the old school, and is evidently the right man in the right place.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Museum

Backes, Col. Charles, Ft. Warren Air Base	Sextant used by troops at old Ft. D. A. Russell.
Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Hat box used by Mrs. Max Idelman, Cheyenne, on world trip, 1910; ore specimens of calcite, malachite and wolfanite, and lead.
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne	Wyoming Nilometer, one of first automatic water level recorders ever made. Designed by Elwood Mead in late 1880's and manufactured by Richard Freres, Paris, France.
Bon, Lorraine, Cheyenne	Dress sword and scabbard.
Browning, C. C., Cheyenne	Razor and razor strop used by donor's father during and after Civil War.
Davis, William, Pine Bluffs	Four Indian stone artifacts found near Pine Bluffs.
Driskell, Mrs. Philip, Cheyenne	Child's dishes and iron; cylinder record, "You'll Come Back" by Elida Morris.
Flitner, Stanley, Greybull	8 ore and rock specimens.
Gravette, Don, Cheyenne	Coyote skull found south of Cheyenne
Harrison, William H., Washington, D. C.	Eisenhower Inaugural Medal.
Huskinson, Mrs. Heber, Cheyenne	Rosewood square grand piano and stool, George Stack & Co., N. Y., manufacturer. (Loan)
Manners, Mrs. LeRoy, Cheyenne	Lady's and child's dress, style of about 1900, all worn by Ralph Tremaine family of Cheyenne.
Milliken, J. A., Laramie	Basket of willow and lilac twigs; sweater. Both made by Mr. Milliken.

Olinger, R. I., Lusk	Sandstone whetstone used by Indians, plowed up in the Alum Creek area (central eastern Niobrara County) in 1920's. Plow scars show on the stone.
Pence, A. M., Laramie	Cartridges for Spencer carbine rifle.
Rice, Clarke P., Torrington	Fighting cock spur used by soldiers at Ft. Laramie.
Rugg, Arthur, Wheatland	Skull of Indian child and dress, found in 1912 in cave 10 miles northwest of Wheatland.
Steege, Louis, Cheyenne	Ore specimen: carnotite (uranium) from Uravan, Colorado.
Stimson, Joseph E., Cheyenne	Cameras and equipment used by Mr. Stimson in making his early glass plate negatives. Gift through Howard Wagner of Wagner Studio, Cheyenne.
Swan, Henry, Denver, Colorado	Contents of trapper's grave near Rock Springs, Wyoming, including knife and sheath, two buffalo horns, a bit and part of frame of an Indian saddle. Given to Mr. Swan by Glen Nelson of Rock Springs.
Tucker, Mrs. H. A., Cheyenne	Wilcox and Gibbs sewing machine, 1883 patent.

Historical Manuscripts and Papers

Barry, J. Nielson, Portland, Oregon	Six maps: Wyoming mosaic showing Western lands in 1858, 1861, 1863; drainage basins, treaty with Spain; lands of southwestern Wyoming. Manuscript, "Wyoming and Royalty" by Mr. Barry.
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne	Original diary of R. C. Allen, 1898, kept while he was a member of a survey party in the Lander area. Complete set of First Day Cover envelopes and stamps, 1934 to date, sent by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney to Mr. Bogensberger.
Bragg, William F., Sr., Worland	Three recordings: interview of William F. Bragg, Sr., by J. Cameron Shustar.
Browning, C. C., Cheyenne	Three letters from Samuel Hollis to Miss Emmina Moomaw, postmarked: Carter, Wyoming Territory, June 6, 1874; Laramie City, W. T., Aug. 22, 1874; New Cumberland, Indiana, Mar. 14, 1875.

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| Burns, R. H., Laramie | Reprint from Nebraska History , "The Newman Ranches: Pioneer Catle Ranches of the West" by R. H. Burns. |
| Chatterton, Fenimore, Denver, Colorado | Manuscript, "Autobiography" by Fenimore Chatterton. |
| Crabb, Miss Pauline, Shoshoni | Five plat books, survey records and 21 maps and blueprints of areas of Fremont County, Wyoming, kept by Edward L. Crabb. |
| Davis, Elmer O., Denver, Colorado | Copies of column "75 Years Ago" by Mr. Davis, taken from The Engineer's Bulletin , 1952. |
| DeWitt, Mrs. D. H., Los Angeles, Calif. | Cheyenne Club by-laws, house rules, officers, members, articles of incorporation, 1881. |
| Ekstrom, Mrs. Laura A., Denver, Colorado | Reprint: "Flags of All Nations." |
| Fifth Army Headquarters, Chicago, Illinois | "Operation Snowbound, 29 Jan.-Mar. 1949." |
| Fuller, E. O., Laramie | Copy of resolutions passed by Carter County Commissioners, 1868. |
| Harrison, William Henry, Washington, D. C. | Inauguration invitation, souvenir program and ceremonies program, 1953. |
| Hook, James W., New Haven, Conn. | Photostat of letter written by Mr. Hook's father in 1904 on homesteading near Cody; Cody Enterprise March 26, 1906; Manuscript, "Seven Months in Cody, 1905-1906" by Mr. Hook. |
| Kendall, Mrs. Jane R., Denver, Colo. | Manuscript, "Ft. F. E. Warren, Contemporary History—1940" by Jane R. Kendall and Captain Watson. |
| Lyall, Scott T., Billings, Montana | Manuscript, "Crossing the Big Horn Mountains, Spring 1902" by Mr. Lyall; copies of 7 articles on early Cody, Wyoming, history. |
| Michaels, Mrs. John E., Burlington, Wyoming | Handbill, Gambling Cases (in Basin) about 1905. |
| Mitchell, Mrs. Maude Dildine, Cheyenne | Five dollar donation to Historical Fund. |
| Moorcroft Branch Library, Moorcroft | Moorcroft Commercial Club minutes, 1911-1917. |
| Oregon State Archives, Salem, Ore. | Microfilm of letters written from Ft. Halleck. |
| Schaedel, Mrs. John, Cheyenne | Manuscript, "Reminiscences of Cheyenne to 1875" by Ernest A. Logan. |

Wilson, Rev. C. E., Ethete

"The Gospel According to St. Luke"
in Arapahoe, 1903.

Historical Library

Appel, Dr. Peter W.,

10 volumes of Session Laws of Wyoming, 1893-1921; biennial reports of Attorney General of Wyoming, 1906, 1908.

Coe, W. R., New York City

18 books on Western history, recent publications.

Colorado State Archives,
Denver

Microfilm, "Wyoming Index of Government Documents to 1936" by Marie H. Erwin.

Galey, Thomas M.,
Owensboro, Ky.

Preliminary Report of the United States Geological Survey of Wyoming by F. V. Hayden, 1871.

Holland, A. M., Los Angeles,
Calif.

State of Wyoming, 1898, by Fenimore Chatterton. Public Land System by H. N. Copp, 1893. Republican Campaign Text Book, 1896.

Powers, J. A., Arlington,
Mass.

History 3rd Batt., 338th Inf. Reg., 85th Inf. Div., World War II.

Purchased by the Department

27 recent publications on Western history.

Pictures

Allyn, Mrs. Frank, Cheyenne

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Ulen of Laramie

Barsotti, John, Columbus,
Ohio

Jim Baker

Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne

Photographs of former State Engineers: Elwood Mead, Fred Bond, A. J. Parshall, C. T. Johnston.

Bogensberger, M. J.,
Cheyenne

Tom G. Power

Bon, Lorraine, Cheyenne

Stephen Bon, Sr.

Browning, C. C., Cheyenne

Daguerrotype of John W. Browning, taken about 1865 or 1866

Hook, James W., New
Haven, Conn.

16 photographs taken in 1905 in Shoshone Canyon, near Cody, at the time the construction of the Buffalo Bill Dam was started.

Hunton, Mr. and Mrs. E.
Deane, Laramie

Photograph of Billy Class; auto-graphed photographs of Mrs. Grace Coolidge (Mrs. Calvin) and Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Learn, Lem, Roseburg,
Oregon | Picture cuts: Lem Learn, Big Nose
George. |
| Mantey, L. T., Cheyenne | Thirteen photographs: 8 of U.P.R.R.
locomotives; 17th St and Capitol
Avenues in Cheyenne; State Cap-
itol; young buffalo at Cheyenne
park; parade float of Great Seal
of Wyoming (1940). |
| Michaels, Mrs. John E.,
Burlington, Wyo. | Basin, 1915; first Germania Bench
school and pupils, 1903; Burlington
school and pupils, 1904; Pictorial
Souvenir of Thermopolis. |
| Mitchell, Mrs. Maude Dildine,
Cheyenne | Four pictures of Dildine Studebaker
Garage and unloading cars, 1911;
Police Patrol car. |
| Rice, Clarke P., Torrington | Paintings on masonite board of
scene on Platte River by Hobert
Walking Bull, Sioux Indian artist. |
| Rosenstock, Fred, Denver | Bird's-eye view of Buffalo, Wyo.,
1903; branding cattle and sowing
oats on Basin Land and Live Stock
Co., Elk Mountain, 1903. |

The Mystery and Romance of Wyoming

By

LAURA ALLYN EKSTROM

Oh, Wyoming, if all of your story could only be told,
And chapter by chapter the scroll of your past be unrolled,
What a volume of mystery and romance it would be!
Where now there's the soft gray-green and the tang of sage,
There were once the waters of a tide-torn salty sea.
Although today there's desert and mountain and plain,
Cycads, ferns and lush fruits grew here in another age.
There then must have been an abundance of rain,
For the record of this flora was recorded in stone.
There's Cambrian shell and fossilized dinosaur bone
Beneath Wyoming's sand, and rock and fertile loam.
Ancient peoples once called this land their home.
Their spear-heads, scrapers and arrow-points abound.
Wyoming, what would you tell of the Medicine Wheel,
And the Great Arrow that the airmen found?
Buffalo and Indians once roamed your horizon-seeking plains
That now are filled with rippling fields of amber grains.
Many are the tales that you could tell of trail-breaker,
Of trapper, of trader, of soldier, and of railroad-maker.
There was hardship and adventure in the prospector's quest.
The prospector played his part in the old days of the West,
But little did he guess where Wyoming's real wealth lay.
It was not in his platinum, copper, silver or gold,
But in grass, in oil and gas, and in jet-colored coal.
There were thrills and intrigue where trail
Crossed trail and the Pony Express delivered the mail.
And what would you tell of your cattle, sheep, and industry?
They, too, travel through the pages of your history.
Oh, Wyoming, if all of your story could only be told,
And chapter by chapter the scroll of your past be unrolled,
What a volume of mystery and romance it would be!

Book Reviews

Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900. By Robert Taft. (N.Y., Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. xvii + 400 pages, plates. \$8.50.)

Robert Taft, University of Kansas chemist, has performed for western artists the same service he performed a few years ago for western photographers. His service is a double one, in that he has resurrected the major western illustrators from the tomes—often government documents—in which they have lain for years, and he has provided local and regional writers with a fundamental structure on which regional art histories can and will be based.

Artists and Illustrators does a great deal more than provide a list of pictorial source material. The author has examined all the major, and most of the minor publications and collections containing illustrations of the western scene. He then proceeds to identify the artists, provides the necessary biographical information concerning them, and locates their pertinent work, both as published and, if possible, in its original form. In addition, Taft has supplied critical analysis of the artistic merit of his subjects, a commentary based, soundly, not entirely on academic standards, but on the value of the illustrations as social history.

The prodigious labor involved in locating and assembling the information and commentary is evident in the extensive notes which form about half the volume. As Dr. Taft points out, western illustrators were and are generally scorned by compilers of art dictionaries and encyclopedias. The reviewer recalls an attempt in 1945 to identify a watercolor by Gustav Sohon. No art museum in Washington, D. C., or New York was able to supply information concerning Sohon, and only a chance examination of Mullan's report brought primary identification. Dr. Taft's labors have uncovered all that is presently known about Sohon, and hundreds of other artists relegated to undeserved obscurity by professional art historians. The information was, more often than not, acquired by the most time-consuming and frustrating of all methods—location of descendants, family papers, and obscure newspaper references.

Dr. Taft has not been satisfied to provide a skeleton of information concerning western illustrators. He has, in every case, clothed his skeleton with a body of social history, soundly based and well written. He has located the

artists and their work in the history of the West by identifying their historical surroundings, by evaluating their influence, and by suggesting what new information can be based on contemporary illustrations. He has made obvious what should have been obvious before, namely that no thorough study of western life and culture can be made without reference to western art.

The combination of art and social history is what makes the book readable, not only to the specialist, but to the general western history public. Both the main text and bibliographical notes share honors as delightful writing. One may wish that more of the information in the notes had been incorporated into the text, but, as a confirmed note-reader, the reviewer is pleased to find "copious critical commentary" of the kind so effectively practiced by Elliott Coues.

Perhaps the only major lack in the book is a chronology of western artists, but one may suppose that Dr. Taft considered such a chronology, and rejected it as a tool that would be used largely by lazy or unimaginative librarians or "research workers."

It should be pointed out that evidently Dr. Taft gathered his information and produced this volume without any assistance from foundations or other aid-granting bodies. This might well give pause to historians and others who insist that lack of such assistance stands between them and research.

MARTIN SCHMITT

University of Oregon

Fort Union, (New Mexico). By F. Stanley. (Denver, Colorado: World Press, 1952. 305 pp. \$5.00.)

The story of an historic post, once located north of Las Vegas, New Mexico—now a ghost of the past—is told by Father Stanley in his 305 page book, **Fort Union**. Interspersed between the author's narrative of the over-100-year-old fort's history are sketches related by soldiers, early day travelers, old Southwest settlers, as well as quotations from territorial newspapers.

The historian may regret the difficult and tedious concentration required to separate these recordings from the author's narration. Then, too, Father Stanley himself admits in his foreword, and with which this reader agrees,

that: "... the tale of Fort Union cannot be told in sequence nor in chronological order because people and events overlap each other." This lack of sequence, unfortunately, creates a disunity in the reading of the story.

Fort Union, however, is a deserving work of devotion. Its dominating influence seems toward arousing a sense of pride in Today's America by placing it on the roll call of our enduring lexicon. The descriptions of the grandiose style of life of the early land grantees at Rayado and on the Big Cimarron river—Beaubien, Abreu, Valdex, Maxwell and others—with their plaza type mansions is a connecting link in the Manifest Destiny of our nation. Here, too, Kit Carson's role during this era is discussed, and Fort Union's prominent place as a protector against the many marauding Indian tribes is highlighted.

"Fort Union," says Father Stanley, "came to be the listening post, the life line of all the other forts strung throughout the length and breadth of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona."

Likewise, of particular interest is the material included which concerns the Civil War battles staged in the territory: The authentic proclamation of Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley of the Army of the Confederacy in which he announces that his army is taking possession of New Mexico in the name of the Confederate States; the accounts concerned with the brushes of this army and the volunteer Colorado troops, and life in general at the garrison during this period. These tend to spark the narrative and pique the reader's interest. Equally lively are incidents related in Chapter Eight, **Protecting Soldiers**, in which are described some of the escapades between the soldiers and outlaws which occurred at the fort in the '60's.

The illustrations are excellent and play upon the nostalgia of by-gone days. They depict a century of life as it was at the most beloved military fortress in New Mexico—the crossroad of the Southwest.

Fort Union is a plea, at least to this reader, for the restoration of the once important post which stands today neglected and eroding away in the winds and sun rays. Father Stanley has devoted many years in the preparation of this volume. His message interwoven with lamenting passages pleads that Fort Union be allowed to take its just place on the pedestal of National monuments. Toward this goal the book best serves as a persuasive force.

MARY LOU PENCE

Laramie, Wyoming

Come An' Get It. By Ramon F. Adams. (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1952. 170 pp. \$3.75.)

This book, which has a two-tone binding in cloth with a colored jacket, contains twenty-two sepia toned illustrations depicting the activities of a chuckwagon cook, drawn by Nick Eggenhofer.

Ramon Adams, the author, is a business man who writes for the sake of preserving history. He has written a number of books, and his writings have been very useful for other authors. One can tell by reading his books that he writes because he enjoys it. A friend of his once said to me, "To know him is to love him." He has a very fine library, and has contributed much to western folklore in his **Western Words** and **Cowboy Lingo**.

Come An' Get It is divided into three parts dealing with the wagon cook and his equipment, his menus and list of supplies with recipes for cooking different dishes. It deals with the cook's life on the ranch, the trail, and on the roundup.

This volume is full of rich humor of the cowboy and his lingo—such as calling coffee "Belly Wash," or "Brown Gargle." "Injun Coffee" was made by pouring water over old grounds and boiling it. Sourdough biscuits, the bread of choice, were made in a dutch oven. Cowboys were great meat-eaters in the form of broiled steaks. All of the meals are given in detail with humorous stories.

To anyone interested in the life of a cowboy, and particularly the old chuckwagon, **Come An' Get It** will be a source of good reading, for Ramon Adams has delineated his subject in a most interesting manner.

NOLIE MUMEY, M. D.

Denver, Colorado

Strange Empire. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. (William Morrow & Co., 1952. 601 pp. \$6.00.)

At all too rare intervals there appears a book—a history, a biography, a novel—that points up the incredible wealth and variety of the western scene, and reminds us again how much of our history has been ignored or perverted to conform to an entrenched mythology which has come to obscure and distort events and currents not only of the past but also of our own time.

On these infrequent occasions, one is filled with wonder

that more western writers are not attracted to the rewarding bypaths of this history—that more book and magazine publishers do not encourage such exploration, instead of insisting (as many do) that the writer limit himself to serving up the warmed-over myths and folk tales which are even less true today than at the time of their inception.

Joseph Kinsey Howard's last book, barely completed at the time of his tragic death in 1951 and published posthumously last fall, already has taken its place with the few truly great Western regional literary works. It is the story of Louis Riel and his sad, fantastic dream of founding an independent "half-breed nation" in the Canadian-U. S. Northwest, first in 1870 when most of the "half-breed country" belonged legally to the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and again in 1885, when Canada had established its dominion over Hudson's Bay lands and could construe Riel's second intervention in behalf of his mistreated people as "treason."

The half-breed people of this strange and ill-fated rebellion called themselves "Metis"—(Ma-TEES) a French word for "mixed-blood." They were the continental descendants of unions between Indian women and the early white explorers and fur-traders, mostly French because of all the European colonists of North America only the French as a rule were inclined to mingle and intermarry with the Indian aborigines. There were exceptions of course, but by and large in dealing with the Indian the English and Nordics in general were more interested in annihilation than in amalgamation.

Originally, the Metis were confined largely to regions where the French flag flew: In New France, and along the Mississippi River where the French periodically held sway from the time of LaSalle until the Louisiana Purchase. But the French and their hybrid descendants were far-ranging wilderness wanderers, and ultimately their influence was felt in almost every sector of the West. Charbonneau was a Metis, as were Laramie, LaPrele, La Bonte, and many others whose identities are perpetuated in the place names of Wyoming and neighboring states. But it was largely in western Canada, in the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the Catholic half-breed kept his identity and eventually formed a strong homogeneous community. So strong, indeed, that in 1870 and more particularly in 1885, the Metis in the U. S. and Canada dreamed of establishing an independent country—a Texas Republic of the North which, having won autonomy could either continue as a separate nation or bargain with its big neighbors for a

scheme of federation which would give the homeless and unclaimed half-breed a national identity, with some control of his destiny.

It was Louis Riel's fate to lead this pathetic movement of an outcast people to find themselves a place in the sun. It was his fate to hang for treason, as Washington and his accomplices probably would have hanged, had their revolution failed. It was his ironic fate to be punished as a traitor to Canada, even though he was at the time a citizen of the United States. Had Jefferson or Jackson or Polk been president, instead of stand-pat Grant, it is likely that the U. S. would have listened to Riel's pleas for intervention, and the western U. S. today could well extend north to Alaska, instead of ending at the 49th Parallel.

In light of its important bearing on the development of the West and the nation as a whole, it is difficult to understand why or how the epic of the Metis and their great patriot has been ignored so completely by our historians. In this country at least, prior to publication of **Strange Empire**, the word **Metis** was almost unknown and the name Louis Riel evoked only vague associations with Canadian intrigue and political lynching, even in the minds of many who had taken pains to inform themselves of their country's past.

But perhaps we should not complain too bitterly. In most cases, when history has mentioned Louis Riel, it has been to libel and misrepresent. So, we might count ourselves fortunate that the definitive biography awaited the hand of Joe Howard. For Howard was peculiarly fitted for the job.

A distinguished journalistic and at the time of his death the foremost literary spokesman for the West, Joe Howard first attracted national attention with publication of the most distinguished interpretation of the contemporary West yet written, **Montana—High, Wide, and Handsome**. This was followed by **Montana Margins**, a model anthology of regional literature, and by a voluminous and brilliant commentary on Montana in the form of short articles for discerning magazines.

Writing in the New York Herald-Tribune, the critic John K. Hutchens recently observed, "Mr. Howard's predilection for the underdog won him a select list of foes in Montana, and his compassion for Louis Riel and the Metis may bring him a few more, posthumously, in Canada. After all, the Encyclopedia Britannica still refers to Riel, with lofty scorn, as a 'Canadian agitator.' Joe Howard, as a small boy in Canada, an American and a 'foreigner' there, always

had his doubts about Riel's 'treason.' 'One man's treason,' he was to observe when he grew older, 'is another man's sanctification'."

In a sober and reverent preface to the book, historian-critic Bernard De Voto describes Howard as "a born fighter, an instinctive member of minorities, and a champion of the exploited and the oppressed." On the occasion of Howard's untimely death, novelist A. B. Guthrie, Jr., commented, "We have lost our conscience." Novelist Norman A. Fox of Montana, a long-time friend and disciple of the author, describes the book as "The last impassioned plea of a writer to whom injustice was always a challenge, the last pen stroke of one who loved the West and pictured it with honesty and courage and sweep."

And this is not to argue that history must be biased or colored in order to have meaning. However, in the matter of recording the past as in modern practices of reporting the news, there are times when absolute "objectivity" can constitute the most vicious kind of distortion. Certainly, the public ravings of maniacs, unless labelled as such, can mislead and misinform. Conversely, protracted neglect and negation can distort and destroy. And nothing less than the artistry and compassion of Joe Howard could give us a rounded picture of Riel the man, his ambition and defeat.

It is perhaps a mark of the biographer's integrity and skill that the portrait is not completely sympathetic. Admittedly, the Metis patriot was a fanatic, handicapped by fanaticism's drawbacks. Like Hamlet, Riel suffered from irresolution and the chronic inability to separate duty and conscience. Like Hamlet again, he feigned or suffered mental disorders. And while his enemies at least were convinced that there was "method in his madness," the matter of his sanity is likely to be in controversy as long as his name is remembered. But, like the martyr-fanatic, John Brown, also mad by ordinary standards, Riel was the torch which lighted a long-due conflagration, out of which some good resulted, though at the time the sacrifice seemed in vain.

As is true of most historical works of like stature, the ramifications of **Strange Empire** are almost endless. For instance, there are striking similarities between the rebellion of the Metis in Canada and that of the Mormons in Utah, some decades earlier. Like Brigham Young, Riel acted out of religious conviction and political desperation. Unlike Young, Riel put no limit on the probable powers of the God he served. And, when faced with the overwhelm-

ing odds of a determined expeditionary force, backed by the government of a strong nation, he refused to capitulate.

If Brigham Young had trusted his God so far as to follow the Revelations and shed blood of the U. S. troops, if he had incited the Indians of Zion to terrible war against the white enemies of Mormondom within and without, then had stubbornly refused to flee when all was lost, it is quite likely that he too would have hanged for "treason." In which event, the history of his people might have been radically changed.

The book contains parallels with currents and controversies of our own time: The cynic morality of church and government in matters of human decency and the treachery of both in the name of expediency; the blind, inept struggling of people toward a denied freedom—a strong people with lofty aims, assailed by fear and ignorance, sabotaging their own program and leaders, rendering defeat a certainty before the battle was joined.

Strange Empire is a monumental book—illuminating and disturbing, more absorbing than any novel that has come to this writer's attention in many years. One cannot read it without reassessing his views of history and all humankind. In the words of an anonymous Morrow editor, "**Strange Empire** creates in the reader that quickening sense of discovery, the excitement attendant upon original research which with one illuminating stroke changes established concept and leads to fresh patterns of thought."

Joe Howard's last book was his most ambitious, and probably his best. In his death, the West lost its most articulate son, its most militant champion.

DEE LINFORD

New Mexico Institute of Mining & Technology

The Course of Empire. By Bernard DeVoto. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1952. xvii+647 pp., index. \$6.00.)

With the completion of his trilogy on the geographical expansion of the United States, DeVoto has established himself among the foremost Western historians. This book, the first of the three chronologically although the last written, is a history of exploration in America up to Lewis and Clark's transcontinental survey. It is the first geopolitical treatment of any comprehensive span of American history. DeVoto's thesis is that the geographical boundaries of the United States, as presently constituted, form a coherent

indivisible unit which, by its nature, was predestined to be possessed by a single nation. On this thesis he has brought to bear a formidable amount of material shaped and given meaning by his remarkable mind and personality.

This book covers 278 years of history treated in broad detail, and a deal more considering his tangential but enlightening remarks on the Iberian wars which shaped the Spanish personality. To cope with this expansive project DeVoto has become a linguist, an expert ethnologist (who in the course of his books has rewritten to a considerable degree the history of the Indian in America), a master of navigation, military strategy, map-reading and mapmaking, American flora and fauna, and primitive and modern economics. Above all, he has a more profound sense of geography than most men who have written history. The range and mass of his materials are the more impressive because of his thoroughness in exploring them. He can trace a French translator's misconception to his incorrect insertion of a comma in the original, and detect a long accepted misdating of a Jefferson letter from its contents. And to the skills which he has mastered as well as the specialists, DeVoto adds a breadth of perspective and a rare depth of understanding that spring from a profound knowledge of humanistic culture in Europe and America. A remark such as, "for good or ill it is an attribute of civilized man that, disregarding loss, defeat, and death, he can instantly decide to shoot the works. It has always been basic in his ascendancy over primitives" is not the product of historical research but of a deep understanding of the nature of people in western culture. Such understanding, which carries DeVoto deep into the heart of his materials, is rare among historians.

This book shows clearly how great has been the influence of European events on American history from the earliest times. The interplay of motives for exploring America: Spanish gold-lust, French trade imperialism, Anglo-American land imperialism (themselves the products of European politics), and the industrial revolution are seen bearing on the tracks of the early explorers; because this is a book about forces playing on men. Even non-existent "events" and "facts"—Moncacht-Ape's fictitious journey, legends of the Welsh Indians and the Northwest passage, and above all, the false geography of the mapmakers—are seen entering the delicate web of history as forces producing action.

But despite an overlay of Harvard sophistication, Utah-born Benny DeVoto is still a Westerner. He writes about men, superlative men, whose stature is increased, rather

than diminished by the forces playing on them. His book sings of the expert woodsmanship of the early French, who would probably have taken over the continent if given free reign and backing; and his treatment of the Lewis and Clark expedition is more thrilling narrative than anything else in the book.

Like all thesis writing, DeVoto's leads him to oversimplify occasionally. His reconstruction of the motives behind the Lewis and Clark expedition, although convincing while being read, is probably wrong; and his conjectures in the face of unknown or unexplained facts are often useless. This is not perfect history; it is great history. With little change in wording, his admiration of Lewis and Clerk can be reapplied to DeVoto: few previous historians have sought information so widely, or analyzed evidence so soundly, or put related fragments together so purely, or constructed so comprehensive a descriptive picture. Considering the fact that Western history is still in the initial stages of writing, DeVoto's trilogy, both in specific detail and broad perspective, will remain a monument to the next generation of historians.

ELLSWORTH MASON

University of Wyoming

Original Contributions to Western History (The Denver Westerners' Brand Book for 1951). Edited by Nolie Mumey, Illustrated by Inez Tatum. (Denver, the Westerners, 1952. 579 pp. Index. \$15.00.) Edition limited to 500 numbered copies.

This, the seventh of the series, is a fitting continuation of a now well-established tradition—the value, both historically and as a collector's item, of the annual Brand Books published by the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

The scope of the present volume is even wider than that of its predecessors, in point of time and geographical distribution of its subjects as well as in the personality of its contributors. The slightly larger and considerably thicker book permits additional representation which is particularly noticeable in the increased number of contributions from corresponding members of the Denver Posse. Four of them are women and one of those, Agnes Wright Spring, is the author of two articles. Of the nineteen papers, only nine are by the seasoned veterans of the active Posse, while

the earliest editions were almost exclusively posse-written. Another variation from past policies is that only five of the papers represent material previously given at posse meetings.

It is evident that this permits a wider range of material. The large sketch map inserted at the inside back cover reveals this unmistakably, for it shows the action taking place from Montreal to San Francisco and from Fort Union, North Dakota, to El Paso and New Orleans. It is natural that the nineteenth century should be best represented, since it was the period of western development. However, the preceding years in Colonial New Mexico are discussed in relation to their domestic implements, and the early years of the twentieth century give us an eloquent and moving story of a Nevada mining camp funeral.

The authors themselves run the gamut from the professional historian, ably represented by LeRoy R. Hafen, State Historian of Colorado, Agnes Wright Spring, former State Historian of Wyoming, Herbert O. Brayer and Velma Linford, through the professionals who are writers first and historians second, such as Forbes Parkhill and Roscoe Fleming, and on to the many men and women of other professions with whom history (and writing) is an avocation only, outstanding as it may be among their accomplishments.

Limitations of space prevent individual mention of each contribution, worthy of it as each is, and it would be presumptuous for this reviewer to single out any as better than another. Every reviewer, however, is entitled to his personal preferences without any invidious comparison being intended. The ghost towns of Colorado, and especially those of South Park, having long been one of my chief interests, I was particularly taken with Norma Flynn's "Early Mining Camps of South Park". A carefully documented and fully annotated study of a vanished era tied down to a specific locality, it represents many months of original research in contemporary records and is, in my opinion, an excellent example of the quality material with which this volume is loaded.

Nowhere is Editor (Dr.) Nolie Mumey's *flair* for the unusual better shown than in the format of this 1951 Brand Book. Its slightly larger page size, the practical elimination of photographs in favor of Inez Tatum's one hundred or more sketches of their subject matter, and particularly the non-conformist style of typography, with extra spacing between paragraphs and the right margin of the pages not "justified" but allowed to remain where the last word ends

—all these lend an individuality to the volume which some readers will like and some will not.

The half dozen inserts of facsimiles of early maps and printed items are, of course, typically Mumey, and add additional flavor of old times to their respective accounts. The color work, somewhat of an innovation in the Brand Books, consists of four Russell paintings following Dr. Mumey's brief tribute to that artist: a plate showing some colorful trade beads which complements Dr. Philip Whiteley's paper titled "Trade Beads Among the American Indians"; and one of Inez Tatum's sketches on the title page.

The index is unusually complete for a book of this character and adds greatly to the reference value. Brief identification of the individual authors could well have been included, perhaps to the exclusion of their portraits. Some information as to their background would be of particular value to those readers who otherwise might not know too much about them.

Without question, the 1951 Brand Book of the Denver Westerners is a worthwhile addition to the series which has appeared without a break since the 1945 book. Like its predecessors, it will be of value not only for its content of western history, but also as an item of Western Americana in increasing demand.

R. G. COLWELL

Book Review Chairman, Denver Posse, 1953

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